

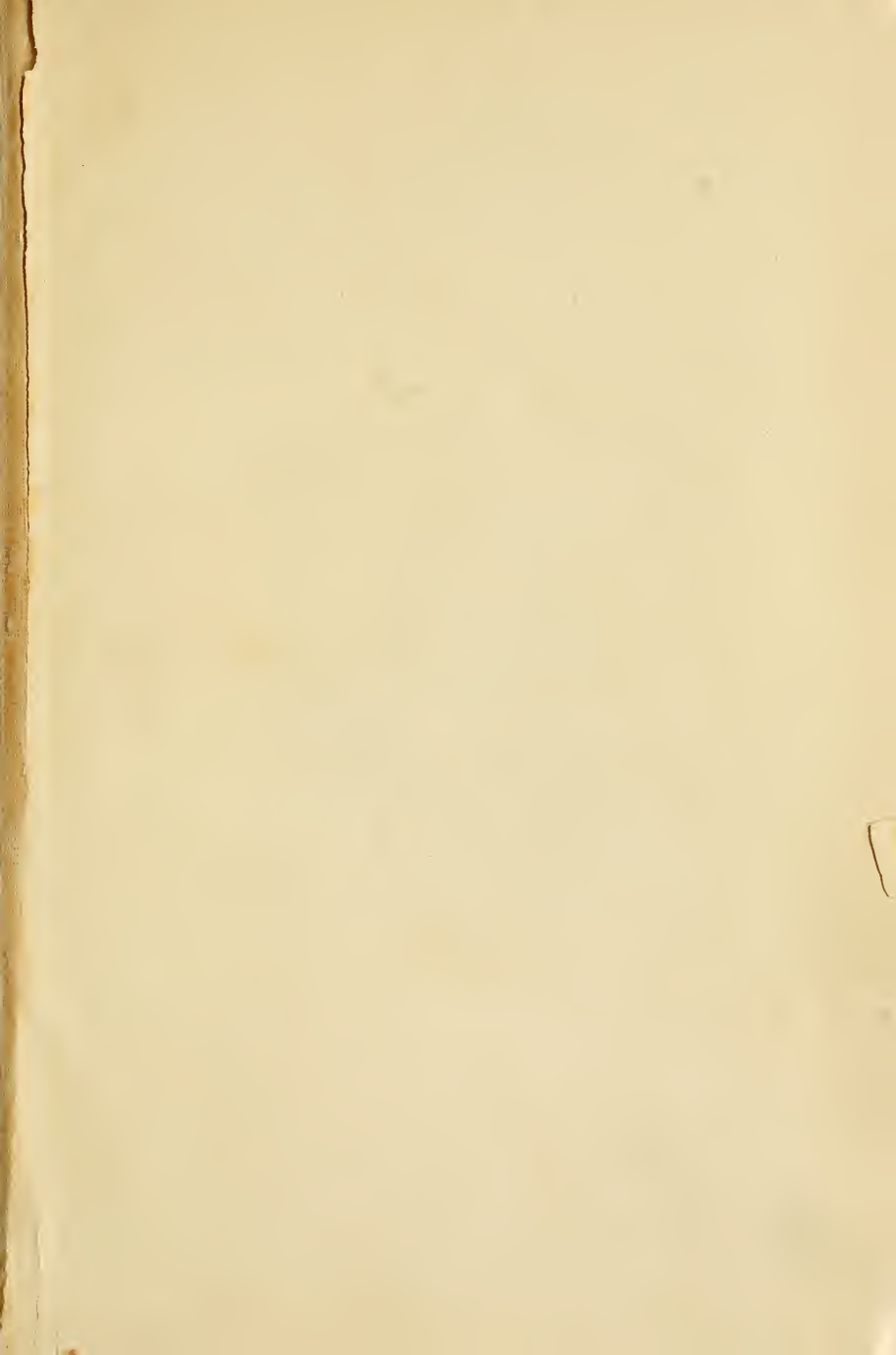


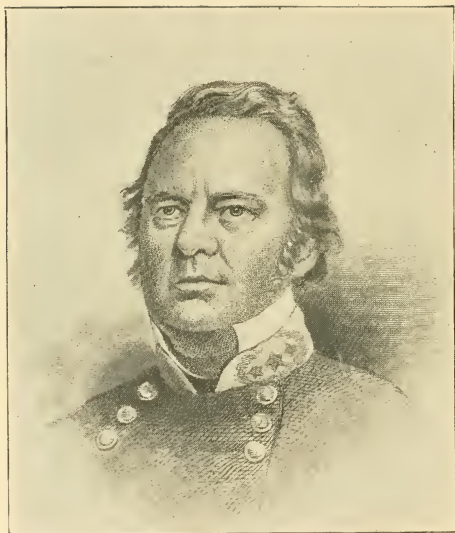


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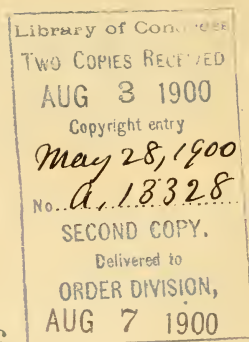
Biographies of Missourians

OR THE

Civil War Period of Our State.

By
W. L. WEBB.

KANSAS CITY, MO.:
HUDSON-KIMBERLY PUB. CO.
1900.



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DEDICATION.

To my Father and Mother, who courageously faced the hardships and sacrifices of the war, he as a soldier in the Confederate Army, she in supporting a helpless family, in exile under Order No. 11, I affectionately dedicate this work.

W. L. WEBB.

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INTRODUCTION.

If any here,
By false intelligence or wrong surmise,
Hold me a foe;
If I unwittingly or in my rage
Have aught committed that is hardly borne
By any in this presence, I desire
To reconcile me to his friendly peace.
'Tis death to me to be at enmity—
I hate it, and desire all men's love.

—*Shakespeare.*

During the Civil War 487 battles were fought in the State of Missouri. Such a display of the war passion almost demands an apology to the civilized world. But the world will applaud the military activity of our people when it comprehends the conditions which alone are answerable for so much bloodshed. These conditions are unfolded in the first five chapters. Then follow seven chapters dealing distinctively with the successes and failures of the Missouri State Guards. This was a remarkable organization with a remarkable career, heretofore insufficiently distinguished by historians from Confederate troops. During the first year of the war there were practically no Confederate soldiers in Missouri. All the fighting occurred between the State Guards and the Federal troops. The Missouri State Guards marched and fought under the flag of Missouri, an ensign made of blue merino, with the coat-of-arms of the State emblazoned in gold on both sides. The purposes of the State Guards was to repel invasion and to hold the State in an attitude of armed neutrality. After the battle of Pea Ridge, the State Guards were gradually absorbed into the Southern Confederate service.

Two chapters are devoted to the operations

of the Missourians in the Cis-Mississippi Department, and two chapters to the operations of Missourians in Arkansas. The chief battles, raids, and campaigns in the State are outlined. Quantrell and his men and Order No. 11 each have a chapter. Especial attention is given throughout the book to the movements of armies. The reader will understand how the two forces at any battle happened to be there, whence they came and whither they go.

I have indulged in no sensational or blood-curdling recitals. The nobler aspects of war should alone be accentuated by the writer who aspires to perpetuity in his work. To this higher standard of history I have attempted to conform my labors.

The book closes with biographical reviews of a few only of the men who made the war period of our State immortal. These biographies are supplemental to the main work, in connection with which they should be read.

The book is written from the Southern standpoint, but it is not partisan. The Southern soldier will find here no fulsome laudation of the "Lost Cause." I have written the truth about him; that is praise enough. I have withheld no meed of praise from any Federal soldier who has come within the purview of my subject. A few Federal biographies are inserted.

The hot passions engendered by the Civil War are dead and cannot live again; therefore, I have written without constraint and have not hesitated to utter the truth.

W. L. Webb.

Independence, Mo., July 4, 1900.

Chapter I.

WHY THEY FOUGHT.

I will allow a thing to struggle for itself in this world, with any sword or tongue or implement it has, or can lay hold of. We will let it preach and pamphleteer and fight, and to the uttermost bestir itself, and do, beak and claw, whatsoever is in it; very sure that it will, in the long run, conquer nothing which does not deserve to be conquered. What is better than itself it cannot put away, but only what is worse. In this great duel, Nature herself is umpire, and can do no wrong: the thing which is deepest-rooted in Nature, what we call *truest*, that thing and not the other will be found growing at last.—*Carlyle*.

There was no delusion about it. The people of the two sections understood clearly and definitely what impelled them to the issue of arms. The War of the Rebellion was not the project of ambitious men. It was the people's war and it was fruitful of lasting good to the human race. The two sections were equally right—and equally wrong, and every victory of one was ultimately a victory for the other. From the time of the constitutional convention to the election of Lincoln, negro slavery had obtruded itself in some form into the consideration of nearly every great question that occupied public attention. The North and South fell apart, divided on many problems that harassed the minds of men from the beginning of our independence, but matters pertaining to slavery alone gave edge to sectional

antipathy and furnished all the irritation and all the excitement necessary for the precipitation of the bloody conflict. There were causes remote and immediate. The proximate causes of the war may be uttered in two words—the Underground Railroad operated by the North and the Fugitive Slave Law enacted for the South. For forty years the Underground Railroad pertinaciously carried negroes, aggregating many thousands, from Southern slavery to Northern freedom. The South became exasperated at this ruinous pillage, and in 1850 secured the passage of a new Fugitive Slave Law. This was a brutal, inhuman law, enacted with the hope of estopping the nefarious operations of the Underground Railroad.

The Underground Railroad and the Fugitive Slave Law—these wrought the temper of the divided nation to the pitch and strain of revolution. The North would have seceded had not the South done so. The experiment of disunion had to be tried before the sections could be welded into a nation.

As early as the days of Washington the Quakers had a secret society in Philadelphia whose object was to promote the escape of slaves into Canada. Societies consecrated to the same cause continued to multiply, and by the year 1820 were numerous. By the year 1840 these societies were in systematic operation, not only all over the North, but also throughout the slave States.

A negro escaping from his master was clandes-

tinely conducted at night from one "station" to another. He was hidden during the day in some barn or cellar. Sometimes the fugitives traveled in companies, and the business was wholesale. The operators used steamboat and steamship lines, railroads, canals, and road wagons. There were stations in the principal cities of the country.

There died in St. Louis, in the summer of 1899, a man by the name of Evens, in whose veins was negro blood. Evens was one of the trusted operators of the Underground Railroad. He kept a wagon yard and a supply of large boxes. He would secrete a negro fugitive in one of these boxes during the night, and next morning he would load the box into his wagon and drive boldly and leisurely down to the river and then cross the ferry to the Illinois side. He returned with the box empty.

The negro slaves soon heard of the avenues of escape. White abolitionists who settled or traveled in the South spread the information among the negroes, giving them minute details. Ohio, always opposed, in the abstract, to slavery, hired each year, from Kentucky and Virginia, on an average of 2,000 negro slaves. These heard of Canada and the settlements of the free negroes in the Northern States. The slave-holders used to attempt to counteract abolition persuasion among the negroes by representing to them the rigors of the Northern climate.

The number of escapes of negroes by the Un-

derground Railroad was variously estimated. One congressman placed the number at 100,000 for the period of forty years ending with 1850. A congressional committee reported in 1861 that the number of fugitive slaves had greatly decreased in the preceding decade, but the census of 1860 is known to be erroneous on this subject. Senator Trusten Polk, of Missouri, in a speech in the Senate, January, 1861, said:

“Underground Railroads are established, stretching from the remotest slave-holding States clean up to Canada. Secret agencies are put to work in the very midst of our slave-holding communities to steal away slaves. * * * This lawlessness is felt with especial seriousness in the border slave States. * * * Hundreds of thousands of dollars are lost annually. * * * Kentucky loses annually as much as \$200,000. The other border States no doubt lose in the same ratio, Missouri much more.

“But all these losses and outrages, all this disregard of constitutional obligation and social duty are as nothing in their bearing upon the Union in comparison with the animus, the intent and purpose of which they are at once the fruit and the evidence.”

Prof. Wilbur H. Siebert, of the Ohio University, has published a large volume, entitled “The Underground Railroad.” He closes the work with this sentence: “The Underground Railroad was one of the greatest forces which brought on the

Civil War and thus destroyed slavery." He publishes in the book a map streaked with interwoven, complicated red lines, exhibiting clearly the Underground Railroad system on land and sea. The author says: "Thus it happened that in the course of sixty years before the outbreak of the War of the Rebellion the Northern States became traversed by numerous secret pathways leading from Southern bondage to Canadian freedom." The introduction to the book says: "In aiding fugitive slaves the abolitionist was making the most effective protest against the continuance of slavery; but he was also doing something more tangible; he was helping the oppressed, he was eluding the oppressor, and at the same time he was enjoying the most romantic and exciting amusement open to men who had high moral standards. He was taking risks, defying laws, and making himself liable to punishment, and yet could glow with the healthful pleasure of duty done. * *

The Underground Railroad was simply a form of combined defiance of national laws, on the grounds that those laws were unjust and oppressive. It was the unconstitutional but logical refusal of several thousand people to acknowledge that they owed any regard to slavery or were bound to look upon a fleeing bondsman as property of the slave-holder, no matter how the laws read. * * * It gave opportunity for the bold and adventurous; it had the excitement of piracy, the secrecy of burglary, the daring of insurrection;

to the pleasure of relieving the poor negro's sufferings, it added the triumph of snapping one's fingers at the slave-catcher. * * * As yet we know too little of the anti-slavery movement which so profoundly stirred the Western States, including Missouri and Kentucky, and which came closely into contact with actual conditions of slavery."

The most prominent figure in Underground Railway circles was that of John Brown, a brave, fanatical man, who operated from the Missouri-Kansas border and finally at Harper's Ferry. His last exploit was intended to be an open consummation of fifty years of secret Underground Railroad projects. His action at Harper's Ferry stirred the South with a profound and intense excitement. The long-dreaded servile insurrection seemed near at hand and the South shuddered. The fact was then unknown that the negro race is incapable of any united and sustained effort. John Brown gave more oil to the fire of sectional hate in one day than had all other abolitionists in fifty years.

The South held a vested property right in negro slaves and openly denounced as a thief any man who took such property from rightful owners. The Underground Railway, therefore, was regarded as a system of wholesale pillage, and in bearing it for fifty years the South thought itself very patient. The North as a whole disavowed the doctrine of abolitionism and condemned the Underground Railroad, but the people of the North were a unit in denouncing the sin of slavery. And

all the people of the North united in a campaign against slavery, the most remarkable campaign the world has ever witnessed. They denounced slavery in the papers, in books, in pamphlets, from pulpits, from rostrums and platforms; by resolutions in conventions, in societies and legislatures. They sent petitions to Congress voluminously signed and they packed the mail-bags with incendiary documents intended to incite the slaves to insurrection. Congress was flooded every morning with resolutions from legislatures praying that the Union be dissolved or that hostile action be taken against slavery. Jeff Davis said in a speech: "Sir, it is a melancholy fact that, morning after morning, when we come here to enter upon the business of the Senate, our feelings are harrowed up by the introduction of this exciting and profitless subject, and we are compelled to listen to insults heaped upon our institutions."

The South was exasperated at the North for such expressions of antipathy toward the institution of slavery. Underground Railroad charters were seen in Whittier's and Lucy Larcom's poems, in "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and in all the range of Northern literature. The Underground Railroad system had its franchise in Northern public sentiment.

In 1850 the South secured the passage of the new Fugitive Slave Law. The North was instantly overrun with slave-hunters; coarse men—usually hired agents—who found as much pleasure

in reclaiming a negro as the Underground Railroad operator did in kidnapping him.

The immediate effect of the new Fugitive Slave Law was to stimulate the business of the Underground Railroad, which at once received public recognition and aid in the passage of Personal Liberty Laws in all the Northern States.

The human race has not yet produced a people who would not fight under such conditions.

Each section was incensed and outraged by the actions, the sentiments, and the laws of the other.

The Fugitive Slave Law was brutal in its terms; and it was executed upon the Northern people by inhuman processes. A slave-owner, or his agent, might pursue and personally arrest a fugitive slave; he might command the assistance of any bystander. All federal officials and all the machinery of the federal law were at his service. The law of 1850 imposed judicial duties, in the arrest and return of fugitive slaves, on the United States commissioners, on the judges of the United States circuit and district courts, on judges of territorial courts, and on such special commissioners as the various courts might appoint. The United States commissioners had power to arrest and imprison any citizen for offenses against the United States. It was the duty of all United States marshals to execute all warrants and processes of judges and commissioners. A fugitive slave, upon being arrested, was brought before a judge or commissioner, whose duty it was to summarily dispose of

the case. The testimony of the fugitive was not admissible. No jury was permitted in such cases. The ownership of a horse might be tried before a jury, but not the ownership of a negro. This was not so unreasonable as it appears to be. A jury of Northern citizens would have been unprejudiced in the case of a horse; in the case of a negro the verdict would have been regarded as a foregone conclusion. By the abuse of the Fugitive Slave Law, the legally free negroes of the North were in danger of arrest and transportation to the South. The law was a dangerous exercise of federal power and was directly subvertive of the State rights doctrine so strongly advocated by the South. But if the Fugitive Slave Law was brutal and inhuman, so was the condition against which it was intended to militate. Both the Fugitive Slave Law and the Underground Railroad were responsible for theft and murder.

To counteract the outrageous processes and the enforcement of the Fugitive Slave Law, fourteen of the free States enacted what came to be known as the Personal Liberty Laws. The laws of Maine provided that no sheriff, deputy sheriff, coroner, constable, jailer, justice of the peace, or other officer of the State should arrest or detain, or aid in so doing, in any prison or building belonging to the State, or in any county or town, any person on account of a claim on him as a fugitive slave, under penalty not exceeding \$1,000, and made it the duty of all county attorneys to repair to the

place where such person was held in custody, and render him all necessary and legal assistance in making his defense against said claim.

The statutes of New Hampshire declared that slaves coming or brought into the State by or with the consent of the master should be free; to hold a slave was felony.

The laws of Vermont held that no court, justice of the peace, or magistrate should take cognizance of any certificate, warrant, or process under the Fugitive Slave Law, and provided that no officer or citizen of the State should arrest or aid and assist in arresting any person for the reason that he was claimed as a fugitive slave.

This Northern exercise of State rights was not appreciated by the South.

The people of the two sections were thus face to face in enmity and war was inevitable. Yet the disputes arising out of questions of slavery were inadequate to raise such a war as broke out in 1861. These disputes would have been compromised again and again, as they had ever been; but other questions pressed to the front for settlement and assassinated compromise. The burden of all other questions fell on the shoulders of the institution of slavery. Superficial observers have said that slavery caused the war. Slavery indicated the point of friction; here was the excitement, the agitation, but back of slavery were the impact and momentum of such heavy questions as the tariff, State rights, construction of the Con-

stitution, alternate admission of Northern and Southern States to the Union, acquisition of new territory (known in our day as "expansion"), the extension of slavery into new territory, and some others. Slavery questions might be compromised; these others could not be compromised, being fundamental. They had to be referred to the arbitration of the sword.

Among the questions up for determination by the war was the question as to the right of a State to secede. The war settled the question of secession, settled it forever and settled it right; settled it no less for the North than for the South. And the question of secession needed to be settled for the North even more than for the South.

For seventy years after the Constitution went into operation, the people of the North taught the doctrine of secession, and often threatened, even attempted, to put it into practice.

Mr. Powell, in "Secession and Nullification in the United States," says: "The effort of eleven States to break loose from the Union in 1860-61 was not an episode dependent on a novel reading of constitutional rights, nor was it solely a consequence of the desire to perpetuate a social system based on slavery. It is a very partial and a very partisan reading of American history that fails to see that from the acceptance of the Constitution in 1790 there had been a tendency to assert the right of States to nullify national enactments or even to sever their relation to the Union. This

has been a shifting sentiment; asserted now at the South and now at the North. Overt acts have been six in number. The first of these occurred in 1798, and in Virginia and Kentucky took the shape of nullification resolutions. The second was the effort of New England, in 1803, to create a Northern Confederacy, consisting of five New England States with New York and New Jersey. The third was the desperate effort of Vice-President Burr to create a cleavage in the Southwest, including the Mississippi Valley, and, hopefully, of Ohio. The fourth in the disagreeable list was the practical withdrawal of the New England States from coöperation in the War of 1812-14; ending in a convention of those States to formulate sectional autonomy. The fifth act was in the form of nullification, and was confined to South Carolina. The sixth and final act was that of 1861, when eleven States withdrew their representatives from Washington, and created a distinct Confederacy. We may concede that in all these cases the result involved a wholesome discussion of federal problems."

Wendell Phillips, the apostle of abolitionism, for years advocated a peaceable separation of the sections as a means of abolishing slavery. He said: "Here are a series of States girding the Gulf who think their peculiar 'isms' require a separate government. They have a right to decide that question without appealing to me or you."

The New York *Herald* advocated the recon-

struction of the Union, with New England left out. Horace Greeley wrote in February, 1861: "If the cotton States choose to form an independent nation, they have a clear right to do so." After the election of Lincoln came the first intimation that a seceding State might be coerced back into the Union. It was a bold, startling intimation, new to the country, and elicited from Horace Greeley the vigorous announcement that soldiers marching into the South for any such unholy purpose would be fired upon in the rear by Northern men who believed the right of secession to be sacred. The North had taught the right of secession for seventy years, and for seventy years desired a government separate from the South. The firing on Fort Sumter reversed the North in one day. Greeley and Phillips and all the rest who thought they believed in the right of secession, and in the propriety of separation, fell into line for the Union and for coercion. The world was astonished at them; they were astonished at themselves. The Constitution suddenly became sacred and the Union indissoluble. They had denounced the Constitution as a compact with the devil, in league with hell. They had proclaimed a higher law than the Constitution. The South was about to dissolve the Union in order to save the principles of the Constitution; the North determined to preserve the Constitution by maintaining the Union.

Those of the North who have condemned the South as traitorous have condemned their own an-

tecedents, their own history, and the sentiment and past conduct of their own people. One thought of the attitude of the North at the Hartford Convention ought to check any man who attempts to apply the word "traitor" to the South for its action in 1861. It was long the habit of the North to apply bitter language to the South. Alexander H. Stephens, the brainiest man of the South, in reply to a letter from President Lincoln concerning the Rebellion, said that the South was resenting the moral opprobrium heaped upon them by the North. Perhaps if the North had used more genteel language toward the South, there would have been no war.

Mr. Powell, above referred to, says: "It is time to deal justly by the South; and recognize its full share in the better part of nation-building; while at the same time we do not overlook the diverse obligations that naturally fell upon the complementary sections. It is easy for either North or South to perceive the blunders in action and defects of character of the opposite section; it is difficult to generously measure each other's achievements, and to help atone for each other's errors."

In conclusion, I quote briefly from Jeff Davis, John Sherman, Henry Clay, Thos. Benton, Representative McDuffie, and the majority and minority reports of the committee in the Missouri State Convention, known as the "Gamble Convention."

From the beginning Congress had admitted States into the Union alternately, one from the

North and one from the South. Jeff Davis said of the great contest: "It is a struggle for the maintenance or the destruction of that balance of power or equipoise between North and South which was early recognized as a cardinal principle in our federal system."

Sherman said: "They [the people of the South] had cultivated a bitter sectional enmity, amounting to contempt, for the people of the North, growing partly out of the subserviency of large portions of the North to the dictation of the South, but chiefly out of the wordy violence and disregard of constitutional obligations by the abolitionists of the North.—*Sherman's "Recollections."*

Benton said in a speech before the United States Senate: "Wealth has fled from the South and settled in the regions north of the Potomac. Under this legislation [tariff] the exports of the South have been made the basis of the federal revenue, Virginia and the two Carolinas defraying three-fourths of the national expense."

Representative McDuffie, of South Carolina, said in Congress: "Sirs, if the union of these States shall ever be severed and their liberties subverted, the historian who records these disasters will have to ascribe them to measures of this description [tariff]."

Clay, at the same time, said: "The danger to the Union does not lie on the side of persistence in the protective system, but on that of its abandonment."

The majority report of the "Gamble Convention" committee reviewed the causes which led to the war, as follows:

"If, in our astonishment at the sudden disruption of our nation, we attempt to trace the causes that produced the disastrous results, we find that the origin of the difficulty is rather in the alienated feelings existing between the northern and southern sections of our country, than in the actual injury suffered by either; rather in the anticipation of future evils, than in the pressure of any now actually endured.

"It is true that the people of the Southern States have a right to complain of the incessant abuse poured upon their institutions by the press, the pulpit, and many of the people of the North. It is true that they have a right to complain of legislative enactments designed to interfere with the assertion of their constitutional rights. It is true that the hostile feeling to Southern institutions entertained by many of the North has manifested itself in mob violence, interfering with the execution of laws made to secure the rights of Southern citizens. It is true that in one instance this fanatical feeling has displayed itself in the actual invasion of a Southern State by a few madmen, who totally misunderstood the institution they came to subvert. It is true that a sectional political party has been organized at the North, based upon the idea that the institution of Southern slavery is not to be allowed to extend itself

into territory of the United States, and that this party has for the present possessed itself of the power of the Government. Whilst it is thus true that the people of the South have well-grounded complaints against many of their fellow-citizens of the North, it is equally true that heretofore there has been no complaint against the action of the Federal Government in any of its departments, as designed to violate the rights of the Southern States. By some incomprehensible delusion, many Northern people have come to believe that in some way they are chargeable with complicity in what they are pleased to consider the sin of slavery.

* * This morbid sensitiveness has been ministered to by religious and political agitators for the purpose of increasing their own importance and advancing their own interests, and the natural consequences have followed: outbursts of mob violence and of political action against the owners of slaves. * * * *

“Upon the subject of violent interference by mobs with the execution of the Fugitive Slave Law, and the forcible abduction of slaves when with their owners in the Northern States, it is proper to observe there reigns throughout the land a spirit of insubordination to law that is probably unequalled in any other civilized country on the globe.” This report was written by Judge Gamble.

The minority report said: “When we look back over the history of our country, we see arising in the Northern States an anti-slavery party,

whose sole cohesive principle was a bitter hostility to the slave institutions of the Southern States. At first that party was weak, its members few and scattered abroad and considered by the Northern people themselves as mischievous fanatics; it continued gradually, but steadily, to increase until political parties began to court its aid. * * *

They violated the compact that united them to their sister States of the South. By that compact, they had covenanted that a fugitive slave found within their borders should be delivered up, upon demand of his master. They have violated their compact:

“1st. By failing to enact laws providing for his delivery.

“2d. By refusing the master aid, permitting their lawless citizens to deprive him of his property by mob violence.

“3d. When Congress interposed for his relief by the enactment of the Fugitive Slave Law, they trampled that law under foot, and nullified it by deliberate State legislation.”

RETROSPECTION.

The centripetal and centrifugal forces in our political system manifested their presence at the Constitutional Convention in 1787. Hamilton and his followers wanted a constitution that gave great power to the general Government. The opponents to Hamilton's policy, led afterwards by Jefferson, insisted on leaving the largest possible power with the respective States. These two forces required

the Constitutional Convention to resort to many compromises.

Our Constitution is a bundle of compromises.

The convention wrote three compromises in the Constitution on the subject of slavery, while similar devices went to other subjects. The result was an instrument which Gladstone denominated the most wonderful work ever "struck off at a given time by the brain and purpose of man," but which our fathers accepted with grave misgivings. Only nine of the thirteen States accepted the Constitution, barely enough to set the new government in operation. New York ratified the Constitution, but in doing so called upon all ratifying States to make immediate application to the new Congress, presently to meet, for the authorization of a new Constitutional Convention, and at the same time specified thirty-three amendments which alone would bring the new system to any tolerable degree of perfection. Massachusetts demanded numerous amendments in her act of ratification. Discontent with the new system was very general. Pennsylvania ratified promptly—by fraud, it was charged. Left to a popular vote, the Constitution would have been rejected. The ratifying Colonies did not like each other. They never had liked each other. The foolish effort of King George the Third to impose upon them a personal government had driven them into a constrained and unwilling unity. Scarcely had independence been achieved when the Colonies began to harass each other with tariff schedules.

At the beginning of the Revolution, Virginia was in closer touch with England than with Massachusetts. In Pennsylvania and New York the Tory party at all times prior to the actual beginning of hostilities largely outnumbered the Whig party. Fiske, in his "Critical Period," says: "It was not simply free Massachusetts and slave-holding South Carolina, or English Connecticut and Dutch New York, that misunderstood and ridiculed each other; but even between such neighboring States as Connecticut and Massachusetts, both of them thoroughly English and Puritan and in all their social conditions exactly alike, it used to be said that there was no love lost." The Colonies ceased to levy tariffs against each other with the adoption of the Constitution, but the tariff habit was continued, being transferred to a wide plane, whereby one section gained material advantage at the expense of the other section. Negro slavery at the South had a marked influence in unifying that section against the tariff aggression of the North. Rightly understood, negro slaves saved the Union for seventy years by solidifying the South against the disintegrating tendencies of the North.

At the beginning of the nineteenth century two men, one a philanthropist, the other a soldier, and each a statesman, Jefferson and Napoleon, contributed to the history of the world a chapter which was rife with the shadows of civil war. If there had been no Louisiana Purchase, there would have

been no war of the Rebellion. Strife and dissension were born of the expansion of 1803.

From the beginning there had been recognizably a North and a South. Congress early established the practice of admitting States into the Union alternately, one from the North and one from the South, for the purpose of sustaining the equipoise between the two sections. Thus Mississippi and Indiana were admitted as offsets; Alabama and Illinois, Missouri and Maine. The Louisiana Purchase and the Missouri Compromise rendered the North top-heavy. The North was able to outswap the South. The war with Mexico and the acquisition of Spanish territory were consummated with the view of gaining for the South new slave territory. The War of 1812 nearly drove the North into secession; the Louisiana Purchase and the war with Mexico opened the door wide to Southern secession.

The War of the Rebellion actually began in the bloody effort of both North and South to win Kansas under the Gospel of Douglas, or Squatter Sovereignty, an amplified State rights doctrine.

Chapter II.

KANSAS TROUBLES.

I do believe,
Statist though I be none, nor like to be,
That this will prove a war.

—*Shakespeare.*

Ho, brothers! Come, brothers!
Hasten all with me!
We'll sing upon the Kansas plains
A song of liberty!

—*Lucy Larcom.*

The great Santa Fé Trail, which began at Independence, Mo., separated into two branches in Kansas, and gave that Territory two great highways. One branch led southwest into New Mexico; the other ran up between the Kaw and the Wakarusa. This was the California route. From all the river towns and all the landings, roads ramified the West. The travel of emigrants over the principal of these roads equalled the travel over an Eastern turnpike. (Hale, 1854.)

Eli Thayer, a member of the Massachusetts Legislature, conceived the plan of assisting European emigrants, who reached our eastern seaboard, to locate safely in the West. There were harpies in those days, who lived by fleecing newly-arrived foreigners. Mr. Thayer introduced and had passed a bill providing for the incorporation of the Massachusetts Emigrant and Aid Society, with a

capital stock limited to \$5,000,000. This was one of the earliest sinews of the war between the States. Similar societies were incorporated in New York and Connecticut. Emigrants, foreign and native, were sent to Kansas as rapidly as possible. Free transportation was given to all who applied for tickets for the journey. Local leagues and auxiliary branches were erected all over the East as feeders to the emigrant companies. The Union Emigrant Society of Washington City was organized "by such members of Congress and citizens generally as were opposed to the repeal of the Missouri Compromise and to the extension of slavery in the Territories."

The passage of the Kansas-Nebraska bill enthroned "Squatter Sovereignty," a term first used by Senator Cass, of Michigan. The term meant that the settlers in a new Territory should supervise their own domestic affairs without the dictation of the general Government at Washington City; that is, the settlers were to have slavery or not as they might elect. Edward E. Hale, of Boston, wrote a book in 1854, on Emigrant Aid Societies, in which he said: "To secure to Kansas, therefore, a fair proportion of Western emigration; to secure for the principle of Squatter Sovereignty a fair trial, and to make sure that the institutions, both of Kansas and Nebraska, should be digested by settlers of every class; it became necessary that some organization of the great current of western emigration should encourage each

emigrant from the North by showing him how strong a force was behind him and around him." The Missourians accepted the repeal of the Missouri Compromise and the passage of the Kansas-Nebraska bill as legalizing the claims of slavery in all the Territories. They felt outraged by the trespass and intrusion of Yankee emigrants who were not *bona-fide* settlers, but who came as minions of political schemers of the East to abolitionize the new Territory. The Missourians argued that Massachusetts and Vermont had no right to come with their abolition propaganda into Kansas and thus open an avenue of escape to Missouri slaves. The Underground Railroad was in operation all over the country when Kansas was erected into a Territory in 1854. The Missourians, therefore, not to be outdone by Yankee schemes and enterprise, organized "Blue Lodges," "Sons of the South," and other orders. The methods and purposes of these lodges were exactly similar to the methods and purposes of the Eastern Aid Societies. Anticipating the arrival of the Eastern emigrants, the Missourians went into the new Territory and staked off numerous claims, the basis of many future quarrels. In July, 1854, the first Eastern emigrants arrived in Kansas and stopped at Lawrence. A band of pro-slavery Missourians warned them not to settle there. No blood was shed, but the inter-state quarrel was begun, and the quarrel deepened from that day and widened until the na-

tion was involved, and only ended with Lee and Grant at Appomattox.

A Free Soil writer of the time, who denominated the Missourians as "Border Ruffians," said: "Yankee settlements in the valley of the Kaw awakened a bloodthirsty wish to extirpate them." The extirpation impulse seemed to be mutual between the Free Soil and the pro-slavery people. During the half-dozen years between 1854 and 1860, poor bleeding, distracted Kansas excited universal interest, hatred at the South, commiseration at the North. The effusion of blood was not the vendetta of fractious and misguided neighbors. The temper of the wide nation was displaying itself here in the Territory of Kansas. The shock here was the premonition of the earthquake of the Civil War.

Mr. Thayer has left on record that the Missouri settler brought his family into Kansas, while the Aid Societies sent out only men. It was noted that the abolition settlers had more Sharp's rifles than implements of agriculture. In 1854 the first election was held in Kansas. Citizens of Missouri went over and voted. They carried the election and the pro-slavery delegate elected to Congress took his seat and served without protest. The Territorial Legislature was elected in March, 1855. On the occasion of this election large bands of Missourians invaded Kansas to vote, claiming that they had as good a right—in fact, a better right to vote than did the interlopers brought from the East

by Emigrant Aid Societies. Over a thousand Missourians attended the election at Lawrence, more than enough to carry that precinct; so three hundred rode twelve miles to another precinct and carried that also. The best men of the State of Missouri attended this Kansas election and exercised the right of suffrage. Such men as Claiborne F. Jackson, Senator D. K. Atchison, Joseph O. Shelby, John T. Hughes, judges of Buchanan and Cass counties and other county officials, and prominent citizens from different parts of the State, were enthusiastic visitors in Kansas on that 30th of March, 1855. Senator Atchison, who had been president of the United States Senate, said in urging Missourians to vote in Kansas: "If men a thousand miles off can send men to abolitionize Kansas, how much more is it the duty of those who live within a day's journey of the Territory, and whose peace and property depend on the result, to meet and send young men over the border to vote. If they should fail, Missouri and the other Southern States would show themselves recreant to their own interests and would deserve their fate."

A pro-slavery legislature was declared elected, and this body made the Lecompton Constitution and enacted laws which were utterly repudiated by the Free Soil party of the Territory of Kansas. A Free Soil writer said of the election: "The immediate effect was to further excite the people of the Northern States, induce acts of retaliation, and

exasperate the actual settlers against their Missouri neighbors.”

Governor Shannon, of Kansas, said he could understand why Missouri was so active in Kansas affairs: “Missouri has 50,000 slaves in that portion of her territory which borders upon Kansas. By estimating the average value of each of these slaves at \$600, a low estimate, we have a total of \$30,000,000. Now, should Kansas become a free State, it would be ruinous to the slave-holding interests of Missouri.”

James Montgomery was a Christian minister from Missouri, a Free Soiler of decided cast. He settled on Sugar Creek, a Kansas tributary of the Marais des Cygnes. In 1856, Gen. Clark, with 300 United States troops, burned his house. He organized a band of Jayhawkers, and these retaliated by despoiling their pro-slavery neighbors. Houses were ransacked and burned; horses were taken; Blue Lodge men were notified to leave the country or were murdered. Montgomery's biographer and apologist, Tomlinson, says: “His judgment, courage, and skill with firearms became proverbial.” Montgomery was in open rebellion against the United States authorities at Fort Scott. In the battle of “Yellow Paint” he overcame the Federal troops. Tomlinson says: “By that fight—the first between the settlers and the Federal soldiery of Kansas—it was satisfactorily demonstrated that a Sharp's rifle ball, carefully directed, would have the same effect upon a dragoon as upon a

common man." The cry of Montgomery's men was, "Down with Fort Scott! Down with the stronghold of tyranny!" The operations of John Brown belong to general history and are well known. Brown was an unselfish, fanatical abolitionist; Montgomery was a Jayhawker. Brown killed men and took their property, if they believed in slavery. He was not a robber *per se*, although after his last raid into Missouri he sold his horse in Ohio, warning the purchaser of a "possible defect in title." Missouri was an older country than Kansas, and, possessing more property than Kansas, suffered heavier losses than the latter. Missourians found ample pretexts for penetrating into Kansas to recover stolen and runaway negroes and "stray" horses. These were usually enterprising enough to get what they went after in either "meal or malt."

Leverett W. Springer, professor of English in the University of Kansas, in his admirable work, says that Fort Scott was a military post from 1842 to 1856 and was a Border Ruffian stronghold, against which the Jayhawkers directed especial animus. Springer says:

"Confederated at first for defense against proslavery outrages, but ultimately more or less completely into the vocation of robbery and assassins, they received the name—whatever its origin may be—of Jayhawkers. The best known leader in the jayhawking episodes is James Montgomery. * *

"In these aggressions Jayhawkers seemed to

take the lead, and they established a freebooting reputation that fairly intimidated pro-slavery adherents. The accounts of marauding incursions from Missouri which appeared in contemporary prints were mostly canards circulated by Jayhawkers as an excuse for their own depredations. They occasionally dispatched messengers to Lawrence with a budget of exaggerated or manufactured pro-slavery outrages, to keep alive their reputation as struggling, self-denying, afflicted patriots.

“While it may be rash to speak with confidence on a matter where so much confusion, blur, and conflict of testimony still exist, yet the conclusion seems to be forced that in comparison with the Missourians, whose sins are black enough, Jayhawkers are superior devils.” The same author says of the Kansas “Red-legs”: “It was a loose-jointed association with members shifting between 25 and 50, dedicated originally to the vocation of horse-stealing, but flexible enough to include rascalities of every description.”

In 1859 Governor Stewart sent a message to the Missouri Legislature asking for relief for the border counties against the continued incursions of the Kansas Jayhawkers. The governor wrote to President Buchanan that he had “ordered a body of militia into Cass and Bates counties, because they have been subjected to repeated depredations.”

A legislative committee was appointed and its

report on the governor's message was singularly dispassionate and wise: "We have evidence of the most satisfactory character that outrages almost without parallel, in America at least, have been perpetrated upon the persons and property of unoffending citizens of Bates and Vernon counties--their houses plundered and then burned, their negroes kidnapped in droves, citizens wounded and murdered in cold blood, etc."

The committee was opposed to the adoption of warlike measures. It advised that rewards be offered for the arrest of leading Jayhawkers and that circuit judges should hold special terms in the disturbed district to investigate grievances. The governor was authorized to adopt measures that he might deem necessary. The sum of \$30,000 was appropriated to enable the governor to carry out these purposes. A reward of \$3,000 was offered for the arrest of John Brown. By the exertion of the State, federal, and territorial authorities, comparative peace was established, and "out of subsiding anarchy there arose a crude, rudimental order."

"It did not last long," says Lucien Carr in "Missouri a Bone of Contention." "In November, 1860, another outbreak occurred, in which the United States court for the Third District of Kansas was broken up by a band of Jayhawkers under Montgomery, and the United States officers, including the judge himself, were compelled to fly for their lives. A grand juror (Moore) was mur-

dered, as were also Sam Scott and Russell Hindes, the latter a Missourian who was hunting a runaway negro. These proceedings were endorsed by the so-called conventions of Linn and Bourbon counties, Kansas, and were backed by the declaration of Montgomery, that he intended 'to keep possession of Fort Scott and other places near the State line to prevent a fire in the rear while he cleaned out southern Missouri of its slaves.' Citizens of Missouri on the Osage and Marmaton rivers and in Bates and Vernon counties left their homes and fled to the interior of the State. Gen. D. M. Frost, afterwards of Camp Jackson fame, was ordered by Gov. Stuart to end the difficulty. Frost went with 630 men. Gen. Harney was there; Montgomery quit his fort, disbanded his men and left the county. Frost reported to the governor that "the deserted and charred remains of once happy homes, combined with the general terror that prevailed amongst the citizens who still clung to their possessions, gave but too certain proof of the persecutions to which they had all been subjected and which they would again have to endure so soon as armed protection should be withdrawn."

Col. John S. Bowen, who afterwards rose to a high command in the Confederate Army, was left in command. At the outbreak of the Civil War jayhawking still flourished, though it ended for that season with Frost and Bowen.

"The old jayhawking leaders, however, now came with United States commissions in their

pockets and at the head of regularly enlisted troops, in which guise they carried on a system of robbery and murder that left a good portion of the frontier, south of the Missouri River, as perfect a waste as Germany was at the end of the Thirty Years' War." (Lucien Carr.)

This outline of the ante-bellum troubles between Missouri and Kansas would be inexcusably incomplete without some notice of the Wakarusa War. In this exciting but bloodless affair many Missourians began their military careers.

Samuel J. Jones, of Westport, a courageous man, had been elected sheriff of Douglas County, Kansas. At the election which put Jones in office the Free Soil men refused to vote, not recognizing as legal the legislature under whose laws it was held. All "white" men had a right to vote; the right of suffrage was so broad that it included all Indians who conformed to the customs of the white man, which condition seemed to be fulfilled by the drinking of bad whisky.

A claim dispute near Lawrence, between F. N. Coleman and Chas. M. Dow, eventuated in the assassination of the latter by the former. Dow was a Free Soiler and lived with Jacob Bronson. A meeting of Free Soilers was held at the scene of the killing and measures of retaliation were discussed. Bronson threatened to kill Coleman. In order to protect the latter, a warrant for the arrest of the former was placed in the hands of Sheriff Jones, who proceeded with a posse to the home of

Bronson and at night served the writ. As they came away with their prisoner, they were confronted by a posse of Free Soilers. Bronson at once left the ranks of his captors and joined his friends. The news flew like wildfire all over Kansas and Missouri that legal processes could not be executed in the Territory on account of Free Soil outlaws. Gov. Shannon called out the militia to uphold the laws, and 1500 men from Missouri marched heavily armed into Kansas to sustain the laws enacted by the legislature which they had assisted in electing. The Free Soilers repaired in heavy force to Lawrence, which place they fortified. Lawrence had been in bad repute with Missourians from the beginning. Thither they concentrated and besieged the town, led by such men as Atchison, Doniphan, and Hi Bledsoe. The beleaguered Free Soilers opened communication with Gov. Shannon and induced him to visit Lawrence. The governor, Major Robinson, and Jim Lane were sent to confer with the Missourians. By keeping "the frothy, pictorial, and unbalanced" Lane quiet, Gov. Shannon and Senator Atchison succeeded in explaining matters to the Missourians and a peace was made. The peace was ratified by the approval of everybody in both Missouri and Kansas, except old John Brown, who announced himself as in favor of blood-letting.

Chapter III.

PREMONITIONS OF WAR.

Although General Sterling Price and other Union Democrats carried the State of Missouri for Douglas in 1860, the Legislature elected that year was from the Breckinridge or Southern wing of the party. The new governor, Claiborne F. Jackson, found the General Assembly which convened on the last day of December to be in perfect accord with himself on all questions of federal relations of the State. The governor, therefore, seems to have made a mistake in his inaugural message, by asking that a State convention be called. The Legislature was competent to pass an ordinance of secession, and was at last desirous of doing so; but the power had then been lodged by law with the State Convention, which not only rejected secession, but deposed the governor and all the other State officers, including members of the Legislature.

The members of the General Assembly were chosen at the August election. The national crisis had not then developed. The war cloud on the horizon was not larger than a man's hand and excited no apprehension of immediate danger. The will of the people on the question of secession, paramount in January, found no expression at the election held on the first Monday of the preced-

ing August. A new election, therefore, was necessary.

In recommending a State convention Governor Jackson was prompted by the lofty motives of a disinterested patriotism. Patriotically, the convention was righteous; from a party standpoint, it was, perhaps, an error. The cotton States adopted ordinances of secession through State conventions. Perhaps Gov. Jackson expected the Missouri State Convention to do the same.

The election of Abraham Lincoln to the presidency was looked upon throughout the South as in the last degree inimical to the institution of slavery. Lincoln's speech at Springfield, Ill., in June, 1858, was distinctly remembered. He said in accepting the nomination to the United States Senate: "A house divided against itself cannot stand. I believe this Government cannot endure permanently half slave and half free. I do not expect the Union to be dissolved. I do not expect the house to fall, but I do expect it will cease to be divided. It will all become one thing or the other." This prophetic utterance was derided as the idle vaporings of a buffoon. Lincoln was now to be President. He was regarded as the chief of abolitionists, and was detested accordingly.

After the election of Lincoln, the Southern Confederacy was quickly organized. Missouri belonged to both the North and the South and her people were divided in the impending conflict. The voices of the outgoing and the incoming gov-

ernors, carefully noted, give a perfect reflection of public sentiment at that dark and distressing hour.

Gov. Stewart, whose neglected grave may be seen at St. Joseph, in his final message to the Legislature, said:

“Missouri occupies a position in regard to these troubles that should make her voice potent in the councils of the nation. With scarcely a disunionist *per se* to be found in her borders, she is still determined to demand, and to maintain, her rights at every hazard. She loves the Union while it is the protector of equal rights, but will despise it as the instrument of wrong. She came into the Union upon a compromise, and is willing to abide by a fair compromise still; not such ephemeral contracts as are enacted by Congress to-day, and repealed to-morrow; but a compromise assuring all the just rights of the States, and agreed to in solemn convention of the parties interested.

“Missouri has a right to speak on this subject, because she has suffered. Bounded on three sides by free territory, her border counties have been the frequent scenes of kidnapping and violence, and this State has probably lost as much, in the last two years, in abducted slaves, as all the rest of the Southern States. At this moment several of the western counties are desolated, and almost depopulated, from fear of a bandit horde, who have been

committing depredations—arson, theft, and foul murder—upon the adjacent border.

“Missouri has a right, too, to be heard by reason of her present position and power, as well as from the great calamities which a hasty dissolution of the Union will bring upon her. She has already a larger voting population than any of the slave States, with prospective power and wealth far beyond any of her sister States. * * * *

“As matters are at present, Missouri will stand by her lot, and hold to the Union as long as it is worth an effort to preserve it. So long as there is hope of success she will seek for justice within the Union. She cannot be frightened from her propriety by the past unfriendly legislation of the North, nor be dragooned into secession by the extreme South. If those who should be our friends and allies undertake to render our property worthless by a system of prohibitory laws, or by reopening the slave trade in opposition to the moral sense of the civilized world, and at the same time reduce us to a position of humble sentinel to watch over and protect their interests, receiving all the blows and none of the benefits, Missouri will hesitate long before sanctioning such an arrangement. She will rather take the high position of armed neutrality. She is able to take care of herself, and will be neither forced nor flattered, driven nor coaxed, into a course of action that must end in her own destruction.

“If South Carolina and other cotton States per-

sist in secession, she will desire to see them go in peace, with the hope that a short experience at separate government, and an honorable readjustment of the federal compact, will induce them to return to their former position. In the meantime Missouri will hold herself ready, at any moment, to defend her soil from pollution and her property from plunder by fanatics and marauders, come from what quarter they may."

Gov. Jackson said in his first message:

"The triumph of such an organization [the Republican party] is not the victory of a political party, but the domination of a section. * * *

"Accordingly, we find the result of the recent presidential election has already produced its natural effects. From Florida to Missouri a feeling of discontent and alarm has manifested itself, more or less violent, according to the imminence of the danger and the extent of the interests at stake. *

"The destiny of the slave-holding States of this Union is one and the same. * * The identity, rather than the similarity, of their domestic institutions; their political principles and party usages; their common origin, pursuits, tastes, manners, and customs; their territorial contiguity and commercial relations—all contribute to bind them together in one sisterhood. And Missouri will, in my judgment, best consult her own interests and the interests of the whole country by a timely declaration of her determination to stand by her sister slave-holding States, in whose wrongs she participates,

and with whose institutions and people she sympathizes. * * *

“The ultimate fate of all the slave-holding States is necessarily the same, their determination and action in the present crisis should be the result of a general consultation. * * *

“I am not without hope that an adjustment alike honorable to both sections may be effected, * * * but in the present unfavorable aspect of public affairs it is our duty to prepare for the worst. * * * The magnitude of the interests now in jeopardy demands a prompt but deliberate consideration; and in order that the will of the people may be ascertained and effectuated, a State convention should, in my view, be immediately called.”

In accordance with the governor's recommendation, George G. Vest introduced a bill, which was promptly enacted into law, providing for a State convention similar to those which in the cotton States were passing ordinances of secession. The convention was to be composed of ninety-nine members, three from each of the thirty-three senatorial districts. The election was ordered for February 23d.

It was confidently expected that the people would elect a thoroughly Southern if not a secessionist convention. But the temper of the people was dispassionate. A deep vein of conservatism developed itself. The people selected for the State Convention their most thoughtful and cautious

men. The result was emphatic. Every man in the convention was for the Union.

The convention met at Jefferson City on the last day of February, 1861. It was composed of such eminent citizens as Sterling Price, Judge Gamble, John B. Henderson, Judge Norton, and Alexander W. Doniphan. The Lexington district was represented by Samuel L. Sawyer. Independence sent Jas. K. Sheley.

The convention was clothed with ampler powers than belonged to the Legislature itself. The convention might have abrogated the constitution of the State and replaced it with another. Sterling Price was chosen president, and Judge Gamble was placed at the head of the Committee on Federal Relations. After a three-days session, the convention adjourned to meet in St. Louis on the 4th of March. At that meeting, as Lincoln was taking the oath of office, Judge Gamble reported this resolution, which was adopted: "To involve Missouri in a revolution under the present circumstances is certainly not demanded by the magnitude of the grievances of which we complain; nor by the certainty that they cannot be otherwise and more peacefully remedied; nor by the hope that they would be remedied, or even diminished, by such revolution."

This resolution was forwarded to the governor and the General Assembly. The convention, having done all that it was created to do, now should have adjourned *sine die*. Instead of doing so, it

adjourned subject to the call of a committee. Evidently the Legislature was distrusted by the convention. The convention derived its authority, not from the Legislature, but directly from the people, whose will was expressed at a popular election, the last one held in a dozen years. A large minority of the convention, forty-seven members, believed in secession, under circumstances of sufficient provocation. A small majority, fifty-two members, believed unconditionally in the Union. This majority afterwards constituted the "Gamble Convention" and was the source of authority of the "Gamble Dynasty."

The General Assembly continued in session during the winter. Many fiery Southern speeches were delivered by such members as George G. Vest and Thos. A. Harris, afterwards Gen. Harris of the State Guards army, and still later of the Confederate Congress. During the session commissioners were received from many of the seceded States. On such occasions both houses of the Legislature, the governor, judges of the Supreme Court, and other officials of the State, assembled in the Hall of Representatives and the visiting commissioners were received with the ceremony and circumstance due a plenipotentiary of a foreign Government. The Union people over the State were greatly exercised by these manifestations of sovereignty at the State Capitol. Such occurrences were held as treasonable by many historians of the day, few of whom freed themselves from prejudice far enough

to relate that the State Convention, unquestionably Union, was no less treasonable in this respect than the Legislature itself. The convention gave a respectful hearing to Luther J. Glenn, commissioner from Georgia. A committee was appointed and made its report to the convention in due and formal order on Glenn's mission and his address.

The convention passed many resolutions during its several weeks' session, one of which urged almost passionately the Federal Government not to coerce a seceding State, and the seceding States were begged to "withhold and stay the arm of military power." Federal coercion of a seceding State found no countenance in the Legislature or in the State Convention. This early meeting of the State Convention was conservative in all its actions, showing due and proper deference to the governor and the Legislature. In its later meetings it was denominated the "Gamble Convention." Judge Gamble was made provisional governor of the State and a full set of State officers were chosen. The provisional Government of the State of Missouri was in perfect accord with Lincoln's administration. Its seat of power was in St. Louis.

Chapter IV.

THE CAMP JACKSON AFFAIR.

The Douglas and the Hotspur, both together,
Are confident against the world in arms.

—*Shakespeare.*

Frank P. Blair was the head and front of the Union cause in Missouri; Nathaniel Lyon was the shivering lance. These two together saved Missouri to the Union. Neither could have accomplished the result alone. They transcended their federal authority and usurped powers lodged by law with the governor of the State. The exigencies of war soon justified their course.

As early as 1856 Frank P. Blair whispered the magic word "Emancipation." In the campaign of 1860 he organized the Germans of St. Louis into political clubs devoted to Mr. Bates for the presidential nomination which went to Lincoln. The Wide-awakes ratified the nomination of Lincoln, whom they supported with an enthusiasm attributable mainly to Blair's leadership. In December the Wide-awakes were formed into stalwart, loyal Union clubs. Every member was an "unconditional Union" man and believed with Blair that "every traitor should feel the strength of Missouri hemp." These political clubs became, in January, the basis of the "United States Reserve Corp," better known as the Home Guards.

These were secretly drilled in garrets at first, but were strong and fearless. The secessionists were not less active. They drilled minute men and other bodies. These antagonist organizations developed the war spirit and St. Louis was early the scenes of mob violence.

Major Bell was in command of the United States arsenal at St. Louis. Gen. D. M. Frost, a West Pointer, who had served in the State Senate and was author of the military bill of 1858, was at the head of the State militia in the St. Louis district. Major Bell agreed, in an interview with Gen. Frost, that the United States arsenal belonged of right to the State of Missouri and promised that nothing should be removed without timely notice. Major Bell resigned and was succeeded by Major Hagner, who in turn was succeeded by Major Harney. Early in January the sub-treasury in St. Louis held \$400,000. Isaac Sturgeon, assistant treasurer, wrote to the President that this money needed special protection and that a few soldiers ought to be stationed at the sub-treasury. Forty soldiers were foolishly sent. Instantly a resolution was introduced in the Legislature demanding of the Government an explanation for the presence of these soldiers on the sacred soil of Missouri. The resolution was dropped when it was learned that the soldiers had been transferred to the arsenal. The feeling of anxiety did not subside, however. A few extreme Southern men in the State now urged the governor to seize the ar-

senal, but this would have been an act of secession and the governor was not yet a secessionist.

On the 6th of February, Capt. Lyon marched into the arsenal grounds with a company of regulars from Fort Riley. Blair and Lyon had their heads together at once. No other men in the nation so well understood as Lyon and Blair that a revolution was impending. Neither Blair nor Lyon had the slightest faith in pacificatory measures. Both were disgusted with the conservative methods of Major Harney. Both wanted to force the issue by military organization and occupation. Their earliest and most persistent effort was to get Lyon in charge of the post at St. Louis, and Blair made trip after trip to Washington City for this purpose. His brother, Montgomery Blair, was a member of Lincoln's cabinet, and this circumstance, united with Frank P. Blair's own strength of character, gave ready importance to any scheme he might espouse. After the fall of Fort Sumter, Lincoln called for 75,000 volunteers. A requisition was sent to Governor Jackson for four regiments, Missouri's quota. He sent this reply to the President:

"Your dispatch of 13th inst., making a call upon Missouri for four regiments of men for immediate service, has been received. There can be, I apprehend, no doubt but these men are intended to form a part of the President's army to make war upon the people of the seceded States. Your requisition, in my judgment, is illegal, unconstitu-

tional, and revolutionary in its objects, inhuman and diabolical, and cannot be complied with. Not one man will the State of Missouri furnish to carry on such an unholy crusade."

The governor promptly issued a call convening the Legislature in extra session, and at the same time each military district was directed to go into encampment for six days "to the end that men and officers might attain a greater degree of efficiency in drill and discipline." The Legislature met on May 2d and the encampments were to begin on May 3d. Gen. Frost, commandant of the First District, accordingly went into camp at St. Louis, the United States flag floating over headquarters. The sentiment of Frost's men was well understood. They made no attempt to conceal their sympathy with the South. One street of the camp was named Davis and another Beauregard. It was charged that the camp was secretly receiving arms and ammunition unlawfully taken from the arsenal at Baton Rouge. The earliest plan of the Secessionists was to seize United States arsenals and war material. Secretary of War Floyd, during the last month's of Buchanan's administration, had distributed large quantities of arms, etc., over the South against the day of secession. Already had the arsenal at Liberty, Mo., been seized by citizens of Jackson and other counties. It looked probable to Lyon that General Frost might attack the St. Louis arsenal. He did not wait. He marched out with a large force to summons Frost to surrender.

Many Union men protested against the move and a committee of loyal citizens waited on Blair to forestall the project. But Blair and Lyon were determined. It is notable that U. S. Grant, then unknown, was in St. Louis that day and quite approved the course pursued. Frost had no alternative; he surrendered and his State militia became prisoners of war and were paroled. The supremacy of the United States over the State had been asserted. Lyon had received arms during the winter and in secrecy had transferred them through the streets in beer wagons. Had not an officer in the State service an equal right? It was doubtful; to solve such doubts the great war was fought. As Lyon marched in with his prisoners, a fight occurred between some of his soldiers and the exasperated, jeering citizens who thronged the way as spectators. The soldiers fired and a number of persons were killed, including women and children.

The capture of Camp Jackson, as Frost's camp was called, and the attendant calamities created a profound sensation all over the State. At Jefferson City the Legislature in extra session was discussing the new military bill. The measure was being contested vigorously. When it was known that Lyon had taken Camp Jackson, all opposition vanished into thin air, and within twenty minutes the military bill was passed and ready for the governor's signature. That night it was rumored in Jefferson City that Frank Blair was marching

with a band of Home Guards toward the State capital. A midnight session of the Legislature was held. Dictatorial powers were conferred on the governor, and \$30,000 was appropriated for the governor's use in defending the State against military aggression. It was proposed that the governor should purchase foundries and employ men to cast cannon. Lyon and Blair were in open rebellion against the authorities of the State, an offense quite heinous in the eyes of those who held that the autonomy of the State was of equal or superior dignity to that of the United States.

Lyon was widely condemned by Union men and bitterly and universally denounced by Secessionists. Judge Gamble, afterwards provisional governor of the State, and Jas. E. Yeatman were sent as a committee from St. Louis to call on President Lincoln and Secretary Cameron with protestations against the arbitrary conduct of Lyon, and to have him removed. They represented that Lyon was rash and inconsiderate and that he hastened to take Camp Jackson before the men dispersed and before the return of Major Harney, and that he had needlessly involved the general Government in a war with the State of Missouri.

The task before Harney upon his return was to pacify the State, now excited to the pitch and stress of open hostilities. Lyon was withdrawn somewhat from view and excuses were offered for his conduct. Major Harney was a loyal man and he declared the passage of the new military law to be

in itself an act of secession. At the same time he attempted unsuccessfully to disband Lyon's Home Guards. The Legislature adjourned on May 15th, after vigorously denouncing Lyon and Blair. Gen. Price and Gen. John B. Clark hastened to Jefferson City and offered their services to the governor. In three days more than a thousand men arrived at Jefferson City to enlist in the service of the State. Among these were the Independence Grays from Jackson County, who brought with them the four brass 6-pounders taken a month before from the Liberty arsenal. The first regiment was composed of eight companies and were under the command of Col. Marmaduke. There were uprisings all over the State and the secession flag waved far and wide. On May 21, Gov. Jackson announced the following brigadier generals, one for each congressional district: Alexander W. Doniphan, M. M. Parsons, Jas. S. Rains, John B. Clark, M. L. Clark, Nathan W. Watkins, Beverly Randolph, W. T. Slack, and Jas. H. McBride. Gen. Sterling Price was named major-general. Several of those named above failed to act and others were named instead. Major Harney now saw he had a war on his hands, raised by the rashness of Lyon—or rather, raised by the deliberate purpose of Lyon and Blair. They wanted war. Harney was appalled and invited Price to come to St. Louis for an interview. They quickly agreed to terms of peace, and the agreement was signed and published. Harney bound the United States to respect the neutrality

of the State of Missouri and to permit no further incursions of Federal troops into the State. Both Price and Harney were to preserve order, and each in conjunction with the governor advised the people to resume their ordinary vocations. The regiment under Marmaduke was disbanded. A measurable degree of peace and quiet returned.

Chapter V.

LYON DECLARES WAR.

The publication of the Price-Harney agreement "fell like a black cloud upon the hopes of the Unionists, and it was apparent that only one party (Harney) was observing it," says Peckham, who wrote a history of Lyon while the passion of war was still rankling in his breast. The truce was not in harmony with the plans laid out by Lyon and Blair. They advised the President to garrison St. Joseph, Hannibal, Macon City, Springfield, and other points where the Secesh flag had been raised. Lyon still commanded the five regiments raised by him instead of the four authorized. Blair said to the Washington Government: "We are able to take care of this State without assistance from elsewhere, if authorized to raise a sufficient force within the State, and after that work is done we can take care of the Secessionists from the Arkansas line to the Gulf along the west shore of the Mississippi River." Lyon was less confident, but equally anxious for military action. Blair had been to Washington City again and had secured, almost extorted, from Lincoln, a letter relieving Harney from the command at St. Louis. This letter he carried in his pocket; it was to be used only in case of absolute necessity. After Blair returned to St. Louis, the President wrote a letter to

Blair renewing his expressions of doubt as to the propriety of removing Harney. Mr. Lincoln did not recall the letter; he had great confidence in Blair, but he feared the result of Lyon's succession to full control.

The Price-Harney agreement was enough. Blair delivered the momentous letter. Lyon assumed full control. The military subjugation of the State was now to be undertaken. Price sent instructions to his brigadier generals to hasten their organizations until the State Convention should decide on the federal relations of the State. Conservative men were justly alarmed and persuaded Gov. Jackson and Gen. Price to ask for an interview with Lyon. A conference was arranged for June 12th and Price and Jackson went to St. Louis, under safe conduct of Lyon. Thos. L. Sned, who was present as Price's aid-de-camp, gives the following graphic account of the meeting:

"The governor notified Gen. Lyon the next morning that he was at the Planters' House and would be pleased to confer with him there. Lyon replied that he would meet him and Gen. Price at the arsenal instead. The governor, rightly considering this reply impertinent, informed General Lyon that he would confer with him at the Planters' House and at no other place. Lyon accordingly came to the Planters' House, accompanied by Blair and Major Conant, his aid-de-camp, and the conference took place there.

"Lyon opened it by saying that the discussion

on the part of his Government would be conducted by Col. Blair, who enjoyed its confidence in the very highest degree, and was authorized to speak for it.

“Blair was, in fact, better fitted than any man in the Union to discuss with Jackson and Price the grave questions then at issue between the United States and the State of Missouri, and in all her border there were no men better fitted than they to speak for Missouri on that momentous occasion.

“But, despite the modesty of his opening, Lyon was too much in earnest, too zealous, and too well-informed on the subject, too aggressive, and too fond of disputation to let Blair conduct the discussion on the part of his Government. In half an hour it was he that conducted it, holding his own at every point against Jackson and Price, masters though they were of Missouri politics, whose course they had been directing and controlling for years, while he was only a captain of an infantry regiment on the plains. He had, however, been no mere soldier in those days, but had been an earnest student of the very questions he was now discussing, and he comprehended the matter as well as any man, and handled it in a soldierly way to which he had been bred, using the sword to cut knots he could not untie.

“It was to no purpose that they all sought, or pretended to seek, the basis of a new agreement for maintaining the peace in Missouri. If they really sought to find one, they did not. Finally, when

the conference had lasted four or five hours, Lyon closed as he opened it. 'Rather,' said he, (he was still seated, and spoke deliberately, slowly, and with a peculiar emphasis), rather than concede to the State of Missouri the right to demand that my Government shall not enlist troops within her limits, or bring troops into the State whenever it pleases, or move its own troops at its own will into, out of, or through the State; rather than concede to the State of Missouri for one instant the right to dictate to my Government in any matter, however unimportant, I would (rising as he said this, and pointing to every one in the room) see you, and you, and you, and you, and you, and every man, woman, and child in the State, dead and buried.' Then, turning to the governor, he said: 'This means war. In an hour one of my officers will call and conduct you out of my lines.' And then, without another word, without an inclination of the head, without even a look, he turned upon his heels and strode out of the room, rattling his spurs and clanking his sabre, while we, whom he left, and who had known each other for years, bade farewell to each other, courteously and kindly, and separated—Blair and Conant to fight for the Union, we for the land of our birth."

The question between Gov. Jackson and Gen. Lyon as to the place of holding their meeting was identical with the question between Governor Hancock and President Washington. When President Washington arrived at Boston, he did not call on the governor of Massachusetts, holding that the

governor should call on the President. The governor declined to do so until the last hour of the President's visit. The question was one of more than mere ceremonial manners. It involved the principle of State rights, settled by the war.

Governor Jackson and General Price returned in all haste to Jefferson City. They promptly accepted the issue of war, so formally and emphatically declared by General Lyon. By daylight on the following morning the governor's proclamation had been prepared and was being rapidly printed and distributed over the State. It called for 50,000 State militia "for the purpose of repelling invasion and for the protection of the lives, liberties, and property of the citizens of this State.

"A series of unprovoked and unparalleled outrages have been inflicted upon the peace and dignity of this Commonwealth and upon the rights and liberties of its people by wicked and unprincipled men professing to act under the authority of the United States Government. The enactments of your Legislature have been nullified; your volunteer soldiers have been taken prisoners; your commerce with your sister States has been suspended; your trade with your own fellow-citizens has been and is subjected to harassing control of an armed soldiery; peaceful citizens have been imprisoned without warrant of law; unoffending and defenseless men, women, and children have been ruthlessly shot down and murdered; and other unbearable indignities have been heaped upon your State and yourselves."

Referring to the Price-Harney agreement, the proclamation said: "We had an interview on the 11th inst. We agreed to disband the State Guards and break up its organization; would disarm all companies armed by the State; would pledge not to organize under military bill; would suppress insurrection; would maintain strict neutrality and would, if necessary, invoke assistance of United States troops. All this I proposed to do upon condition that the Federal Government would undertake to disarm the Home Guards, which it has illegally organized and armed throughout the State, and pledge itself not to occupy with its troops any locality not occupied by them at this time. * * *

"In issuing this my proclamation, I hold it to be my solemn duty to remind you that Missouri is still one of the United States; that the executive does not arrogate to itself the power to disturb that relation; that that power has been wisely vested in a convention, which will, at the proper time, express your sovereign will, and that meanwhile it is your duty to obey all constitutional requirements of the Federal Government. But it is equally my duty to advise you that your first allegiance is due your own State, and that you are under no obligation whatever to obey the unconstitutional edicts of the military despotism which has enthroned itself at Washington, or to submit to the infamous and degrading sway of its minions in this State."

Chapter VI.

FIRST GREAT MOVEMENTS.

Do but stir

An echo with the clamor of thy drum,
 And even at hand a drum is ready brac'd
 That shall reverberate all as loud as thine.

—*Shakespeare.*

After the Lyon-Jackson conference, hope of peace for the State was abandoned by all. Indescribable excitement attended the quick and universal preparation for hostile action. General Lyon lost not a minute after leaving the Planters' House. He ordered General Sigel to hasten with his forces by rail to Rolla, thence to penetrate the Southwest and oppose the threatened invasion of Gen. McCulloch and to be in a position to intercept the possible retreat of Governor Jackson in that direction.

Lyon himself embarked a large and well appointed army on board two steamboats, the *Iatan* and *J. C. Swon*, and pushed off mysteriously for Jefferson City. At the mouth of the Osage River a special correspondent on board sent this despatch to the St. Louis, Missouri, *Democrat*: "We expect to reach Jefferson City without any resistance whatever and restore the flag of our Union to its place over the Capitol of the State and to shoot the first and every man who dares to attempt to haul it down. From the reports of scouts and messen-

gers from above, we gather that State forces will endeavor to make a stand at or near Boonville, and if this is a correct inference, they are doomed to certain destruction. Our forces are now so completely distributed that no loophole of escape is left to the fugitive executive. With the hardy Kansas volunteers accustomed to skirmishing with border ruffians on the one side of them and our enthusiastic volunteers on the other, the Secessionists will hardly be able to resist."

Gen. Price had ordered the brigadier generals from the several Congressional districts to concentrate at Boonville with such volunteer forces as they had respectively been able to bring together. Gen. Price was seized with a violent illness, and was for a time unable to take the field. About eight hundred "barefoot Rebel militia," nucleus of the State Guards army, congregated at Boonville. These were without arms, or armed with Derringer pocket pistols, family fowling-pieces, squirrel rifles, old flint-locks, long knives made of files which had been beaten into shape by blacksmiths, etc. They were without organization or military instructions and had no cannon. Col. Marmaduke, a West Pointer, was in command.

Gen. Lyon left a garrison at Jefferson City and pushed up the river, stopping and tying up the boats at night. On June 20th he anchored a few miles below Boonville. His army was disembarked and set in motion for Marmaduke's camp. Col. Marmaduke insisted on the futility of making

a stand, but Gov. Jackson, commander-in-chief, by virtue of his office, ordered instant preparation for battle. Lyon deployed cautiously, and when fired upon fell back and brought up his cannon; then he advanced resolutely, and the Missourians retreated to Camp Vest on the Bacon farm. Beyond Camp Vest the retreat became a rout. The Missourians fought doggedly and stood their ground longer than good generalship would have permitted, but they were not properly officered and didn't know how to come off the field. They had failed to make good the common boast that "one Missourian could whip three Yankees." Gen. Lyon had also failed of his purpose, namely: to "arrest the insurgents." Each side had surprised the other by exhibiting unexpected fighting qualities, and yet the affair was trivial. Two or three were killed on each side. Insignificant as this battle was in itself, its effects were tremendous. All the rich and populous region north of the river was now open to Federal dominion, and the State Guards, of whom so much had been expected, were in full retreat for the South. The Missouri River flowed unvexed from the Kaw to the Father of Waters. Garrisons were posted at Lexington, Boonville, and Jefferson City. Col. Stevenson was charged with keeping the water-way open, and was to prevent any reinforcements from crossing to join Price.

If the Camp Jackson affair produced furor over the State, the Boonville affair created frenzy.

Gen. Lyon, always advised by that able and

fearless statesman, Frank P. Blair, wisely issued a proclamation extending amnesty to those in arms against his Government, who would return to their homes. Many accepted his terms. He paroled at Boonville a number of prisoners, young men under military age, presenting each with a New Testament. Lyon has been called an atheist.

It was ten days before Lyon could purchase and impress horses necessary for the pursuit of Jackson. Meantime Lyon returned to St. Louis, while Gov. Jackson made forced marches toward the Osage River. Generals Parsons and Clark with their commands joined him *en route*. Gen. Price ordered Rains and Slack to leave Lexington with their forces. They formed a junction with Jackson, beyond the Osage, where the united squads were organized into companies, battalions, regiments, brigades, and divisions.

This was on the 4th of July. The next day they marched to the neighborhood of Carthage, where they unexpectedly encountered Sigel. At the same time it was learned that Lyon was in pursuit. Jackson's men were eager to fight. They had a few pieces of artillery taken in the spring from the Liberty arsenal. Hi Bledsoe was there also with "Old Sacramento," a magnificent field-piece which he had assisted in taking from the Mexicans in the Doniphan expedition to Taos. "Old Sacramento" was drawn by a yoke of steers. Its missiles in this battle were made up of trace-chains, old scrap-iron, and smooth pebbles.

Sigel was an accomplished soldier, and a strict disciplinarian. He brought his troops into this action to the sound of music and in perfect step. The awkward State Guards looked with astonishment upon the precise movements and soldierly bearing of their foes. Sigel opened the battle with his batteries, throwing grape, canister, shell, and round shot.

Hi Bledsoe "gee-hawed" his steers and replied vigorously with "Old Sacramento." Brigadier Generals Clark, Parsons, and Slack commanded the infantry. The cavalry deployed to the right and left, for the purpose of charging the Federals, but there was a stampede among the horses. The infantry charged unsupported at double-quick and with a shout drove Sigel's fine soldiers into Dry Fork. It was a great day. But Sigel could have been captured. He was forced to institute a retrograde movement, which is the polite military term for retreat. His retreat was precipitate and disorderly. A running fight was kept up from Dry Fork to Carthage. Sigel made his escape. On entering the battle he remarked that the Rebels were coming into line, like a worm fence. His derision was turned into words of admiration. He exclaimed: "Great God! Was the like ever seen? Raw recruits, unacquainted with war, standing their ground like veterans, hurling defiance at every discharge of the batteries against them, and cheering their own batteries whenever discharged. Such material properly worked up would make

the best troops in the world." Sigel was right; these Missourians were properly worked up and speedily became the best troops in the world.

When General Price left Lexington, after the Boonville affair, he pushed with all possible speed, with a small escort into Arkansas to entreat Gen. McCulloch to march into Missouri. His success had been gratifying, and on the day following the battle of Carthage, Gen. Price, accompanied by Gen. McCulloch, arrived in Jackson's Camp. The Missourians were in ecstasy at seeing their great captain and in rejoicing over the victory of the day before. They believed a great victory had been won; that they had certainly established the Southern Confederacy. They were delighted with McCulloch's soldiers uniformed in gray, and executing military movements with such ease. Gen. Price now assumed command and marched to Cowskin Prairie, where there was grass for the horses and lean beef for the men. Now followed a month of assiduous work, organizing, drilling, and preparing ammunition. Arms were scarce and efficient drill masters were not plentiful.

General Pearce, of the Arkansas State troops, loaned Gen. Price 615 muskets. Gov. Jackson, in his march through the State, had acquired two supplies of guns. John Q. Burbridge brought 150 muskets that he had wheedled out of the Home Guards of Pike County. Another supply was secured at Cole Camp. At the latter place, a Col. Cook, an obnoxious Union man, a brother to the

notorious B. F. Cook, who was hanged with John Brown in Virginia, had organized a force of Home Guards, which lay in wait across Jackson's path. The citizens of the neighborhood organized under Capt. Keyes and marched to Jackson's relief. They found Cook's men calmly sleeping in two large barns. The men were dispersed or killed; over 200 were killed, and 362 new muskets were taken.

Two men, Henry Guibor and William P. Barlow, were arrested as spies in Barton County and brought before Governor Jackson for examination. They proved to be paroled men from Camp Jackson, and were skillful cannoneers. They found excellent employment at Cowskin Prairie, disregarding their paroles.

Thomas L. Snead, of General Price's staff, in his "Fight for Missouri," gives a graphic account of the difficulties overcome at Cowskin Prairie. Lead was transported to the camp from the Granby mines, in Newton County. All the powder (sixty tons) which Gov. Jackson had forcibly purchased in St. Louis was here in the possession of the respective brigadier generals. Snead says Major Thomas L. Price, nephew of Gen. Price, "knew how to convert trees into monster moulds for making buck-shot and bullets. He went zealously to work with a corps of assistants, and in a few days his ordnance shops were turning out heaps of bullets and buck-and-ball cartridges, enough for the immediate wants of the State Guards. No educated soldier, no officer of the ord-

nance department, could have done what Major Price did. They were not educated for such emergencies, nor could they have found precedents for anything he did.

“How the artillery was supplied with ammunition has been told by Lieut. Barlow, of Guibor’s Battery. One of Sigel’s captured wagons furnished us with a few loose round shot; with these for a beginning, Guibor established an arsenal of construction. A turning lathe in Carthage supplied sabots; the owner of a tin shop, straps and canister; iron rods, which a blacksmith gave and cut into small pieces, made good slugs for the canister; and a bolt of flannel, with needles and thread, freely donated by a dry goods man, provided us with material for our cartridge-bags. A bayonet made a good candlestick; at night the men went to work making cartridges, strapping shot to sabots, and filling the bags from a barrel of powder placed some distance from the candle. My first cartridge resembled a turnip, rather than the prim cylinders from the Federal arsenals, and would not take a gun on any terms. But we soon learned the trick, and, at the close range at which our next battle was fought, our home-made ammunition was as effective as the best.”

In one month Price’s army was evolved. It suddenly faced to the north and met and overcame the Federal forces under Lyon in the first great battle of the Civil War. Price’s men called it the battle of Oak Hill; the Federals named it the battle of Wilson Creek.

Chapter VII.

PRICE'S ARMY.

O war, thou son of hell,
Whom angry heavens do make their minister,
Throw in the frozen bosom of our parts
Hot coals of vengeance.

—*Shakespeare.*

Missouri was a sovereign State. She had her own army and her own flag. She owned no allegiance to the Southern Confederacy and she held her allegiance to the United States as scarcely binding. General Price was himself a Union man, but he was ready to fight Union men who trespassed with arms upon Missouri soil. He marshaled an army and fought battles and won victories which spread his fame and the fame of his men as far as the renown of arms ever reaches.

The army of Missouri State Guards came into being to repel invasion and to protect the lives and the property of citizens of the State. The task was too great for human accomplishment. There were invasions from three sides, Kansas, Iowa, and Illinois; there were rivers and railroads and telegraph lines in possession of the Federals; there were uprisings of Home Guards within the State; there was the strong and settled purpose of subjugation with the authorities at Washington City. Undaunted by the adverse surroundings, the army of the Missouri State Guards prosecuted a bril-

liant and successful campaign during the summer of 1861, winning battles wherever it fought, foraging and recruiting at will and taxing the Federals with heavy operations. At winter it made its lair at Springfield, Mo. Price's army crossed the State three times; won victories at Carthage, Wilson Creek, Dry Wood, and Lexington. When the Missouri State Guards finally evacuated the State, they retreated into the romantic mountain regions of Arkansas, and the next year were absorbed into the field forces of the Southern Confederacy.

Bevier, in his Confederate "First and Second Missouri Brigades," says in laudation of the Missouri State Guards: "It was a chapter of wonders. Price's army of ragged heroes had marched over eight hundred miles; it had scarcely passed a week without an engagement of some kind; it was tied down to no particular line of operations, but fought the enemy wherever he could be found, and it had provided itself with ordnance and equipments almost entirely from the prodigal stores of the Federals.

"The hero of Missouri started on his campaign without a dollar, without a wagon or a team, without a cartridge, without a bayonet gun. When he commenced his retreat he had about 8,000 bayonet guns, fifty pieces of cannon, four hundred tents, and many other articles needful to an army, for which his men were almost exclusively indebted to their own strong arms in battle.

"This campaign was little less than a puzzle to

military critics. Price managed to subsist an army without governmental resources. He seldom complained of want of transportation. His men were never demoralized by hunger. They would go into the corn-field, shuck the corn, shell it, take it to the mill, and bring it into camp ground into meal; or, if they had no flour, they took the wheat from the stack, threshed it themselves, and asked the aid of the nearest miller to reduce it to flour. Price proved that an army could go where they pleased in an agricultural country. His men were always cheerful. They frequently, on the eve of an engagement, danced around their camp-fires with bare feet and in ragged costumes, of which it was declared 'Billy Barlow's' dress at a circus would be decent in comparison. Price himself wore frequently on his shoulders but a brown linen duster, and this and his white hair streaming on the battle-field made him a singular figure. It often flapped, this duster did, in the front of the battle, even as the white plume of Henry of Navarre waved where the carnage was greatest on the field of Ivry."

The army of the Missouri State Guards never marched under the Stars and Bars, the flag of the Southern Confederacy. They marched and fought under the flag of Missouri. This ensign was made of blue merino with the arms of the State emblazoned in gold-gilt on each side.

At Cowskin Prairie Gov. Jackson relinquished all authority over the army and Gen. Price became

its sole commander. After the battle of Pea Ridge, Price marched over with 8,000 men to engage Grant at Corinth. These all fell in battle before the war was over, save a handful. After controlling the destinies of the cis-Mississippi Missourians for a time, Price was assigned to the command of the Trans-Mississippi Department, and, bidding farewell to those he led away from the State, he returned to this side of the river, and, invading Missouri, suffered defeat at Westport. The men commanded by Price were as brave as the bravest that ever followed a general. They belonged to the first families of the State. Neither Grant nor Lee commanded any better soldiers than these Missourians commanded by Price on either side of the river. They are to live in history as long as history lives. The coming ages will do them fuller justice than the past has done. Edwards says beautifully: "We ask sympathy and honor, and love and glory for those who struck with Price and Bowen, and Parsons and Green, and Marmaduke and Shelby, and Cockrell and Gates, and in after times, perhaps, when Missouri is asked for her jewels, she will point to these as her priceless ones."

Chapter VIII.

BATTLE OF WILSON CREEK.

His death (whose spirit lent a fire
Even to the dullest peasant in his camp)
Being bruted once, took fire and heat away
From the best-tempered courage in his troops.

—*Shakespeare.*

An army had now come forth, created by the marvelous energy and genius of General Price. This army sprang into being as Minerva sprang from the head of Jove, full armed and full grown. It was a grim instrument of destruction wielded by a master hand. Price was one of earth's great men; he was great in himself, but great also as the exponent of the military instincts of his men. These citizen-soldiers drilled themselves into an army in one month and fought themselves into veterans in one battle. Price's army was unique in its origin, its purpose and its achievements. It had no country unless it could retake its own. Price had no capital to defend, no government to obey, no superior to give him orders, no authority over him to receive his reports, and no department to send him supplies. His army was independent and self-supporting; it fought without aid and contested successfully the sovereignty of the greatest government in the world on behalf of the sovereignty of the State.

When this splendid army turned to devour

Lyon, it was animated by the news from Bull Run. The South believed itself unconquerable; the North believed it; England believed it; the world believed it. The battle of Bull Run seemed to confirm the universal belief in the invincibility of the South.

The battle of Wilson Creek was the initial move in a great plan for regaining the State. Gen. Pillow, one of the heroes of the Mexican War, was to come over from Tennessee and join forces with Jeff Thompson, the "Swamp Angel" of southeastern Missouri. Gen. Hardee, whose *Army Tactics* was the standard work of the day, but which Grant avers he did not read, was to come up from northern Arkansas. Price and McCulloch were to destroy Lyon, and then all these forces were to concentrate on St. Louis, the fall of which was deemed inevitable; thence this, the "Army of Liberation," would sweep the State and capture all the Federal troops or expel them from Missouri's sacred soil. Of all the actors who were to play a part in this mighty programme, Price alone carried out in some degree the rôle assigned him.

Gen. Lyon was at Springfield with 7,000 or 8,000 troops. Snead thus describes the coming of Lyon:

"The chroniclers of the city still delight to tell of the brave appearance that he made that day, as he dashed through the streets on his iron-gray horse, under escort of a body-guard of ten stalwart troopers enlisted from among the German butch-

ers of St. Louis for that especial duty, and how the fearless horsemanship and defiant bearing of these bearded warriors, mounted on powerful chargers and armed to the teeth with great revolvers and massive swords, their heroic size and ferocious aspect gave lustre to the entry into the chief city of the Southwest of the grim soldier who had captured the State troops at St. Louis, had driven the governor from his capital, had dispersed the army that was gathering at Boonville, and had forced Jackson and Price and all their men to fly for safety into the uttermost part of the State."

For some weeks Price and Lyon glared at each other. Each was eager to fight; each wanted reinforcements; each was fearful that the other was receiving reinforcements. It was a fearful time for each. But reinforcements came to neither.

Lyon sent messenger after messenger to Fremont in St. Louis, crying always, "Soldiers, soldiers, soldiers!" Fremont has been much criticised for not relieving Lyon. But Fremont may not have been altogether blameworthy. His every soldier was needed elsewhere. Even a better man than the old pathfinder might have failed. A messenger said to Fremont: "If you don't send reinforcements, Lyon will fight without them." Fremont replied: "If Lyon fights, he must do it on his own responsibility." And then the first Republican candidate for the presidency went on with his Oriental splendor and left Lyon to his fate. Lyon could wait no longer, believing as he did, that

large rebel forces were pouring in from the South and massing in his front. The term of enlistment of 3,000 of his soldiers, nearly half his army, was about to expire. Lyon could delay no longer. A regiment came down from Fort Leavenworth and a regiment from Boonville. No other reinforcements came.

On the other hand, Gen. Price was urging McCulloch to join him against Lyon. McCulloch had returned to Arkansas. He had been assigned to the department of the Indian Territory.

Snead writes bitterly, saying: "Missouri, with her 100,000 men and resources greater than those of all the cotton States together, was worth nothing to the Confederacy in comparison with two or three regiments of semi-civilized Indians who ought never to have been allowed to cross the borders of their own territory."

The Richmond Government said to McCulloch: "The position of Missouri as a Southern State still in the Union requires, as you will readily perceive, much prudence and circumspection, and it should only be when necessity and propriety unite that active and direct assistance should be afforded by crossing the boundary and entering the State."

Price entreated McCulloch to come with him, and finally said: "I am an older man than you, General McCullough, and I am not only your senior in rank now, but I was a brigadier general in the Mexican War, with an inde-

pendent command, when you were only a captain; I have fought and won more battles than you have ever witnessed; my force is twice as great as yours, and some of my officers rank and have seen more service than you, and we are also upon the soil of our own State; but, Gen. McCulloch, if you will consent to help whip Lyon and to repossess Missouri, I will put myself and all my forces under your command, and we will obey you as faithfully as the humblest of your men. * *

All the honor will be yours. * * You must either fight beside us, or look on at a safe distance, and see us fight all alone the army which you dare not attack even with our aid. I must have your answer before dark, for I intend to attack Lyon tomorrow."

McCulloch hesitated. He said the Missourians were not an army, but a mob, and would run at the first fire; then his regulars would sustain the brunt of the battle. It transpired the next day that McCulloch was well-nigh routed at first by Sigel, while the Missourians won a great victory over Lyon. McCulloch finally consented to accompany Price against Lyon. They marched to Wilson Creek and camped at sundown, ten miles from Springfield. The plan was to attack and surprise Lyon's entrenchments that night, but a cloud came up in the west portending rain. There was not a cartridge-box in the army. To keep the powder dry they remained in the camp. After supper—of roasting-ears, brought from the near-by fields, the usual

fare—the men got up dances before the camp-fires; many of them were without arms, but these entered the battle the next day against orders, to be ready to take the arms of fallen comrades. The next morning at daylight a bomb-shell leaped into Price's camp-fire, upsetting his coffee-pot. It was a greeting from Lyon. The Federals had marched from Springfield in the night and had surprised the Missourians at breakfast. In a moment there was "mounting in hot haste." Thousands of Price's men were stampeded and scattered in the woods and did not arrive on the battle-field during the engagement. But enough were found of steady nerve to meet Lyon and hold him back. In the midst of the confusion and excitement attendant on the surprise in front, a messenger came to Price with the news that a similar attack was being made in the rear. No pickets had been put out the night before at either front or rear. Lyon, therefore, had every advantage at the beginning of the battle, and he might have won the day had Sigel, who planned the battle, been as great in action as in council. But Lyon hardly hoped for victory. He was fighting to cover his own retreat. He greatly overestimated the strength of Price and McCulloch. He placed their combined forces at 30,000. Had Price's army numbered that many, Lyon's entire command might have been annihilated on the field of battle, that 10th of August, 1861. Snead says the Union forces numbered 5,400 men; of these 1,200 were with Sigel and were

never in the battle. Lyon entered the battle, therefore, with only 4,200 men. The Southern forces the night before were 10,175 troops of all descriptions. These were utterly surprised by Lyon's early morning attack and 4,736 were stampeded and lost in the woods. The Southern forces were therefore, reduced to 5,439, and some of these were in the rear for the purpose of repulsing Sigel. Lyon did not know what chances of victory he possessed. He could not forget the slaughter of his men at Cole Camp and the defeat of Sigel at Carthage. He had himself experienced a bitter skirmish a few days before at Dug Springs with the same Southern forces. He was well apprised of the indomitable courage of Price's men, and he knew that he lay between them and their homes, or the sites of their homes marked by blackened chimneys, pointing like accusing fingers to heaven. Lyon was despondent. He had a premonition of his fate. The night before, after marching near enough to the unguarded Missourians, he and Schofield lay down to sleep between two friendly rocks. But Lyon could not sleep. Presently he remarked prophetically: "Schofield, I believe in presentiments. I have a presentiment that I shall not survive this battle." When he went to the attack next morning, his only hope was to cripple Price and afterwards to retreat leisurely and securely back to Rolla, the nearest railroad point. This he might have done without a battle, but a decisive, earnest, courageous man, such as Lyon, animated

by his "sublime fanaticism," could not retreat from such a field without striking a blow. With true military instinct, Price had raised his merino flag where the brunt of the fighting fell. Lyon and Price were directly in front of each other. It was an opportunity that both desired. The high resolve of the two commanders was reflected in the hosts of the two lines which came eagerly to the bloody work. Here for the first time the Kansans and the Missourians met in a great battle. They had been in temper for such a combat for years. On part of the field the fight proceeded as a border skirmish. The two lines would approach each other silently, and when separated by sixty paces they delivered simultaneously a withering, deadly fire. Then they silently retired as though the work were done; they reloaded their weapons and came again. This was the private's battle and it was akin to murder. As the smoke thickened in the hot air over this strange battle in the woods, the opposing lines ceased to move back to reload and only moved back when forced to do so by a resistless charge. The carnage became frightful. The slopes of Bloody Hill were strewn with ghastly corpses. Never before had such slaughter been witnessed on this continent; scarcely yet has it a parallel, save at Gettysburg, or Chickamauga, or Franklin. Lyon fought like a demon; Price was superb. Bloody Hill was becoming immortal. Price charged time and again up the slope, only to be repulsed by the Federals lying

on the crest. The Federals even more often broke over the crest of the hill and flowed down like an inundation of fire and were thrown back.

One of the Federal officers, writing of the beginning of the battle, says: "For a few moments I thought we had won the fight almost before we had begun it, but just then I saw the rebel camp fairly vomiting forth regiment after regiment, until it seemed as if there was no end of men coming against us. They were coming on the left and right and in front of us—in some places in three lines—all on the double-quick, and then I changed my mind."

Lyon wondered what had become of Sigel. Then came a shell leaping through space on an errand of death, with an angry dominating roar which sank into a wail and a sob almost human as it died away beyond the ranks. The sound was horror made manifest, and it told a mournful story. The voice of that projectile was different from the now familiar voice of Price's round shot, which came with a petulant wail, a mingling of shriek and squeal. A hundred Federals exclaimed: "My God! they are firing Sigel's ammunition at us." Lyon was desperate, but undismayed. He was constantly at the front, leading, cheering, and directing his men. His horse had been killed and he had been twice wounded, once in the head. He was begrimed and bloody. When King David would have gone into the battle his followers would not permit it, because he was

worth ten thousand of them. But Lyon was not so restrained. He was reckless of danger. Sturgis gave him another horse and he rode again to the front, swinging his hat and calling to his men to follow. Here, in the *furor* of the final charge, he received his third and fatal wound. He fell from his horse and expired with a rifle ball in his breast, while the heavy fight went on around him. This final charge, like the others, was borne back in heavy disaster. When Sturgis learned that Lyon had been lost in the charge, he assumed the command and ordered the disconsolate troops from the field.

Early in the morning Sigel cautiously approached Price's and McCulloch's camp in the rear. The surprise was here as complete as the surprise in front. Five weeks before Sigel had been routed at Carthage by Jackson's unorganized squads. But now they had Price between two fires and they would crush him. One of the German troopers asked: "Where is de man mit de ox cannon?" In a moment "Old Sacramento" replied. Her never-to-be forgotten intonation inspired terror. "Mine Gott in Himmel!" exclaimed the German, and the retreat here was more disastrous than the retreat from Carthage. When the day was done on Bloody Hill, Sturgis marched back to Springfield. There behind the works he found Sigel's men—but not all of them. His cannon and a large part of his force had been left with McCulloch in the rear of Price. It is related on good authority that Sigel

plundered McCulloch's camp himself and then waited for Lyon to drive Price to him. And while he waited the unexpected happened. McCulloch, who fled at first, came back, and Sigel's army was destroyed.

Snead, who was Price's aid, and who wrote an unwarped, impartial book, "The Fight for Missouri," concluding the same with an account of this battle, says:

"Sturgis retreated to Rolla, 125 miles, with an enormous army train of over 400 heavily laden wagons, among whose spoils were \$210,000 that had been taken from the State Bank at Springfield. The troops moved at day, inextricably mixed up with the multitude of fugitives with their wives and children; their horses and cattle, their wagons and carts and household goods were flying before Ben McCulloch, whose very name was then a terror to the Union men of Missouri, that they more nearly resembled a crowd of refugees than an army of organized troops. In this condition they scampered along to Rolla, and arrived there August 17th, seven days after the battle.

"All this time, during all this disorderly retreat of a defeated army over difficult roads and through a not friendly population, more than twice its numbers of well mounted and willing Southern soldiers lay absolutely idle at Springfield. They might easily have captured the entire force and its richly loaded train, worth more than \$1,500,000, and with the captured store, could have armed and supplied

10,000 Confederates. But McCulloch sulked in his tent and his army melted away. Nothing excuses that brave soldier's conduct on this occasion, except the fact that the Confederate Government was then opposed to an aggressive war or the invasion of any State which had not seceded and joined the Southern Confederacy."

The losses at Wilson Creek were heavy. The loss on each side was 25 per cent—a bloody record. The battle was mainly fought at Bloody Hill, between 3,550 Union men, who lost 892, and 4,239 Southern men, who lost 988.

Chapter IX.

FROM SPRINGFIELD TO LEXINGTON.

General Price, he marched to Lexington,
And there he thrashed out Mulligan.

—*Old Rebel Song.*

Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching;
Cheer up, comrades, they will come,
And beneath our starry flag
We will breath the air again
Of freedom in our own beloved home.

—*Old Federal Song.*

There is something superb in the march of an army. If the army is a victorious one and is marching through a friendly region, its progress will be triumphal. Price's army rested awhile at Springfield; then it moved across the State, conscious of its power, thrilling its foes with apprehension and awe, and was greeted by salvos of welcome from its friends. It swept to the north along parallel roads and struck the Federal base at Lexington with the impact of a hurricane. After a great battle an army is lame and halt and for days is weary and disinclined to move. The men are nervous, moody, and fretful. If the army has lost a fourth of its men, as Price's did at Wilson Creek, it will need to be reorganized and reofficered and its morale reestablished. After the Federals departed from Bloody Hill at Wilson Creek, the exhausted victors lay down where they were

and rested. A few of the dead were buried that afternoon, but not many. A battle-field after nightfall, silent and terrible in agony, is one of the most appalling features of war. The following artistic delineation of a night-enwrapped battle-field is not inapplicable to the field of Wilson Creek:

“From dark to midnight there is groaning and wailing. Then a fear comes upon the wounded men and they are silent. It is not fear of death—not fear of the dead beside them—but of the night itself, of the ghouls who may come to plunder. This feeling of fear even extends to the wounded horses. A wounded horse often lies down as soon as he is struck. When he finds himself growing weaker, his aim is to get upon his feet again. If he can do so, he will stand with his legs braced and peer into the darkness and neigh and whinny his hopes and fears. If he cannot rise, he will lay his head on the ground and sigh and sob, and the noise will add to the fright of the wounded men within hearing. By midnight the field is quiet. A plunderer roaming about will imagine that all the fallen are dead. He will not know to the contrary until he lays hands upon them. For an hour or two the wounded will remain voiceless and without movement. Then the darkness and the silence around him makes him believe that death is at hand. He does not want to die among the dead. A feeling comes to him that he must crawl away

and die by himself, and after a little he acts upon it.

“A burial party finds a battle-field covered with trails. The wounded have dragged themselves yards or rods away from the spot where they fell. They have drawn themselves over the earth, inch by inch, to hide beside logs—in thickets or fence corners—in swamp or forest. Those who have crawled farthest are dead when morning comes, and on their faces is a look of terror and despair. They were creeping away from death and darkness, but were overtaken. And the men with the stretchers find those who still live silent and wide-eyed and speaking only in whispers. They have had their blood chilled by the blackness of night and the footsteps of death, and it will be days before they find their voices or smile again.”

Slowly and laboriously, Price's army remodeled itself. In a few days it moved up to Springfield, and for two weeks Price was occupied in drilling, recruiting, and reorganizing his forces and in dispatching couriers here and there to the North. McCulloch settled down at Pond Springs. Although he was in nominal command at Wilson Creek, and although he received from the Confederate Congress a vote of thanks for the victory, he failed to achieve the glory so justly earned by Price. But he had lost the most precious hours of the battle in chasing Sigel. McCulloch was a brave man, and Price would have fared badly that day without the aid of the regiments from Ar-

kansas, Texas, and Louisiana. In two weeks McCulloch abandoned the State of Missouri and dropped back into Arkansas and rested until the battle of Pea Ridge. Pearce, of the Arkansas State Guards, soon disbanded his men whose terms of service expired.

When every possible preparation had been completed and the final messengers had been dispatched to Harris and Green north of the river, General Price put his army into unexpected motion. The State of Kansas was instantly in a *furor* of excitement and alarm, fearing an invasion. General Lane, the "Grim Chieftain," sent swift horsemen to summons reinforcements to Ft. Scott. Colonels Jennison and Johnson were sent to reconnoiter in the direction of Dry Wood. General Rains, with his southwest Missouri forces, was there waiting and ready to answer for having seized a large herd of Government mules the day before. A furious battle of several hours' duration was fought, after which the Federals fell back to Ft. Scott, whereupon General Lane retreated to a safe distance into Kansas. He threw up breastworks and remained there until Price had passed on; then he fell in behind and burned Osceola. When Lane evacuated Ft. Scott, nearly the entire male population accompanied him. Jennison was left to hold the place until Price should arrive in sight. During the night Jennison's 400 men vandalized the place, according to their custom. General Price marched unopposed to Lexington, driv-

ing in a force of Federals under Peabody at Warrensburg.

General Price had ordered Generals Thos. A. Harris and Martin E. Green to join him in the neighborhood of Lexington with their forces from the northern part of the State, where for three months they had been organizing under great difficulties. Anarchy prevailed in that section. Gen. Pope was the Federal commander of northern Missouri. Wiley Britton, a Federal soldier and author of "The Civil War on the Border," says:

"The drunken and lawless acts of the Federal soldiers were believed to have been countenanced from headquarters, instead of being corrected. Union men were insulted and robbed and plundered of their property, and his (Pope's) policy was regarded as a license for such acts. In one instance it is asserted and not denied that the members of a regiment shipped over sixty head of horses and mules taken from citizens to Chicago to be sold, the proceeds of which went to the men's private accounts. In numerous other cases the Federal soldiers appropriated to their private use the property of citizens of the localities through which they marched or where they were stationed. The Federal soldiers also in several cases fired at the citizens from the railroad trains with as little concern as they would fire at a flock of birds. Such abuses tended to alienate all classes instead of making them fast friends of the Government. Bands of Secessionists were allowed to organize

and commit depredations within less than a day's march of the idle Federal troops, and weeks passed without efforts being made to disperse them. * *

“General Pope was not alone in the short-sighted policy of punishing the citizens indiscriminately for the war-like acts of the Secessionists. He had a rival in General Lane, commanding the Kansas brigade, then operating in the western counties of Missouri, between Fort Scott and Kansas City. Gen. Lane had acted with commendable energy and zeal in raising and organizing troops to defend Kansas from invasion. As Generals Price and Rains marched north toward Lexington, after the action at Dry Wood, Gen. Lane continually threatened the left flank of the Southern forces, and no doubt did much good in preventing detachments of Secessionists from making raids into Kansas. Hearing that a considerable force of Secessionists had been left at Osceola to guard Price's ammunition train and other supplies collected at that point for his army, Gen. Lane made a rapid march with his command to that place for the purpose of capturing and destroying the train and supplies. When he arrived near town he met with some resistance from a small force of the enemy. He then ordered up his battery of four guns and commenced to shell the woods and town. After a little skirmishing, the Secessionists retreated, and Gen. Lane moved into town, and not only destroyed the stores which had been collected for the Southern forces, but burned the place to ashes.

It was the county seat of St. Clair County, was the head of navigation on the Osage, and contained much substantial wealth for a town of its size.

“Many of the merchants of western and south-western Missouri and the Indian Territory had their goods shipped from the East to Osceola, and from thence hauled in wagons to their destination. As it was the nearest shipping-point to the lead mines of the Southwest, hundreds of tons of lead turned out by the Granby mines were hauled there annually and shipped to St. Louis.

“In destroying the town, Gen. Lane seemed to be unconscious of the fact that his conduct would be just excuse for retaliation, and that it might possibly come with interest, and he did not seem to realize that he was making a name for his command that should not attach to troops engaged in honorable warfare. Perhaps upwards of one-third of the people of St. Clair County were Unionists, and many of the men were in the Federal army; some, too, in Kansas regiments. Gen. Lane destroyed and appropriated their property with the same recklessness that he did the property of the Secessionists. He was incapable of seeing that the loyal people of Missouri were entitled to the protection of the Federal Government, even if they were fighting its battles.”

Chapter X.

BATTLE OF LEXINGTON.

There stood a hill not far, whose grisly top
Belched fire and rolling smoke.

—*Milton.*

Why the Federals were unprepared to receive Price at Lexington remains one of the mysteries of history.

Colonel Mulligan, commandant of the place, knew of the approach of Price two weeks before the beginning of the siege, and had sent urgent messages to Fremont for reinforcements. The only reply vouchsafed was an order to hold Lexington to the last extremity. General Pope was north of the river with 5,000 to 10,000 Federals; Sturgis had a large force at Macon City, whither he had fled from Wilson Creek. Jeff. C. Davis held Jefferson City with 10,000 troops; a fleet of transports might have been sent in that time from St. Louis; there were the forces at Leavenworth, and even General Lane might have followed behind Price from Fort Scott.

There were 50,000 Federal troops in Missouri, armed and maintained by the Government for no other purpose than to meet such attacks as now threatened Lexington. Every commander in the State knew what Price meant to do. By railroad

and river these 50,000 troops could have all been sent to Lexington; half that number should have been sent there. Yet Mulligan was left to his fate. Fremont did order Jeff. C. Davis to go by rail to Sedalia, western terminus of the Missouri Pacific Railroad, and to march from there with a large force to relieve Mulligan. Price would have covered the distance between Sedalia and Lexington under such circumstances in one day. Davis thought the trip impracticable, and disobeyed the order. General Sturgis was ordered forward from Macon City, and he, with "Bloody Hill" green in his memory, made a belated and futile effort to reach Lexington, the only effort of any Federal commander.

General Price reached Lexington on September 13, 1861, chasing Colonel Peabody. The latter had gone to Warrensburg to carry out the provisions of Fremont's proclamation, and was surprised by General Price. Peabody delayed the pursuit and saved himself by burning the bridges behind him as he retreated to Lexington.

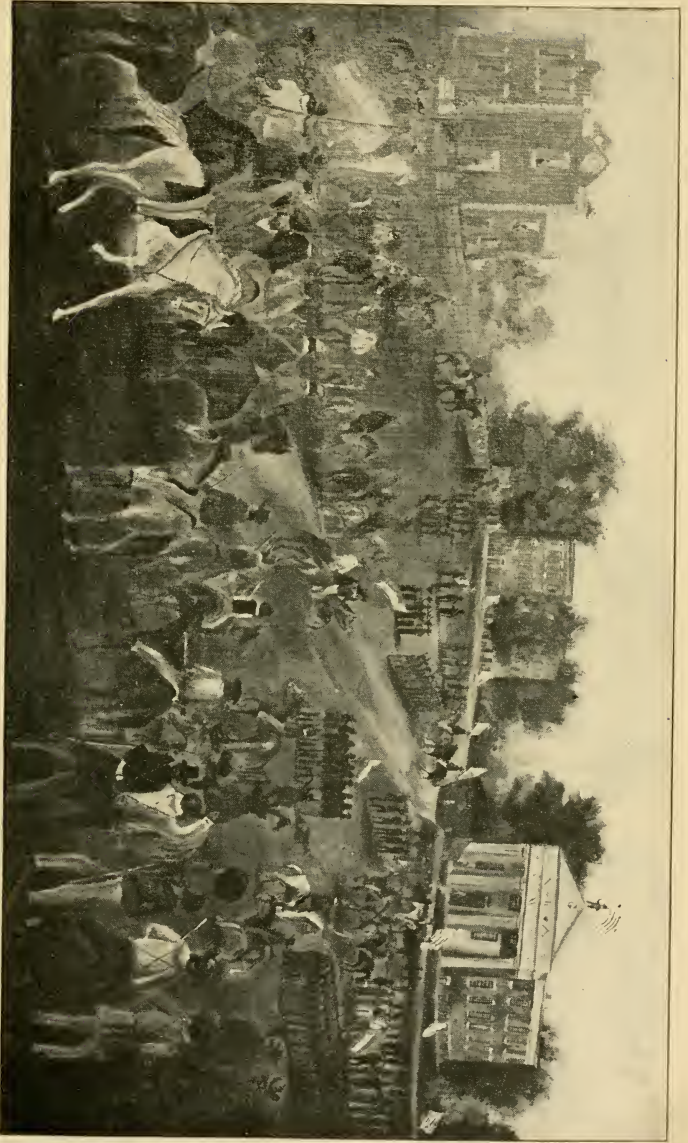
After notifying Mulligan of his presence by copious salutes from Guibor's and Bledsoe's batteries, General Price went into camp at the fair grounds, two miles south of the city, and began systematically to draw his lines tightly around the beleaguered garrison. General Parsons, who branched off from Price's army to watch Sedalia, was ordered to Lexington. Cols. Sanders and Patton were coming down from northwest Missouri,

and at Blue Mills fought a stirring battle when they attempted to cross the Missouri River. General Green was soon to arrive, and Harris had already arrived. None of Price's reinforcements failed him, while Mulligan waited and looked in vain for help which he ought to have had by every tenet of military science.

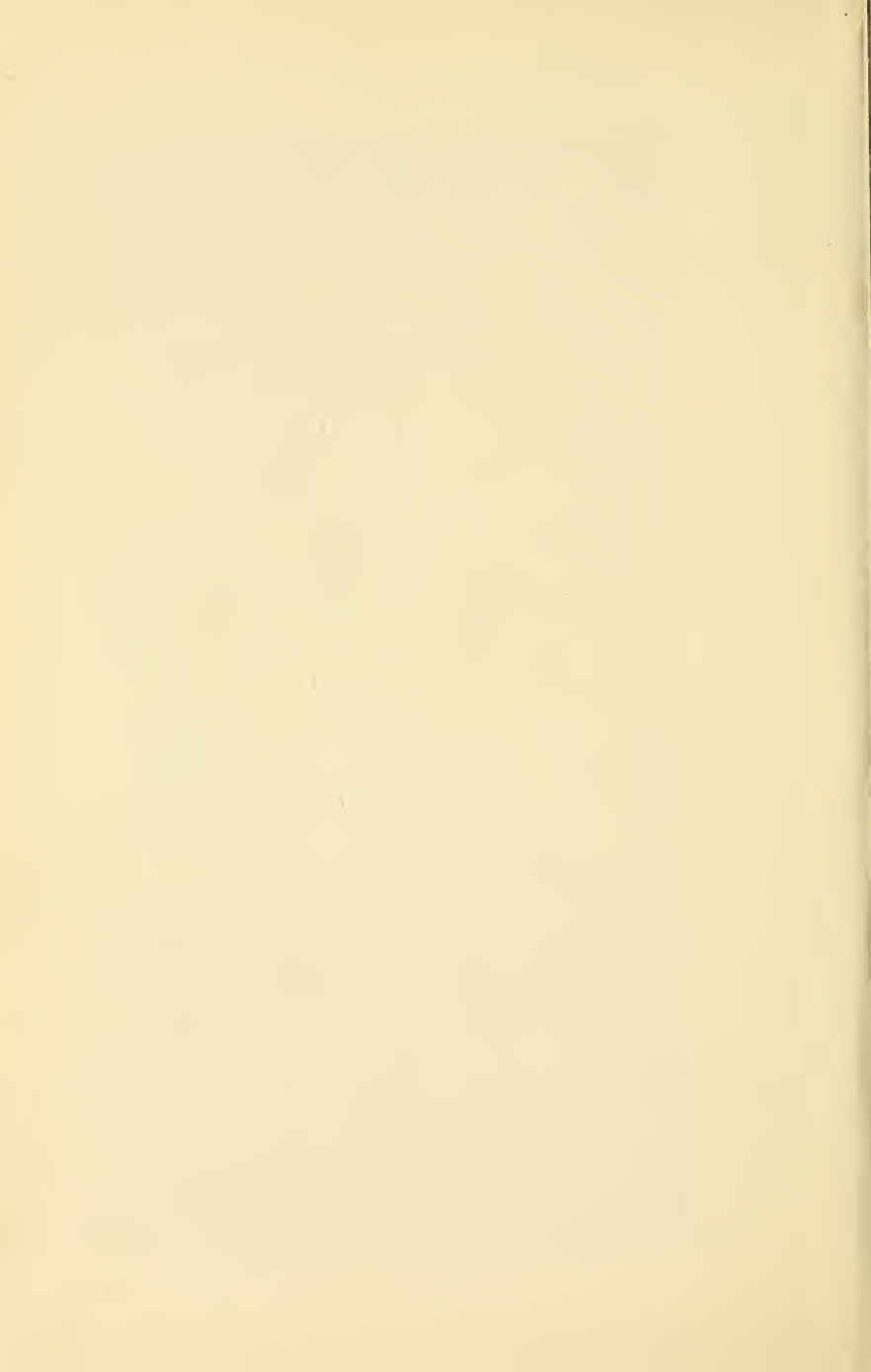
If it seems hard that Mulligan was left unsupported by the War Department of his Government in this trying hour, his great opponent seems to have been equally neglected by the Confederate Government. True, Price was not fighting for the Confederacy directly, but he was fighting its enemies and should have had its support.

Mulligan did everything possible to save his command except to fly across the river in boats moored at the wharf. He constructed around the Masonic College a redan of great strength, with embrasures, parapets, and a banquette for barbette guns. The works were greatly strengthened during the five days of Price's preparation.

These five days were enough for the utter annihilation of Price by the Federals. But Price was taking no unwarranted risk. He knew the people of Missouri as no other man knew them. He had personal and well-known friends in every hamlet and township and neighborhood. He expected these to rally to his standard. Fremont had issued his famous proclamation on August 30th, which was so radical that President Lincoln modified it by annulling two of its extremest provisions,



SURRENDER OF MULLIGAN AT LEXINGTON.



namely, the one emancipating the slaves of Missouri and the one confiscating private property, real and personal. Another provision of the proclamation established martial law over a large part of the State. Price rightly guessed that this inconsiderate and rigorous proclamation would send recruits to his camp, and everywhere benefit the cause for which he was fighting.

The situation was dramatic and heroic. Mulligan, with his Chicago Irish, and Peabody, with his Missouri militia, waited gallantly for destruction, which was obviously upon them. Mulligan's men had seen much skirmishing since their occupation of Lexington a few weeks before the siege. Colonel Route, of Liberty, led a thousand unorganized men from Clay and Jackson counties against Mulligan. These camped at the fair grounds, but they came away after causing Mulligan some uneasiness, perhaps all they expected to accomplish.

Capt. Shelby, restless, enterprising, had arrived from Springfield with his company ahead of the main army. Mulligan's scouts and Shelby's men had met and fired at each other not infrequently at different places in Lafayette County. During the week that Price was encamped at the fair grounds there were numerous conflicts between scouts and pickets. A great deal of powder was wasted in this way with no effect other than the effect of keeping the excitement at fever heat on both sides. Eagerness for the great battle was thus engendered.

While encamped at the fair grounds Gen. Price dispatched Gen. D. R. Atchison on the road toward St. Joseph to hasten forward the command under Col. Thos. Patten. Gen. Atchison had been United States senator from Missouri, and had acted as president of the Senate. He met Patten at Blue Mills Landing, where an attack of Federals was repulsed in an hour's engagement on Tuesday, the 17th.

On Wednesday morning, September 18, 1861, Gen. Price ordered the assault from all directions on Mulligan's works. Gen. Rains was stationed northeast of the fortifications, while Gen. Parsons was southwest, across the deep ravine. Col. Congreve Jackson's and Gen. Stine's divisions were held as reserves and were not engaged. Batteries were planted at distances of six hundred yards on four sides of the fortifications. The batteries were commanded by Churchill, Clark, Hi Bledsoe, Landis, of St. Joseph, and Guibor, of St. Louis. At an early hour the various divisions were in the positions assigned them. Sharpshooters were sent forward from all quarters and at the signal the battle began with a tremendous fusillade from all attacking parties. The batteries opened with the sound of a thousand storms. The beleaguered Federals replied gallantly. For three days the thunder of battle shook the foundations of the earth. Almost at the beginning of the battle, Col. Rives, acting in place of Gen. Slack, led his own regiment and Col. Hughes' down the river bank to the landing,

where he captured a steamboat. He was reinforced by Gens. Harris and McBride. The boat was loaded afterwards with 2,000 soldiers, who were sent to the opposite bank as a guard against Sturgis, who was coming up from Macon City. Just above the landing and near the Federal outer entrenchments stood the residence of Col. Anderson. Above it floated the sacred hospital flag. Those who were capturing the boat were fired upon from this hospital. Several companies of Harris' command charged the house and took it, a splendid foothold within the Federal lines. Meantime Harris and McBride took possession of the impregnable bluffs north of the Anderson house. These positions enabled the besiegers to so harass and annoy the Federals that Mulligan ordered a strong force to retake the Anderson house. His order was carried out to perfection. But the house was held but a few minutes by the Federals. Harris charged the place again and took it and held it. The final assault on the fortifications was made at the slope guarded by the Anderson house. Before the end of the first day, a messenger from Gen. Atchison arrived at Price's headquarters with news of the battle at Blue Mills. The news was received by the army with a great shout.

On Thursday morning the attack was renewed, after a restful night. A Federal newspaper writer of the time, an eye-witness, wrote: "Thursday the cannonade amounted to but little—it was mainly

confined to the twelve-pounder of the Confederates, with an occasional reply from the besieged. But the cracking of small-arms was incessant, and so thick and close were the enemy about the works, and so accurate the aim of their sharpshooters, that a man, a head, or a cap shown for a single instant above the works was sure to be saluted with fifty balls that never went many inches from the mark." Thursday night Price ordered hot shot fired into the college, hoping to burn the building or explode the Federal magazine, which, however, was kept in the basement. On Friday morning the programme of the preceding days was resumed. The batteries were at work early and the sharpshooters occupied every tree, rock, elevation, gully, house, or other sheltering object in the vicinity of the works. On the river side the fighting had all the time been heavy from the Anderson house and the extemporized fortifications north of it. At the wharf several hundred bales of hemp were awaiting shipment. The hemp industry was a large one in those days. The soldiers saturated these hemp bales with water, then rolled them up the hill. Behind each moving bale were crouched two or three soldiers, firing as they came. Mulligan turned loose his batteries and the full tide of lead from his small-arms upon the advancing breastworks. Slowly and laboriously, but surely and steadily, the moving forts approached the Federal position. It was now only a question of a few

hours when a large part of Price's army would be clambering into the Federal fortifications.

Bevier quotes a Federal writer: "Let sneering Europeans no longer dispute our capacity for war, for here we have an idea developed in the heat of battle by a Western general, which excels the best strategy ever developed in Lombardy or the Crimea. It was a stroke of genius—one of those happy adaptations of chance means which prove the talent of the general and elevate the art of battle above the level of mere downright force. It excels, by far, the fine conception of Jackson's breastworks at New Orleans, for it engrafts upon that artifice a superior idea. It was an *active* rather than a *passive* stratagem, and inspired an inert and merely resisting body with a living, moving and assailable function.

"We have heard of flying artillery, and seen its execution; but who ever heard before of flying redoubts, which, while they give shelter to an advancing line, can successfully withstand the heaviest cannonade. Poor Mulligan must have gazed upon this miracle, in the method of approach, with much of the same wonder as the Scottish king beheld from his battlements the advance of Birnam wood upon Dunsinane, and his heart must have sunk as heavily within him at the sight. No valor could withstand the marching bastion. It was impregnable to bayonet charges and inaccessible to cavalry, and the force behind it was superior to his own."

Some time in the afternoon Major Becker, of the Home Guards, ran out a white flag, at his own suggestion. Mulligan was not ready to surrender, and he ordered Becker under arrest and gave orders for the battle to be resumed. The firing, however, gradually subsided, and a parley ensued, at which terms of capitulation were agreed upon. If Mulligan was averse to surrendering, Col. Bledsoe was equally opposed to it. Gen. Price sent three orders to Bledsoe to stop firing his battery. The garrison surrendered and 3,500 Federals became prisoners of war. These were paroled and on Saturday and Sunday mornings were liberated on the opposite side of the Missouri River. Among those captured were Colonels Mulligan, Peabody, Marshall, White, Grover, and Major Van Horn. The property surrendered was immense, arms, ammunition, wagons, teams, camp equipage, more than a hundred thousand dollars' worth of commissary stores, and nearly a million of money. The latter had been taken from the Farmers' Bank at Lexington, in accordance with the confiscation orders issued by Gen. Fremont. The Bank of Warrensburg would have suffered in the same way under the same order had not Price arrived there when he did and driven Col. Peabody back to Lexington. Col. Mulligan refused to be paroled, inasmuch as his Government did not recognize the State Guards as belligerents. He was, therefore, held as a prisoner and accompanied Price's army south. Mulligan was under the care of Gen. Harris, and the

two men became strongly attached to each other during the several weeks they were together. Mulligan was finally exchanged and fell in battle, fighting for the Union, somewhere beyond the Mississippi. Harris was elected to the Confederate Congress.

Notes.

U. S. Grant, who was in northern Missouri during the summer of 1861, makes notable mention of General Thos. A. Harris in his "Memoirs." Says Grant: "As we approached the brow of the hill from which it was expected we could see Harris' camp, and possibly find his men ready formed to meet us, my heart kept getting higher and higher, until it felt to me as though it was in my throat. I would have given anything then to have been back in Illinois, but I had not the moral courage to halt and consider what to do; I kept right on. When we reached a point from which the valley below was in full view, I halted. The place where Harris had been encamped a few days before was still there, and the marks of a recent encampment were plainly visible, but the troops were gone. My heart resumed its place. It occurred to me that Harris had been as much afraid of me as I had been of him. This was a view of the question I had never taken before; but it was one I never forgot afterwards. From that event to the close of the war I never felt trepidation upon confronting an enemy, though I always felt more or less anxiety."

A newspaper writer of the time, who possessed most decided Federal sympathies, wrote of the battle: "The Home Guards, as a general thing, sneaked into the trenches and refused to fight at all—the cannon were useless for the want of ammunition. Dead horses strewed the ground in every direction, producing a most intolerable odor. These, and perhaps similar circumstances, characterized the condition of affairs at about the time of the capitulation, and were sufficient not only to drive a man into surrender, but into suicide or insanity."

The same newspaper article describes the appearance and conduct of Price's men and officers after the victory. The officers deported themselves as gentlemen, but the howls of joy and drunken jubilation, from thirty thousand throats, beggars all descriptions. The author of the article writes as follows:

"Here went one fellow in a shirt of brilliant green, on his side an immense cavalry sabre, in his belt two navy revolvers and a Bowie knife, and slung from his shoulder a Sharp's rifle. Right by his side was another, upon whose hip dangled a light medical sword, in his hand a double-barrelled shot-gun, in his boot an immense scythe, on his heel the inevitable spur, his whole appearance, from tattered boot, through which gazed audaciously his toes, to the top of his head, indicating that the plunderings of many regions made up his whole. Generally, the soldiers were armed with

shot-guns or squirrel rifles. Some had the old flint-lock muskets, a few had Minie guns, and others Sharp's or Maynard's rifles, while all, to the poorest, had horses. * * *

"I saw one case that shows the Confederate style of fighting. An old Texan, dressed in buckskin and armed with a long rifle, used to go up to the works every morning about seven o'clock, carrying his dinner in a tin pail. Taking a good position, he banged away at the Federals till noon, then rested an hour, ate his dinner, after which he resumed operations till six p. m., when he returned home to supper and a night's sleep. The next day a little before seven saw him, dinner and rifle in hand, trudging up the street to begin again his regular day's work—and in this style he continued till the surrender."

Gen. Sturgis made a feeble effort to reach Lexington. He disembarked his forces at Utica on the Hannibal & St. Joseph Railroad, some forty miles north of Lexington. This was Tuesday morning. By twelve o'clock noon he had under arrest some twenty men and one captain for pilfering around town. Meantime Sturgis had been busy pressing wagons and teams for the overland trip to Lexington. The troops marched ten miles that afternoon and then camped until morning. The newspaper writer above quoted says:

"Wednesday morning about eight o'clock, and when at a distance of some thirty miles from Lexington, the whole command was electrified by the

faint mutter of a cannonade that crept up sullenly on the air from the direction of Lexington. All day, without a moment's intermission, and that night up to midnight, the roar of the conflict came up from the south as if a half-dozen thunderstorms had met and were battling on the distant horizon. The day was savagely hot, and the men, unused to walking, although inspired by the music that seemed inviting them on, gave out in scores. So that, notwithstanding the march was kept up till long after dark, only twenty miles were made that day. They were now within fifteen miles of Lexington, and Gen. Sturgis determined to halt the men, give them a few hours' sleep, then push on. At one o'clock in the morning the command was roused up, a cup of coffee was dealt around, and the march resumed."

Sturgis had sent a messenger ahead to inform Mulligan of his coming. The messenger fell into the hands of Price's scouts. He was searched and the dispatches taken from the lining of his coat. After the boats were taken on Thursday, Price sent over a force to wait for Sturgis on the north side of the river. But Sturgis did not arrive. He abandoned his *impedimenta* to Price—wagons, teams, tents, everything—and fled to Liberty Landing, where he embarked for Leavenworth.

Our illustration, "The Surrender of Mulligan," is from an old painting copied by Miss Bertha Caldwell, daughter of T. C. Caldwell, of Independence, Mo. It is a faithful portrayal of the appearance

of the victors as they marched up to take possession of the Federal works.

Mulligan says in an article in "Battles and Leaders of the Civil War": "Our cartridges were now nearly used up, many of our brave fellows had fallen, and it was evident that the fight must soon cease, when at 3 o'clock an orderly came, saying the enemy had sent a flag of truce. With the flag came a note from General Price, asking, 'Why has the firing ceased?' I returned it with the reply written on the back: 'General, I hardly know, unless you have surrendered.' He at once took pains to assure me that this was not the case. I then discovered that the major of another regiment, in spite of orders, had raised a white flag."

Chapter XI.

FROM LEXINGTON TO PEA RIDGE.

Thus, sometimes, hath the brightest day a cloud;
 And after summer, evermore succeeds
 Barren winter, with his wrathful nipping cold.

—*Shakespeare.*

The indifference of the Federal troops in Missouri to the fall of Lexington profoundly stirred President Lincoln. He urged Fremont to repair the loss without delay. Price remained a full week in Lexington after capturing the place. By that time Fremont's vast military machine was put into slow motion. Price was in danger of being crushed. He faced about and made off leisurely for the South, like a hunted lion that bounds away, but is not much afraid. Pope was in his rear with 10,000 troops; Sigel was at Sedalia with nearly 10,000; Hunter was at Versailles with 10,000; Gens. Asboth and McKinstry were at Tipton and Syracuse with an aggregate of more than 10,000; on the west Gen. S. D. Sturgis was at Kansas City with 3,000, and Lane was a little further south with 2,500. This spectacular array of Federal forces was highly gratifying to Fremont, who came on from St. Louis to superintend personally the movements which he now ordered. He left St. Louis, September 27th, the day that Price broke camp at Lexington. Price had hoped to winter at

Lexington, but he was now in a trap and must run the gauntlet for 150 miles south to safety. He ran slowly, ten miles a day. He was compelled to disband large bodies of unarmed recruits. Moving forward, he ordered demonstrations made to the right and to the left, while his center proceeded with his immense train. The Federals were deceived by these feints of their wily foe. It was a splendid game, and Price won it. McCulloch had agreed to send up wagon-loads of lead from the Granby mines in Newton County, but he failed of his promise, alleging that Price would hardly need the lead, being forced to retreat, as predicted by McCulloch.

A vigorous movement of Polk's and Hardee's forces into southeast Missouri at this time would have drawn Fremont in that direction to protect St. Louis. Then McCulloch should have joined Price, and the combined army might have wintered on the Missouri River. But the State of Missouri had not yet seceded, and therefore it was no part of the Southern Confederacy and had no legal claim on the aid of the Confederate Army.

Price's army halted for two weeks at Neosho. Here, by proclamation of Gov. Jackson, the Legislature convened. An ordinance of secession was passed. Senators and representatives were chosen to the Confederate Congress at Richmond. McCulloch could now conscientiously invade the State, and he came gladly, uniting his forces with

Price's; remaining, however, in Missouri but a few days.

After Price had effected his masterly retreat, Fremont came pouring after him. Price fell back to Cassville in Barry County and prepared to engage Fremont's forces. By this time Lincoln was thoroughly disgusted with Fremont, and ordered his removal. Gen. Hunter, who succeeded Fremont, ordered a retrograde movement. The United States had expended and squandered, through Fremont, millions of dollars to expel Price from the State and now the project was abandoned. Price renewed his plan of wintering on the Missouri River, but again McCulloch refused to go with him, holding that his men were unacclimated and insufficiently clothed to bear the rigors of a Missouri winter.

In a few weeks Hunter was succeeded by Gen. Halleck. The situation speedily changed. Price's army had gone into winter quarters at Springfield and other places in that region. In February, 1862, after Price's army had comfortably lodged itself in log huts for the winter, and McCulloch's army was equally comfortable at Cross Hollows, Ark., Gen. Curtis, now in command of the Federal forces in the Southwest, threw his legions forward. Price had dispatched Capt. Shelby, Col. Hughes, and others back to the Missouri River with small forces to recruit brigades and to bring south those who were disbanded for the want of arms after the battle of Lexington. Both Hughes and Shelby re-

joined Price in time to take conspicuous parts in the great battle of Pea Ridge. Meantime the first steps had been taken to organize a Confederate army out of the State Guards. Price had no expectation of leaving the State. Van Dorn, who was now assigned to the command of both Price's and McCulloch's armies, advised Price to prepare for a new excursion northward. They were to take St. Louis, and from there were to overrun both Missouri and Illinois.

Gen. Curtis, whose statue of heroic size may be seen at Keokuk, Iowa, now formed the bold scheme of invading Arkansas. His initial movements were so decisive and vigorous and were executed with such wisdom and such consummate preparation that Price evacuated Springfield precipitately, leaving to Curtis an accumulation of winter supplies. Price had hardly left Springfield and had not yet reached the old battle-field of Wilson Creek, when the main body of Curtis' army dashed into the evacuated city and hoisted the Stars and Stripes over the court-house.

Price sent swift couriers to McCulloch at Cross Hollows and a widespread and instantaneous preparation was on foot to resist the advance of Curtis. Gen. Van Dorn hastened up from Jacksonport, Ark. Gen. Price retreated with all possible haste in the direction of Cross Hollows, hotly pushed by Curtis. Many skirmishes were fought and many hardships were endured. Cross Hollows was an extensive Confederate stronghold. Curtis made

a flank movement to the west, and Cross Hollows was abandoned to the Federals without firing a gun. Price and McCulloch took refuge in the Boston Mountains, where on the 3d of March they received Gen. Van Dorn with a major-general's salute of forty guns. Curtis now occupied Cross Hollows and Fayetteville. He began to feel the pressure in his front of the accumulating and resentful rebels. The great battle was about to be fought. Curtis had been the aggressor until now. Knowing that he was about to be attacked, he chose a strong position on Sugar Creek and recalled his advanced forces to his chosen stronghold at Pea Ridge. Van Dorn advanced without delay, hoping to destroy Sigel at Bentonville and Carr at Cross Hollows. Sigel barely escaped, and joined Curtis closely pushed by Price. At night Van Dorn rested in front of Curtis, just beyond cannon range. McCulloch pointed out a road leading to the rear of the Federal position. Price and Van Dorn immediately after nightfall entered this road, and by morning, March 7th, were two miles from Curtis in his rear, and occupying the only road upon which he could retreat to Missouri. McCulloch was left in front of Curtis with his own forces and with Generals Pike's and Stand Waitie's Indians. The plan of battle was designed to bag Curtis' entire army. The battle began early in the morning and raged on all parts of the large field throughout the day. Price advanced steadily, drawing his lines closely around Curtis, who

held a council of war and was about to surrender. His headquarters of last night were in possession of Price. Between Price with his Missourians on one side and McCulloch with his large well-trained Confederate veterans on the other, Curtis was about crushed. The day had been a hard one on all the contending forces. Suddenly Curtis felt the pressure from McCulloch give way. The despairing Curtis was now hopeful. He might yet meet the advancing and triumphant Price. Van Dorn was writing out a dispatch, late in the afternoon, to McCulloch, urging him to press the enemy vigorously in front, and Price would close in at the rear, and before dark the contest would be ended. The dispatch was never sent. Col. Dillon rode up and reported: "McCulloch is dead, McIntosh is dead, Herbert is dead!"

Late that night the broken, disorganized, and disheartened remnant of McCulloch's proud army arrived at Price's camp. They had no ammunition, their train having gone, by some criminal mistake, to Bentonville. Curtis was now relieved in front, and in the morning Sigel would join his friends in front of Price. Van Dorn decided to retreat, although retreating seemed running from victory. Van Dorn had ventured into this battle with a force only half as great as that commanded by Curtis. This force he divided into two parts, and by the mischances of the day one part, the larger part, was eliminated from further possible participation in the battle. Dividing an army and

fighting it against a superior force is a doubtful expedient, but this was not Van Dorn's fatal mistake at Pea Ridge. Had Van Dorn remained with McCulloch at the front, instead of accompanying Price to the rear of Curtis, the vanquished would have been the victors. McCulloch needed supervision, not Price. McCulloch was a good general, but he was also a good sharpshooter; when killed he had a Maynard rifle on his shoulder. He exposed himself unnecessarily. Had he not fallen, perhaps all would have been well.

When night came the soldiers of the contending armies rested among their dead. When morning came the battle was resumed, mainly by the opposing batteries, and for the purpose, on the part of Van Dorn, of giving Curtis gentle employment until the retreat could be executed, under the immediate supervision of General Little. Price's men supposed they were making a flank movement, and were in high spirits. Mutterings of discontent were loud when they learned that they were retreating.

Bevier says: "Maintaining the best of order in the worst of humors—supplied alone with such provisions, principally corn meal and bacon, as could be picked up in the country; through floods of rain, and over submerged bottom lands and swollen rivers, the retreating Missouri brigades marched for eight days, and finally camped on Frog Bayou, near Van Buren."

Curtis made no attempt to follow. His army

finally drifted toward Helena, and part of it, later in the war, fought under Steele.

While the battle of Pea Ridge was a Federal victory, gained principally by Sigel, Van Dorn carried away some of the substantial fruits of success, having captured three hundred prisoners, four pieces of artillery, and three baggage wagons. The Federal loss in killed was nearly four hundred. Van Dorn's loss in killed was less than two hundred. While in camp near Van Buren, Price received his commission as major-general in the Confederate Army, and with the commission came a cry for help from Albert Sidney Johnson. Grant was pressing down toward Shiloh. From Van Buren, Price marched to Des Arc on White River, and there embarked his army for Memphis. It was like embarking for another continent.

Chapter XII.

FROM DES ARC TO CORINTH.

A braver choice of dauntless spirits
Than now the English bottoms have wafted over,
Did never float upon the swelling tide
To do offense and scath in Christendom.

—*Shakespeare.*

To go or not to go, that was the question to be decided by the men at Des Arc. These citizen-soldiers had gone into the Missouri State Guards to fight for Missouri and for nothing else. Many of them had in past years gone frequently on excursions to the Kansas line to repel by force marauding bands of Jayhawkers. Defending the State against invasion was, therefore, not only a principle; it was a habit also, long practiced. When the appeal came for help beyond the Mississippi, where Grant was bearing down on Beauregard, there were division and debates in the camp of the State Guards. Some said: "We will go and fight wherever duty calls." Others said: "We will return to Missouri, if possible, and we will fight and die for our State."

The earliest Confederate camp established for recruiting out of the State Guards was on Sac River, near Osceola, Mo., in December, 1861. After the retreat from Lexington, Price knew his army of State Guards must eventually become Confederate. But not until after the battle of Pea Ridge

was the necessity forced upon the unwilling attention of the rank and file. Near Van Buren, Ark., at Frog Bayou, seventy-five miles beyond the Missouri line, the final decision was mostly made. General Rains was left in command of those who remained; General Price was to command those who should go. Here the separation took place, but the final farewell was said at Des Arc. on White River. Here the men were dismounted, and their horses sold to the Government or sent to pasture in Texas. Here Price resigned his command of the Missouri State Guards and issued a passionate appeal to his followers, in these burning words:

“Soldiers of the State Guard, I command you no longer. I have this day resigned the commission which your patient endurance, your devoted patriotism, and your dauntless bravery have made so honorable. I have done this that I might the better serve you, our State, and our country; that I may the sooner lead you back to the fertile prairies, the rich woodlands and majestic streams of our beloved Missouri; that I may more certainly restore you to your once more happy homes, and to the loved ones there.

“Five thousand of those who have fought side by side with us, under the Grizzly Bears of Missouri, have followed me into the Confederate camp. They appeal to you, as I do, by all the tender memories of the past, not to leave us now,

but to go with us wherever the path of duty may lead, till we shall have conquered a peace and won our independence by brilliant deeds upon new fields of battle.

“Soldiers of the State Guard, veterans of six pitched battles and nearly twenty skirmishes—conquerors in them all, your country, with its ruined hearths and shrines, rescue forever from the terrible thralldom which threatens her. I know she will not call in vain. The insolent and barbarous hordes which have dared to invade our soil, and to desecrate our homes, have just met with a signal overthrow beyond the Mississippi. Now is the time to end this unhappy war. If every man will do his duty, his own roof will shelter him in peace from the storms of the coming winter.

“Let not history record that men who bore with patience the privations of Cowskin Prairie, who endured uncomplainingly the heats of a Missouri summer, and the frosts and snows of a Missouri winter; that the men who met the enemy at Carthage, at Wilson’s Creek, at Fort Scott, at Lexington, and numerous lesser battle-fields in Missouri, and met them but to conquer them; that the men who fought so bravely and so well at Elk Horn; that the unpaid soldiers of Missouri were, after so many victories, and after so much suffering, unequal to the great task of achieving the independence of their magnificent State.

“Soldiers! I go but to make a pathway to our homes. Follow me.

“*Sterling Price.*

“Des Arc, Ark., April 8, 1862.”

Many of the State Guards had followed Price to Des Arc and many were willing to go with him beyond the Mississippi River, but were unwilling to become irrevocably attached to the Southern Confederacy. They would go for a brief period to the relief of Beauregard, but would return. These were under Brigadier General M. M. Parsons, by special order of Warick Hough, adjutant-general of Missouri.

At this time White River was a seething flood. Boats were quickly secured. Price embarked with 8,000 troops, sailed down the swollen White River, out into the Mississippi, and up to Memphis. The mighty Grant was slowly emerging from obscurity. His quick, lightning-like decision and unerring judgment had won for him the fall of Forts Henry and Donelson. He had broken the line of Confederate defenses from Bowling Green to Columbus; he had fought and dearly won the battle of Shiloh. By the success of his brilliant strategies, he had driven a wedge into the Confederate Army and had moved his own front 200 miles southward. Beauregard had fallen back to Corinth, at the extreme northern edge of the State of Mississippi. Beauregard was a consummate civil engineer as well as a trained strategist. He fortified Corinth with great skill. He had also

constructed the defensive works at Island No. 10, which commanded the Mississippi River. A few days before Price left Des Arc the battle of Shiloh had been fought. But it was not a Confederate victory, as reported in Price's camp. On April 8th, the date of Price's appeal to his followers at Des Arc, Island No. 10 ceased to be a Confederate stronghold. Its fall had cost the Federals "fifty tons of powder," declared Beauregard. Island No. 10 was an outpost of Vicksburg. When Price and Van Dorn arrived at Corinth, General Halleck was approaching the place by the slow process of a regular siege. Edwards says: "Halleck dug and dug, and pushed his immense army forward slowly and painfully as a wounded snake."

Halleck belonged to the old school of soldiers, and he believed that Grant had been incautious at Shiloh. He would now teach Grant how to be cautious, and the siege of Corinth was an object lesson. Halleck tutoring Grant! The light of history reveals nothing more ludicrous.

At the beginning of the war Corinth was unmarked on the maps. Its position with reference to railroad connections gave it great military importance. Beauregard threw up fortifications in front of Corinth for fifteen miles. Farmington was a high point on the east—an important outpost. Here occurred the first battle in which Price's army took part on the east side of the great river. Other Missourians, however, fought at Shiloh. General Bowen, of St. Louis, organized the

Missouri First Brigade at Memphis, chiefly of men who were captured by Lyon at Camp Jackson. Bowen's command fought at Shiloh.

On May 8, 1862, General John Pope occupied Farmington. The Confederate generals believed they could capture Pope's entire command. A combined attack of the forces under Bragg, Hardee, Price, and Van Dorn was made on the morning of the 9th. Pope contrived to escape with his forces. Three weeks later Beauregard evacuated Corinth and retreated farther south. After the battle of Farmington, the famous cannon, "Old Sacramento," ceased to be useful. The life of a cannon is limited to a few hundred shots.

Bevier quotes a Northern writer of the time: "The Confederate strategy since the battle of Shiloh has been as successful as it has been superior. * * * If the attack at Shiloh was a surprise to Grant, the evacuation of Corinth was no less a surprise to General Halleck. * * * * Corinth has been searched in vain for a spiked or disabled gun. Shame on us! What a clean piece of evacuation it was!"

The army fell back to Tupelo. From here the Missouri State Guards, under General Parson, returned to the Trans-Mississippi Department, Capt. Jo. Shelby and Col. John T. Hughes among them. General Beauregard fell ill and the command of the Army of the West devolved on General Bragg.

In August General Bragg took his main army by rail to Chattanooga, leaving Price in command

of the Army of the West, with special instructions to observe Grant at Corinth. Van Dorn was in command at Vicksburg. Price and Van Dorn were independent of each other, and each commanded a corps of two strong divisions. Bevier, in this connection, quotes Major-General Dabney H. Maury: "And just here were developed the bad consequences of having these two commanders present in the field without a common superior; for, had Price been justified in placing his forces under Van Dorn's command at this time, there is scarcely a doubt that the enemy would have been driven in a few days entirely beyond the Tennessee River. Then would have followed the reinforcement of Bragg's army by the corps of Van Dorn and Price, and without extraordinary misconduct or mischance, the Confederate Army of the Tennessee might have crossed the Ohio."

As it was, Price captured Iuka, where General Little fell. Nine cannon were captured. A great victory over Rosecranz was expected in the morning. During the night General Grant came. In a council of war, it was decided to fall back, although Price maintained: "We 'll wade through him, sir, in the morning. You ought to have seen how my boys fought this evening; we drove them a mile, sir." On October 3d, Price and Van Dorn invested Corinth and during that day and the next made disastrous attempts to take the place.

Maury says: "At sunset the enemy in front of Price's corps had been driven into the town at

every point along our whole front, and these troops had established their line close up to Corinth."

The next morning there was a long delay in opening the battle. "But as soon as we began to hear the rolling fire of musketry on the left, Maury's division broke through the screen of timber and into the town, and into the enemy's works. We broke his center; the Missourians moved in line with us. Within twenty minutes from the time we began our movement our colors were planted in triumph upon the ramparts of Corinth. But it was a brief triumph, and won at a bloody cost. No charge in the history of the war was more daring or more bloody.

"The whole of Price's corps penetrated to the center of the town of Corinth, and was in position to swing around and take the enemy's left wing in the rear and flank, for we were 1200 yards in rear of the lines on College Hill, which formed the enemy's left wing, and against which our right wing, south of the Memphis & Charleston Railroad, had been arrayed. But since ten a. m. of the previous morning our right wing had made no decided advance or attack upon the enemy in its front, and when Rosecranz found his center broken by our charge, believing the demonstration of our right wing merely a 'feint,' he withdrew General Stanley with a heavy force from his left and threw him against us.

"Disarrayed and torn as our lines were, with more than one-third of our men down, and with

many of our best regimental officers killed and wounded, the troops were not ready to meet and repel the fresh troops that now, in fine array, came upon our right flank from the left of the enemy's works on College Hill and swept us out of the place. Our men fell back in disorder, but sullenly. * * *

"When, after all was over and the whole of the Army of the West, now reduced to about 6,000 men, came out of town and into the woods through which we had so confidently charged an hour before, generals, colonels, and staff officers in vain endeavored to rally the men. They plodded doggedly along toward the road by which we had marched on the day before, and it was not in any man's power to form them into line. We found Generals Van Dorn and Price within a few hundred yards of the place, sitting on their horses near each other. Van Dorn looked upon the thousands of men streaming past him with a mingled expression of sorrow and pity. Old General Price looked on the disorder of his darling troops with unmitigated anguish. The big tears coursed down the old man's bronzed face, and I have never witnessed such a picture of mute despair and grief as his countenance wore when he looked upon the utter defeat of those magnificent troops. He had never before known them to fail, and they never had failed to carry the lines of any enemy in their front; nor did they ever to the close of their noble career at Blakely, on the ninth of April, 1865, fail

to defeat the troops before them. I mean no disparagement to any troops of the Southern Confederacy when I say the *Missouri troops of the Army of the West were not surpassed by any troops in the world.*—Maury.

Bevier closes his quotation as to Corinth with this paragraph: "No commander of the Federal armies evinced more tenacity and skill than did General Rosecranz during this battle. He was one of the ablest of the Union generals, and his moderation and humanity in the conduct of war kept pace with his courage and skill. Our dead received from him all the care due brave men who fell in manly warfare, and our wounded and prisoners who fell into his hands attest his soldierly courtesy."

Chapter XIII.

FROM VICKSBURG TO PEACE.

General Price crossed to the Cis-Mississippi Department with an army of 8,000 Missourians. Only 800 of these were alive when peace was made, and half of these were languishing sick or wounded in hospitals. Such mortality has never been recorded of any other army in all the range of history, ancient, medieval, or modern. These Missourians were always assigned to the chief posts of danger because they were unwavering and of exalted *morale*. Had General Price, the greatest of Missouri warriors, been placed in chief command of all the forces operating in front of Grant, the story of Vicksburg might be totally different. Perhaps Grant would not have become commander-in-chief of United States armies, nor have reached the presidency. After the disastrous battle of Corinth and the extrication by General Price of the army from the perilous position in which it had been left by Van Dorn, it fell back to Holly Springs and went into camp near that town. Here the Missouri command was reorganized. Brigadier General John S. Bowen was transferred with the Missouri First to Price's corps. Several regiments of Arkansans and Missourians were organized into a brigade and placed under Colonel Gates. Gen-

eral Martin Green was given command of the Second Brigade. F. M. Cockrell acted as brigadier general.

Generals Lovell and Tighlman represented to Jeff. Davis that "Price's army was an armed mob, without drill or discipline, unsoldierly in appearance and equipments, and withal a disgrace to the service." Van Dorn was ordered to review the Missourians and report. In his report to Davis and Price he said: "I have attended reviews of the armies of Generals Beauregard, Bragg, Albert Sidney and Joseph E. Johnston, and also in the old United States service, and I have never seen a finer looking body of men, nor of more orderly appearance and efficiency, nor have I ever witnessed better drill or discipline in any army since I have belonged to the military service."

Soon after this report, but not in consequence of it, Gen. Lovell was relieved of the command of the Department of Mississippi and East Tennessee by order of President Jeff. Davis. General John C. Pemberton was appointed in his stead. The disparity between the size of the man and the size of his position was soon apparent. The greatness of Jeff. Davis was not always displayed in his selections of subordinates. The campaign in the Mississippi Valley passed from failure to failure in rapid succession under Beauregard, Bragg, Hardee, Van Dorn, Lovell, Pemberton, Joe Johnston, and Hood.

In January, 1863, General Price visited Rich-

mond for the purpose of inducing the Confederate Government to sanction his return with his army to Missouri. The interview between General Price and Jeff. Davis was a stormy one. (See biography of Price.) Davis at last consented, reluctantly, that Price's army of Missourians should return at the earliest practical date, to be determined by General Bragg, a favorite of Jeff. Davis. General Price returned to his camp and made a farewell speech to his devoted followers. He told them that he had sought and had obtained assignment to the command of the Trans-Mississippi Department, whither he would go at once. They would soon follow him, he said. But the time never came when the Missourians could be spared from Mississippi and Tennessee and they never marched again under Price. General Grant now addressed all his energies and his genius to the apparently hopeless task of reducing Vicksburg. General Steele was at Helena and the Confederates established themselves at Grand Gulf. In April, Colonel Cockrell crossed the river and led a perilous expedition into the swamps of Louisiana. Superior skill and energy alone enabled him to get safely back to Grand Gulf. At the battles of Grand Gulf, Port Gibson, Champion Hills, and Big Black the Missourians nobly fought to defend the weakest side of the great line of works around Vicksburg. They were led by such warriors as Bowen, Cockrell, Maury, Green, Gates, Erwin, Bevier, Gause, and others. The Missouri batteries did

great execution and suffered much before Vicksburg under Colonel Hi Bledsoe, Captains Schuyler Lowe, Landis, Guibor, Wash, etc. Some of these batteries fought at Chattanooga. The Missourians were always in the vortex of destruction and their losses were always heavy. As Grant slowly and systematically drew his lines nearer to Vicksburg, the Confederate armies retreated into the inner works of the doomed city. Colonel Bevier, historian of the First and Second Brigades, says: "In this beleaguered city of many hills the weary and war-worn, but brave and undismayed Missourians, of Bowen's division, came to a halt after their protracted and toilsome marches and battles, faced to the front and dressed their lines, sadly thinned out, and many a brave fellow missing forever, but still as correct, prompt, and soldierly in formation as the most exacting martinet could require." The terrible weeks of the siege wore away, and famine and disease invade the doomed city, great allies of the besiegers.

General Martin E. Green and Colonel Eugene Erwin were killed while defending the works. Finally, when the last morsels of mule meat and dog meat were in the haversacks, General Cockrell proposed to lead a charge with his Missourians in an effort to cut through the coils drawn so closely around them. But the time for fighting had passed and on the Fourth of July Pemberton surrendered.

President Jeff. Davis sent a telegram to Pem-

berton thanking the Missourians "for their gallantry and the discipline manifested by them in the campaign just closed, and especially for the prompt succor they rendered, as reserves, to every weak point and to every doubtful position." Soon after the surrender, General Bowen was taken sick and died.

The Confederates were exchanged. Early in September we find them settling in winter quarters at Demopolis. Another reorganization was now necessary. The Missouri army was small and many regiments were consolidated in order to form a few brigades. President Jeff. Davis visited the camp and complimented the Missourians very highly.

In the spring of 1864 the Missourians marched to Cassville, Georgia, and became an integral part of General Joseph E. Johnston's army. Sherman was pressing toward Atlanta, while Grant invested Richmond. Johnston defended Atlanta with a masterly skill, only second to the skill displayed by Lee in defense of the Confederate capital. Suddenly an order came from Jeff. Davis relieving Johnston of the command of the Army of the Tennessee and naming as his successor General Hood. When Sherman heard that Hood was in command, he sprang to his feet and exclaimed: "I know that fellow!" Heavy fighting ensued, reckless, massive, headlong charges by Hood and the ultimate fall of Atlanta. Hood swung back to Sherman's rear, where Sherman most desired him; Sherman then began his "march to the sea."

Hood marched to Allatoona, which was unsuccessfully attacked by French's division. Hood now started on his disastrous expedition to Nashville. Over muddy roads the army marched to Franklin, defended by General Schofield. Here was fought a battle, the story of which is as blood-curdling as any in the annals of the Civil War. The troops came to the attack most gallantly, carrying the outer works and in some places the inner works also. Bevier quotes Anderson: "The order to advance was general, and the line moved forward with banners streaming and the band of our brigade playing; the movement was executed with perfect order, and the line, in solid and unbroken ranks, charged on." A heavy battery from a fort some distance in the enemy's rear poured a destructive fire on our lines as they moved up. Their infantry did not open upon the brigade until it was within thirty steps of the works, when it was met by a deadly and terrific fire from troops armed with the seven-shooting Spencer rifle; and here the slaughter of the remainder of that gallant band of Missourians was almost consummated; in less than half a minute most of them went down. One of the survivors says, when he looked around after the first shock, there were only seven or eight men of his company standing, and the ranks of the brigade were proportionately thinned. Our lines were too weak to carry the works in their front, and the order was given to fall back; some, however, rushed forward and gained the fortifications, but

were there, with few exceptions, killed or made prisoners.”

Bevier quotes again: “General Cockrell went into the fight with all the vigor and vim of a Marshal Ney. In a few minutes he returned, riding his wearied horse, severely wounded in both arms and in his leg, and unable to dismount until help came. The horse of Colonel Gates, which had so often followed Cockrell’s over many a weary mile—all along the tottering line of the Confederacy, wherever the carnage was the deadliest—as if by instinct, turned and followed him now. His rider was powerless to guide him, both arms shot through and hanging limp by his side. I shall never forget the steady, calm gaze of this old hero of many a battle-field, as he sat upon his horse, erect as a statute, until I assisted him down and he and the general were borne from the battle-field through a shower of bullets and balls.” Bevier narrates: “The unfortunate wounded suffered untold horrors, many of them remaining on the field for ten or twelve hours without food or water, in the freezing mud and amid the cries and groans of three thousand suffering and dying fellow mortals, and half that time exposed to the plunging shot of both friend and foe.”

Towards midnight Schofield abandoned the works and retreated to Nashville, where Thomas lay with the main army.

Bevier says: “When the brigade formed in front of Franklin, a field report showed present

687. After the charge, on duty, 240; being a loss of nearly two-thirds, almost equal to that of the Light Brigade at Balaklava." The battle of Franklin occurred on November 30, 1864.

Hood marched on to Nashville, where the Missourians performed some skirmish duty, but before the great disastrous battle was fought, they had been sent to obstruct the Tennessee River; they erected a pontoon bridge, over which Hood's forlorn army escaped south. Bledsoe's battery held back most defiantly the pursuing squadrons. The retreating men marched like a mob. The Missourians alone "moved erect, soldierly, shoulder to shoulder, with apparently not a single article of equipment lost, with a style and bearing as if *they* had never known defeat."

The army rested at Tunelo, the camp of two years before; here Hood was relieved of his command, at his own request. About February 1, 1865, the army was ordered to Mobile. *En route* the army was joined by Cockrell, still suffering from his wounds, and by Colonel Gates, who had lost an arm. The Missourians now numbered about 400, all that were left of the 8,000, unless we count some 400 languishing with sickness or wounds.

From Mobile the worn veterans were soon ordered to Fort Blakely, whither came General Canby and besieged the works. On April 9th General Liddil, first in command, and General Cockrell, second in command, surrendered. The prisoners

were taken to Meridian, where, on May 4th, they were paroled and returned to their homes in Missouri. About 150* Missourians escaped into the water at Blakely and succeeded in evading capture.

Chapter XIV.

THE BATTLE OF INDEPENDENCE.

The attack on Independence was made at break of day, with the rush and overwhelming suddenness of a whirlwind. This battle was properly a prelude to the battle of Lone Jack; more properly a part of it. The battle of Independence greatly exasperated the Federals all over the State; it was a portentous renewal of the war in Missouri. Although the battle was planned by Col. Hughes, assisted by Thompson and Hays, the Federal authorities for the moment charged the disaster to Quantrell, and sent Major Foster out from Lexington to punish him. Foster came to Lone Jack on this mission, and was defeated in one of the hardest battles of the war. After the fearful battle of Pea Ridge in March, the larger part of the State Guards went with Price across the Mississippi River. These all took service in the Confederate Army, except Parsons' infantry which returned in a few weeks to the Trans-Mississippi Department. Fragments of companies, however, lingered along the Southern outskirts of the State, or in northern Arkansas. In midsummer, 1862, there seemed to be a spontaneous, widespread, but disconnected movement back into the State. From beyond the Mississippi River and out of Arkansas came captains, who expected to recruit

regiments, and colonels who expected to recruit brigades, and lieutenants and privates who expected to raise companies. Among those who passed beyond the Mississippi River and fought at Corinth and then returned were Shelby, Hughes, and Thompson. Among those of the State Guards who remained in Arkansas were Rains, Cockrell, Coffee, Jackman, Hunter, Tracy, and Hays. Quantrell remained in the State. The above officers, who were expatriated after the battle of Pea Ridge, began to reappear in the State in July and August. During their absence the State had not been wholly given up to undisputed Federal control. Missouri had never been without numerous small commands of State Guards, squads and companies of guerrillas or other organizations of Southern sympathizers. These were about over the State in independent bands in numbers ranging from a few scores to several hundreds. The Federal sympathizers were organized in equal variety and in greater magnitude. The chief difference between the two classes was this: all the Confederate organizations were composed wholly of Missourians; the Federal organizations were composed of soldiers from Kansas, Iowa, Illinois, and Missouri. Such conditions prevailed over the State during the entire period of the war, and rendered the State at all times a fertile field for recruiting. Such conditions resulted also in frequent bloody conflicts. General Schofield, Federal commander of the Department of Missouri,

reported over one hundred battles in the State between May 1 and September 20, 1862. During the four years of the Civil War there were fought 487 engagements in the State of Missouri, and reported at the War Department at Washington, an average of two a week. Virginia alone had a greater number, over 600.

Among the first, if not the very first, to return after the dreadful exodus following the battle of Pea Ridge, was Colonel Upton Hays. About the 1st of July, Colonel Hays came to Quantrell, in Henry County, and remained with his band of ninety-six men most of the time until July 10th, on which date they fought a battle on Walnut Creek, in the northwest corner of Henry County. Before Quantrell's next battle, near Index, Cass County, Hays said to Quantrell that he wanted to get back into Jackson County to resume recruiting, which he had already commenced, and asked Quantrell for a guard of thirty men. Quantrell gave Hays the guard, with Geo. Todd as commander. About the 1st of August, 1862, Hayes had recruited about 150 men at a camp on the Charlie Cowherd farm, near Lee's Summit. The camp was on the high prairie and a flag was raised on a very tall pole to indicate the location of the camp to all who wanted to enlist. The flag was plainly visible from the top of the court-house in Independence.

Independence was a Federal post, commanded by Col. James T. Buel, of the Seventh Missouri

Cavalry. Buel took command of the Independence post on the 7th of June. The troops under his command consisted of three companies of the Seventh Missouri Cavalry, two companies of Colonel Newgent's battalion, provisional militia, commanded by Captains Axline and Thomas, and a company of the Sixth Regiment of militia, commanded by Captain W. H. Rodewald, of Independence, in all about 500 men. Colonel Buel determined to break up Hays' recruiting-camp on the Cowherd farm, a very proper military step for him to take. Accordingly he sent to Burris at Kansas City and to Colonel Huston at Lexington to send him some reinforcements. On Sunday, August 10th, Colonel Buel gathered up all the firearms in the hands of the private citizens of Independence. His object was to "prevent a fire in the rear," he said. From this it is evident that he meditated an immediate attack on the camp at the Cowherd farm. Meantime, Cols. Hughes and Thompson had arrived at Hays' camp with about seventy-five men. Colonel Hughes was on his way to his old home in Clinton County, north of the river. He was recruiting a brigade, and Hays, we may surmise, would have taken his regiment into Hughes' brigade. On the night of August 10th Quantrell who had been nursing a wounded leg, arrived at the camp with twenty-five men. The little army at the Cowherd farm now amounted to 250 men. They had only two rounds of ammunition each, not enough to enable them to resist the contemplated

attack by Buel's well-armed and superior force. The leaders decided, therefore, to attack and if possible capture Buel at Independence before he could attack them and before he should be reinforced, thus securing their own safety and providing themselves with ammunition. Acting Brigadier-General John T. Hughes was to have command of the venture.

There was no free interchange of visits between Independence and the camp. No one could leave Independence without a passport from Colonel Buel. All the roads were carefully guarded. Notwithstanding, the leaders at the camp were thoroughly informed as to Buel's plans and the exact location of Buel's troops, his headquarters, his commissary stores, the size of his force and the number of Southern men confined in jail. Their information was full and explicit. Buel's forces were not disposed with any view to resisting an attack. Headquarters were in the McCoy building, near the public square, on West Lexington Street. On the opposite side of the street and a little further down Captain Rodewald was quartered with a company in the building now occupied as a station by the Metropolitan Street Railway Company. At the county jail on North Main Street, and at the commissary store near it, were stationed about twenty-five men under Lieutenant Meryhew. The balance of the soldiers were living in tents between Union and Pleasant Streets, south of Lexington Street, and were nearly half a mile

from headquarters. Buel had about 500 men and they were all present at the beginning of the battle. The old citizens of Independence, such men as Judge James Peacock and L. M. Sea, have told me that the Southern sympathizers knew on Sunday evening that an attack would in all probability be made at daylight next morning. Buel ought to have known the imminence of his danger; but he was over-confident. He heard alarming rumors, but such rumors were common and easily created at any time by a few guerrillas riding through the country. He had grown accustomed to rumors. The recruiting-camp had no terror for him; those composing it had no arms, no organization, and were few in numbers. The idea of an attack from them was simply preposterous. The coming of Confederates from the South was not suspected by any Federal commander in Missouri. About four o'clock on Monday morning the discharge of a gun broke the stillness of morning in Independence. Those who the evening before had received intimation of what might occur were instantly awake. Perfect quiet followed; maybe the gun was an accident; then nearer a volley broke out, accompanied by loud yelling; then a fusillade and the battle had opened and the whole town was aroused. The attacking army came in on Spring Street. Captain Hart, of St. Joseph, was at the head of the column which was approaching the public square, on East Maple Avenue. The Federal guard at the jail fired and Captain Hart fell, mor-

tally wounded, the first of a long list of fatalities among officers that day. The little army now dashed up to the square and rode to the south side, where Quantrell formed his men hastily into platoons. Colonel Hughes had required of Quantrell but two duties, namely: (1) to pilot the command safely to Independence; (2) and to cut off Buel from his regiment and hold him away, and Hughes would do the balance. Quantrell went past Buel's headquarters at full run, Hughes and Thompson following. Rodewald's guard fired into the passing troops and Kit Chiles fell dead in the street, but no halt was made until the Confederates ran into the Federal encampment. The first volley was delivered with terrible effect upon the Federals sleeping in their tents. Captain Breckenridge exclaimed: "Boys, we are surrounded and we had better surrender," but Captain Axline called out in a loud voice: "Boys, rally behind the rock fence." Axline's order was obeyed. The tents were abandoned and the battle at once assumed the form of a regular siege and defense. At almost the first Federal volley Colonel Hughes was shot in the forehead and died instantly. Colonel Hays assumed command and for four or five hours the fighting was incessant. Five times Hays led his command against that impregnable rock fence and five times he was beaten back. Colonel Gid. Thompson was badly wounded in the leg and he turned his command over to Captain Bohanon. Colonel Hays was wounded in the knee, but con-

tinued in the fight. Mortality among the officers was heavy. The Confederate officers who fell were: Colonels Hughes and Boyd; Major Wortle and Major Hart, already mentioned; Captain Chambers, of Independence; Captains Brown and Clark; and Lieutenants Jones and Johnson. The Federals were well protected, but both sides suffered. There was no dearth of courage on either side. The Federals might have escaped to Kansas City at any time. The rock fence extended for half a mile westward. Captain Axline ordered Lieutenant Herrington to take forty men and report to Buel at headquarters. Herrington went straight to John McCoy's house in the northwest part of town, from which a few shots were fired at a little squad of Quantrell's men, who twitted them for being poor marksmen. Herrington and his forty men then retreated in safety to Kansas City. The men behind the rock fence could see Buel's flag floating over headquarters. Finally a messenger arrived with orders to surrender.

After Quantrell's men had done the parts assigned them, they scattered over town in squads of three to five. They were among many of their friends in Independence.

When a squad of Quantrell's men arrived at the jail about 9 o'clock, they found that Lieutenant Meryhew with fifteen or twenty men had gone up North Main Street immediately after Major Hart had been killed. These escaped to Kansas City. Captain Wm. H. Gregg took possession of the jail,

and, being the strongest man in his squad, he took a sledge-hammer and broke the locks on the cell doors. A number of Southern men were released and also a few Federal inmates. James Knowles was in jail for killing a Southern man. He was shot and his cell was not molested. Meantime Buel was beleaguered in the bank building by sharp-shooters. Captain Rodewald had repaired to Buel's headquarters with his company. The windows of the building were used as port-holes whenever they could be used at all. The Confederates kept up a steady fire at the windows, but Buel was not suffering and he showed no disposition to surrender. The besiegers held a consultation. Quantrell said to Hays: "Give me thirty men and plenty of guns and ammunition and I will take Buel out of that bank." In twenty minutes Buel surrendered. Quantrell took position in the building across the street near where the First National Bank now stands, shooting over the roof of a low building, beside Buel's building. A fire was started by the side of this low building; the bullets were sent like hail into Buel's windows. A white flag was raised and Buel asked for a parley. He surrendered unconditionally and sent a messenger to his troops under Axline to surrender. The battle lasted for more than five hours.

Notes.

Buel had made unnecessary boasts as to the manner in which he would deal with Quantrell should he ever meet the guerrilla chief. Perhaps

for this reason Quantrell was sent into the bank building to receive Buel's surrender. Quantrell treated his prisoner with great magnanimity. This fact, coupled with the fact that Buel had made a poor defense of Independence, caused the Federal authorities to have Buel put under arrest for betraying the post into the hands of Quantrell. Buel, however, was acquitted, as he should have been. Colonel Gideon Thompson, though severely wounded, paroled the prisoners. Colonel Thompson was the senior officer of the command.

The number of killed was between thirty and forty on each side. Britton says: "After gathering up the captured property, such as they did not burn, the Confederate forces marched out of Independence, in the direction of Blue Springs, about five o'clock in the afternoon. The arms, ammunition, quartermaster, and commissary stores captured made a train of fifteen to twenty wagons. The ordnance and quartermaster's stores were much needed by the Confederates to arm and equip new recruits."

After the battle, Wm. Hallar and Captain Breckenridge, who had fought each other frequently during the summer, were in conversation when a man rode along on Breckenridge's fine horse. Breckenridge called to the man and made him dismount, saying he wanted Bill Hallar to have that horse. Upon hearing this, the soldier yielded the animal willingly.

After Quantrell's men had accomplished the

work at the jail, they moved up to the commissary department, first door south of the Commercial Hotel. Here they captured Captain Thomas, who had waylaid Geo. Todd, John Little, and Ed Koger at a crossing on the Little Blue. Koger and Little were killed, but Todd escaped unhurt out of the very clutches of the Federals. Todd now asked Thomas if he was in command of the waylaying party, and Thomas acknowledged that the charge was true. Todd at once ordered Thomas upstairs, where he was loaded with about 200 pounds of bacon and flour, which Todd said had been taken from the farmers of Jackson County. On reaching the street, an excited Confederate soldier came from the battle around Buel's headquarters with the report that the fight was to be abandoned. There was no time to be lost. A prominent follower of Quantrell promptly shot Thomas down, whereupon Todd was greatly offended, as he felt entitled to do the killing himself out of revenge for the waylaying episode.

W. L. Bryant, a prominent citizen of Independence, Mo., who was quite a young man at the time of the battle, relates an interesting conversation which he at the time heard between Colonel Buel and Cole Younger. The two were discussing the events of the day. Younger said: "Colonel Buel, did you put your head around the corner of that building yonder during the fight?" Buel replied: "Yes. I came there to look over the battlefield, but remained only a moment. It was too hot

for me." Younger continued: "I shot at your head with this revolver. Come and see how narrowly you escaped." They proceeded to the northwest corner of the bank building, where Younger pointed to a bullet-mark on the brick wall. The bullet struck scarcely an inch from Buel's head. The mark is still plainly visible. Bullet-holes are numerous about the second story at the northeast corner of the building; they are visible to this day.

Britton says: "The paroled Federal prisoners stayed in Independence several days after the battle, gathering up and taking care of the wounded of both sides and burying the dead. During all this time no Federal troops from any quarter came in, and on the morning of the third day Colonel Buel, with his officers and enlisted men, somewhat over 150 in number, started on foot for Kansas City and Leavenworth to be exchanged." Of the 150 paroled, 90 belonged to Rodewald's company. Therefore, only 60 Federals surrendered at the rock fence. What became of the balance of Buel's army? They escaped to Kansas City. They believed Quantrell was in command of the attacking force, and they believed he would have them all shot if they surrendered. The rock fence extended from the battle-field to where Lexington Street crosses the Missouri Pacific Railroad, half a mile away. Two hundred and fifty Federals passed down this fence, and escaped to Kansas City.

For other particulars, see biographies of Colonel Thompson and Major Vivian.

Chapter XV.

THE BATTLE OF LONE JACK.

Cowards die many times before their deaths;
The valiant never taste of death but once.
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
It seems to me most strange that men should fear.
—*Shakespeare.*

The yearly course, that brings this day about,
Shall never see it but a holiday.
—*Shakespeare.*

This notable engagement may be accounted as a type of all the battles of the Civil War. The story of the Lone Jack battle is told whenever any action of the war is recounted. This battle was the culmination of a raid, and thus foreshadowed Antietam, Gettysburg, and Westport. It is further typical in the firmness of its hold on the memory of men. "The yearly course that brings this day about" brings indeed a holiday. Thousands of people meet annually on the 16th of August, near the noble shaft, standing guard over the brave who fell in battle on that heroic day. The keeping of a day is the true, the enduring monument of any event. Our Declaration of Independence has no monument, needs no monument but the Fourth of July. We celebrate the birth of our Savior with one day in the year and His resurrection with one day in the week. The battle of Lone Jack was fought on the great national issues of

the day. There were no Kansans at this battle; the troops were Missourians on both sides and they represented American manhood. They fought to settle great national questions and were unmoved by local animosities. The noblest side of our human nature was revealed at Lone Jack in the earnestness of death. There is no hypocrisy in a battle. Our liberties are safe forever, if from generation to generation and forever shall be cherished and held dear the sacrifices and achievements of such men as fought at Lone Jack.

The movement culminating in this battle began in Arkansas at Frog Bayou, near Van Buren, whence had departed, early in the spring, such of Price's army as made records beyond the Mississippi. Those who did not cross the Mississippi remained here under General Rains, who hoped the summer would not wane before recruits came down from Missouri. But Colonels J. V. Cockrell, S. D. Jackman, D. C. Hunter, and others of the State Guards, under Rains, found that their commands could not be brought up to regimental standards without more abundant recruits than were likely to arrive during the fall, and these could be secured only by an invasion of Missouri.

General Rains assigned the command of the expedition to Colonel Vard Cockrell, with instructions to penetrate the State as far as he could, but not to sink the command.

The matchless Jo. Shelby, then a captain, just returned from Corinth, whither he had gone with

Price after Pea Ridge, was placed at the front with his company of seventy gallant, daring men. Marching orders were issued August 1, 1862, and the "boys" joyfully turned their faces toward Missouri. They were tatterdemalians in appearance; they were poorly mounted; some had bridles of rope or bark; many rode bareback or on sheepskins or blankets. Had they depended on the graces, the equipments and soldierly appearance of their ranks for the attraction of recruits, the expedition had been doomed to failure. But if dash and daring and perfect *morale* counted for anything, they might hope for great results. As to clothing and horses and accouterments, these might be captured from the Federals in Missouri. This part of their programme was not the least of their purpose nor the least of their accomplishment. General Jackman described the outfit as "the most laughable and amusing body of cavalry imaginable to start out on a recruiting and killing expedition, when those who were to be killed were the best mounted and best armed men in the world, and backed by the strongest Government in the world."

As Cockrell marched up from the South with his expedition, his ranks were swelled by the addition of companies, squads, and individuals. In Butler County the gallant Colonel Coffee, of the State Guards, and Colonel Tracy, of the Confederate Army, joined him with their commands. The time was opportune for invasions of the State,

and many fragmentary commands were coming up from the South to get recruits. H. R. Gamble, provisional governor of the State, was at this moment enforcing his famous order requiring all men of military age to join the State militia or Home Guards. This order sent thousands of men into the woods, all of whom were anxious to reach the Southern Army. Recruiting-camps were popular resorts and Cockrell's standard was everywhere welcomed.

On the night of August 14th the army camped in Johnson County. Captain Shelby dashed away with his company into Lafayette County, where his home was and where were the homes of his men. Shelby was acting by orders of the Confederate Government. He was not subject to the orders of Cockrell, except voluntarily. Shelby's purpose was to raise a regiment at his old home. Thus it happened that Shelby was not at the battle of Lone Jack. Colonel Cockrell turned the command over to Colonel Hunter and proceeded toward his home at Warrensburg. On the morning of the 15th Hunter moved early and marched all day toward the northwest. At night he had arrived in the neighborhood of Lone Jack. Colonels Coffee and Tracy, who were independent of Colonel Cockrell and of each other, camped to themselves. Tracy stopped two miles southeast of Lone Jack and went into camp with his men on the Dave Arnold farm. Coffee went into camp with his force at the Graham farm, half a mile southwest of Lone Jack.

Hunter proceeded through the village and went on three miles and a half further and camped on the George Kreeger farm.

Before Cockrell reached his home, and when almost in sight of it, he learned that a large body of Federals, probably Colonel Warren's Iowa troops from the post at Clinton, was moving in the direction his army had gone. He hurried toward his command and arrived at Hunter's camp that night.

Never had an army been in greater peril than now threatened the little army scattered around Lone Jack. Warren was coming up from the southeast with 800 men; Blunt with 1500 was coming up from Fort Scott and was near at hand on the southwest; Major Foster had already arrived and was bivouacked on the streets of Lone Jack; from the northwest an unknown number of Kansans under Burris and Ransom were pouring down to avenge the capture of Buel at Independence on the 11th inst. Colonel Cockrell had no artillery; he expected no reinforcements except from Hays, although Quantrell was near by, had he but known where to find him; he had but slight authority over the men about him—no authority over part of them; he had but one wagon containing a small amount of ammunition, and he was heavily encumbered with unarmed recruits.

The western terminus of the Missouri Pacific Railroad was at Sedalia. From that point Major Emory S. Foster marched on the 13th with a con-

siderable force across the country to Lexington, then in command of Colonel Huston. At midnight of the 14th Foster was informed by wire from General Totten at Jefferson City that he had been selected to operate against the rebels supposed to be near Lone Jack under Hays and Quantrell. The presence of Cockrell, Hunter, and Tracy was unsuspected. On the 15th, a dry, hot day, two armies, ignorant of each other's existence, made a long, fatiguing march, approaching each other at right angles at Lone Jack—Foster's army from Lexington and Cockrell's army from Johnson County. That night, a beautiful moonlit night, the Federals lay in the streets of the little village with their two cannon in their midst, and rested—a prelude to the final rest for many.

Before the moon was up the rim of Coffee's force was touched by the rim of Foster's. Some shots were exchanged; Foster discharged his cannon at Coffee's rapidly retreating columns. The men at Hunter's and at Tracy's camps heard the cannon's opening roar and were thus rudely apprised of the presence of Federals in the neighborhood. Foster would have fared better the next day had he refrained from firing his cannon that night. Those premature shots lost him the battle and lost him his cannon. The boom of artillery was a timely and fortuitous announcement to Tracy and Hunter of impending danger. Cockrell had arrived by this time and he supposed the cannon belonged to Warren's command from Clinton.

Tracy broke camp precipitately and making a wide detour arrived during the night at Hunter's camp. Coffee disappeared in the darkness and did not return until after the battle next day. Cockrell was informed by the citizens that Captain Geo. Webb and Dr. Winfrey, of Lone Jack, had been organizing a company during the week at the Ingram farm, within a mile of Hunter's camp, and that they had recently gone westward to join Hays.

Cockrell dispatched two swift horsemen to find Hays. Upon the arrival of Colonel Tracy, Cockrell called a council of war. The officers debated whether it were wiser to steal away that night in safety to the southward, or fight. The debate was short; they would fight. Hays and Coffee might come, or might not. The Federals in Lone Jack were evidently more than a mere scout; the artillery proclaimed that. Cockrell, Jackman, Tracy, Hunter, these determined to make the attack at daylight next morning on whatever force might lay before them. It was a bold resolve.

After the battle of Independence, Colonel Hays succeeded to the command of all the soldiers who came up from the south with Hughes. Colonel Gid. Thompson was their rightful commander after Hughes fell, but Thompson was suffering from a wound in the leg received at Independence and was unfit for duty. Captain Bohanon acted in Thompson's place. Colonel Hays was camped on the Harbaugh farm, twelve

miles northwest of Lone Jack. Toward midnight Cockrell's messengers arrived with news that the Federals were in Lone Jack. The news was enough. Hays roused his sleeping men and ordered them to mount. The company recruited by Webb and Winfrey had not been organized, but many of the men lived in the neighborhood of Lone Jack, and this company was placed at the front. A rapid march was made to Hunter's camp. When Hays arrived with his command at the lane leading up to the Kreeger farm, he found Cockrell and Tracy on their horses waiting in the road. A brief consultation was held. The night was waning. Cockrell sent orders up to the camp for Hunter to rouse his men quietly and to put his columns in motion for Lone Jack. As the leaders rode forward they conferred together, and by the time they reached Noel's farm the plan of battle and the disposition of the forces had been agreed upon. They would dismount for the battle and approach the Federals stealthily and take them by surprise. Captain David Shanks, of Hays' command, who was familiar with the topography of the region, was to remain mounted and with forty men was to ride around north and east to the rear of the Federal camp, and was instructed to bring on the battle and cut off retreat. In the confusion among the Federals, occasioned by Shanks' feint on the east of their camp, the main attack would be instantly made by those lying ready on the west of their camp. Hunter was to hold the

extreme right, Tracy the center, and Hays the left. Jackman was at the right of Hays. The plan of battle was a good one. The leaders expected to repeat what had been done at Independence five days since. Before day the Rebel forces moved forward *en masse* to the Anderson Long grove, a mile from the Federal camp. The men dismounted. The companies were arranged for the fight. Six rounds of ammunition were doled out gingerly from the ammunition wagon to those with arms, about 1100 men out of possibly 1800 or more present.

Stealthily, lynx-like, in the dark before dawn, these reapers of death crept into the weed-grown field adjoining the battle-ground. They came into position and stood for a moment expectant, alert in the gray dawn. There was tragedy, mysterious and inscrutable, frowning darkly along that irregular, almost haphazard line of squirrel rifles and shot-guns, weapons come for the first time from the gentle chase of the woods to the stern, bitter chase of men. These young soldiers, with young wives at home or girlish sweethearts betrothed, were fitter to build a shrine than to write a chapter on the bloody pages of history; they did both that day. A few veterans were among them, some who had gone out the summer before with Price and some had been with Doniphan in Mexico.

These veterans had been face to face with death in all its forms and the mystery of dissolution no longer appalled or terrified. Death was accepted

as a fatality and was neither courted nor shunned.

Somewhere down the Confederate line a gun was discharged by accident; in an instant the Federals were in motion. It was well for them. In a moment the attack was made; in a moment the attack was met. Here they fought it out in a deadly grapple; for five hours the awful, awful work went on. There were 1000 or 1200 Federals in the street. On the east side of the street was a bois d'arc fence, except where a long blacksmith shop stood. On the west side of the street were a few store buildings, residences, a hotel and some other buildings. Back of these buildings were garden plats, barns, and plank and rail fences separating the town property from the farm land, overgrown with high weeds and scattered patches of corn. Over this farm land the attacking party moved cautiously and drew near the Federal camp unobserved. A painful halt was made; daylight was broadening and Shanks had not brought on the fight. The plan of battle was disconcerted. The men were nervous and one man accidentally discharged his gun. The Federals were aroused and could be heard stirring in excitement and alarm. Their bugle sounded to arms. The time for the attack had come; the time for the surprise had passed. A wild forward rush brought the Rebels to the fences in rear of the buildings. A perfect rain of lead now interchanged across the forty or sixty yards of space between buildings and rear fences. The battle was on in full blast.

Colonel Hays, with the unerring instinct of a great soldier, formed his 400 in line at a point most advantageous for exploits startling and heroic. Just in front of these brave 400 was the Federal battery of two guns planted to enfilade the street. Around the battery the Federals were massing in some confusion, leading horses forth and keeping up a desultory firing at Hays' men as the latter moved nearer. Colonel Hays, always cool, observant, of ready perception, noted that the Federals were beginning to shield themselves behind their horses and were firing from the saddle-bows. Then he gave a command, piteous in its execution, the first command and perhaps the last of the day, for this was the privates' battle. He called to his men above the roar of the conflict: "Shoot the horses." For many minutes more horses fell than men. The poor animals, wounded and dying, groaned piteously. The two-cannon battery was not idle. These vicious instruments of death manifested their horrible capabilities by frightful roar and smoke. "Take the battery!" the cry ran along Hays' line. Captain Mart Rider, Captain Halloway, and Captains Webb and Winfrey dashed across the street with their companies and captured the battery in a hand-to-hand *melee*. Here the captors stood and fought and were not reinforced. A number of brave men fell in this first contest over the battery. In the excitement and enthusiasm of this momentary but dearly bought success, a young man leaped on one

of the guns and, swinging his hat over his head, shouted: "Hurrah for Jeff. Davis!" Before the echo of his voice came back, his soul was speeding away to eternity. The routed Federals returned in a heavy charge and retook the battery, driving Hays' men to right and left, a part falling back to the line of their comrades across the street and a part taking shelter behind the hedge on the east side of the street. Colonel Hays and Captain Webb were the officers behind the hedge. In a few minutes Captain Long, with a company of Federal cavalry, appeared in the standing corn east of the hedge and a short but terrific fusillade occurred. This was hardly noticeable, however, along the street where the battle was raging as if the Plutonian regions had sent internal fires to harass the earth and to destroy the lives of men. On the west side of the street a spontaneous and well-nigh universal impulse is gathering head to capture that deadly battery again. It is evident that Hays' men will now have support from many parts of the field. The men move forward in a more sullen and desperate temper than before. The Federals see the storm coming and draw closer about the guns. For a moment there is a lull, not quite a silence, then the wild and frantic charge, Confederates and Federals mingling, clabbing with guns, shouting, cursing, men falling and dying; the Federals give back almost in a moment and the guns are again in Confederate hands. But they were not long retained by their new masters. The Confederate

forces were beaten back with heavy loss and in great confusion. Captain Winfrey had now about one hundred men, only five of whom were of his old company. These five were Alvis Noel, Jas. W. Noel, Dave Adams, Jacob Adams, and Wm. Lewis. One of Hunter's men carried the flag over Winfrey's company. Other companies were equally disarranged and disorganized. The battle was raging from one end of the little town to the other. Captain Winfrey, whose home was here, led his company in a charge against the Federals in his own house and drove them from it and from his drug store adjoining his dwelling. From the upper windows of the hotel Foster's fine riflemen poured out a deadly, ceaseless fire on the Confederates crouching behind fences, outbuildings and whatever would afford shelter or concealment. Colonel Hays rode up the line on a black horse, the horse from which he was shot at Newtonia, and ordered the hotel to be set on fire. Two or three soldiers went forward—crept forward, gathering combustibles as they went. In a few minutes the building was in flames. It was a holocaust. The charred bodies of one or two men and a horse were discovered in the embers after the battle. Mrs. Bart Cave, hostess of the hotel, fled through the Confederate lines with her two small children and lay down for safety in the standing corn. Before the battle was over her babe muttered and cried. She rose on her elbow to give it attention and a ball penetrated her breast. She died two weeks

after. South of the hotel was a large barn, which the Confederates captured from the Federals. A number of wounded Federals were calling for water. They were supplied from the well in the barn. Captain Long, Major Foster's favorite, lay there, wounded through the body, and but one limb unbroken. He said: "I have done my best, but it is all over with me." A Confederate placed a blanket beneath his head and gave him water. The Confederates fired with such vigor and accuracy from this barn as to draw upon them the attention of the battery in the street. Cannon-ball after cannon-ball ripped with great clatter through the clapboard siding. How many times the Federal battery changed masters that day will never be known. The cannon were responsible for the bitterest and bloodiest contests. Major Foster, who was wounded in the battle and fell into the hands of the Confederates, wrote many years after the battle:

"Sergeant Scott handles his guns magnificently. With nothing but round shot, he finds round shot amply sufficient. Ball after ball, with unerring deadly aim, plunges through the hotel, through the houses to the north and south of it. Wherever a Confederate fusillade bursts from a window, a cannon-ball crashes. * * *

"At half past six the engagement has become general. The Confederates, facing eastward, fight with the August morning sun full in their eyes—a serious disadvantage. But this is not so serious,

as they are armed with shot-guns, good to kill at short range, even without accurate aim. This accounts for the fact so often noted of this engagement—there was no skirmishing at long range at Lone Jack. The bloody work went on full five hours across a street only sixty feet in width—when it was not a hand-to-hand encounter. There was not a cloud in the sky and the heat was terrible. * * *

“Such a combat is full of incidents. There was here no swaying back and forth before each other of uncertain, wavering lines. From seven o’clock till ten the opposing forces, like two wrestling athletes, held each other in a horrible embrace, each striving for advantage, neither seizing it.

“In such a struggle soldiers become their own officers and seek adventure on their own account. A bunch of weeds becomes the hiding-place of a sharp-shooter, who makes the affair a personal matter. A convenient shed conceals bloody men waiting eagerly for opportunity to kill. A face at a window is a signal for a shower of balls. A few hours of such fighting bleeds the opposing forces terribly. The final result of such a contest is only postponed, not in anyway rendered uncertain. That force will yield which first bleeds to death or loses the power to bleed the other. * *

“About ten o’clock the deadly fire of the Confederate sharp-shooters posted in a small log house, some distance north of our center, greatly harassed our right. To make the artillery effect-

ive against the house it must be dragged into the street and there served. Sergeant Scott will do it. Captain Brawner will support him with his rifle-men. While preparation is making for this, the roar of shot-guns on our front seems to decrease, almost to cease. Are they out of ammunition? Suddenly a man on horseback rides among the men behind the houses west of the street, distributing cartridges from a basket, escaping unhurt. The Federals gave him a rousing cheer in recognition of his nerve. He was a good one."

Major Foster narrates the final struggle over the guns, as follows: "We fall upon the Rebels in the middle of the street and struggle with them for the guns. The carnage here is frightful. In less time than is required for the telling of it, the sixty Federals are forty, and of these all but a dozen are disabled. Captain Long is mortally wounded. Lieutenant Rodgers is sorely hurt. Others lie in heaps—dead and dying. My brother and I, with ten others, remain unhurt and the guns are in our hands. We seize them and drag them eastward toward the shop."

Both sides momentarily expected reinforcements during all the terrible morning. So nearly equal were the contending forces that any reinforcement to either side would have brought victory on its banners. Major Foster says: "About half past nine a force of perhaps 200 men appeared near a mile south of us on the crest of a prairie ridge. They were Federals. We sent to them

across the green expanse a ringing shout of welcome. But they came no nearer and in a few moments disappeared behind the hilltop. This was a force sent out from Lexington after we left that post. I never knew what pressing business prevented them from joining our picnic."

Captain David Shanks captured sixty Federals on the east side of the battle-field. Ten men were detailed to report with these prisoners at headquarters. When they came to the road north of Lone Jack they encountered a body of Federals. The guards ran and the prisoners thus escaped to their friends. These Federals did not go into the battle. They were probably from Wellington. Finally a great dust was seen rising away to the west of the Noel farm, two miles away. The Confederates shouted, "Hurrah for Quantrell!" The Federals thought they had been fighting Quantrell all the morning; if he was yet to come into the action, they would stay no longer. They retreated precipitately and the Confederates were glad to see them go. The battle was over.

Notes.

At the close of the battle the cannon were in the possession of the Federals, who abandoned the guns because all their artillery horses had been killed; otherwise the battery would not have fallen into the hands of the Confederates. Noah Hunt, of Lone Jack, says that 110 dead horses were counted on the streets after the battle, all Federal horses.

Quantrell's men were in camp at or near David Dealy's farm, five miles northwest of Lone Jack, on the morning of the battle. Quantrell had gone the day before to Independence, leaving Captain Wm. H. Gregg in command, with orders not to break camp under any circumstances. For several hours Captain Gregg obeyed the order in plain hearing of the battle. When his fighting propensity could no longer be restrained, he gave the order for his men to mount, and they went like the wind. The dust they raised seems to have frightened the Federals from the battle-field. Some say Foster was whipped already, and that before he was wounded he would have surrendered, but, believing that he was fighting Quantrell, he feared that his men would all be shot. Major Foster says of Colonel Vard Cockrell: "I conceive, therefore, that it is to his tenacity and ability that we owe the pounding we received that day."

As Captain Gregg's command dashed down the rocky hill west of Lone Jack, the victorious Confederates were met returning for their horses. They had not stopped to gather the booty from the field, such as arms, etc., left by the retreating Federals.

I could give the names of a dozen men who are accredited with the daring deed of firing the hotel. For this reason I refrain from giving any.

Many of Col. Hays' men did not know until after the battle was over that any other Confed-

erate troops were present. Hunter's and Tracy's and Jackman's men fought like tigers. Hunter's command probably suffered the heaviest loss in killed. His men had seen some service, as had also those of Jackman and Tracy. Hays expressed dissatisfaction with the management of the battle before the battle was over.

A citizen of Lone Jack, concealed near enough to hear the battle, says the roar of guns was intermittent. Sometimes the battle sound almost died into silence, and then would break out anew. There was much shouting and not a little profane swearing. After the battle Colonel Hays marched out to the west and resumed recruiting, and did not go south for perhaps ten days.

Colonel Vard Cockrell departed southward with his captured cannon. One of these guns is accredited with firing the shot which crippled the iron-clad *Queen City*, on White River.

General Jackman, in his version of the Lone Jack battle, says that often the soldiers were compelled to retire from the battle to replenish their ammunition; many of these never returned, and this so disgusted Cockrell that he fired seventeen shots at the Federals from his revolver. Jackman says he went into the fight with about 500 men; Jas. W. Noel, of Lone Jack, who has greatly assisted me in gathering data for this chapter, believes Jackman went in with only thirty-two men.

The Federal and the Confederate loss in killed were about equal, about ninety each. These were

buried near the old oak tree from which Lone Jack took its name. Soon after the war the Confederates erected a fine monument at Lone Jack, commemorative of their dead.

Eastham Allen, of Lone Jack, says the messengers who notified Hays that the Federals were in Lone Jack the night before the battle were Isaac Arnold and David Yankee. Mr. Allen speaks positively as to Arnold's being one, and he believes Yankee was the other. Switzler, in his history of Missouri, has a foot-note which exhibits a very common mixture of truth and error found in history. Colonel Vard Cockrell was in command at Lone Jack. Colonel Coffee's command was not in the battle at all. Coffee arrived with a body guard just before the battle terminated. Here is Switzler's foot-note: "Among the remarkable incidents of the battle, the following is worthy of record: When the Federal force had fallen back and taken refuge in a large hotel, and were pouring from its windows a death-fire upon the Confederates, causing them to lie down and take shelter behind the plank fencing that surrounded the hotel, news came to the headquarters of General Coffee that his men had exhausted their cartridges. Volunteers were called for, to risk their lives in that terrible storm of Minie balls, and supply the soldiers behind the fencing with the needed ammunition. David R. Boneton, a son of Jesse A. Boneton, of Boone County, responded; and, filling a carpet-sack with deadly missiles, mounted his fine charger (named

'Sterling Price'), and dashed forward on his mission. He sat on his horse and distributed the cartridges amid a storm of bullets, coming out unscathed." Mr. Switzler is a good historian, but he can find other claimants to the honor he gives Boneton. I know a man who claims the honor for himself, and I have heard veterans name others.

Eastham Allen was with Captain Shanks, who made his headquarters at the old church northeast of town. A lull occurred in the battle, and Captain Shanks, who was a brave and devoted man, took fourteen of his forty men and went to the battle-field to ascertain why hostilities had ceased. Presently the battle was resumed. Shanks charged the Federals several times and was not more than ten feet from them, the hedge fence intervening. Captain Shanks, James Compton, Henry Snow, and A. C. Arnold jumped the hedge with their horses and were right among the Federals. Shanks ordered his men to retreat southward, and they passed out of range.

It is generally accepted as a fact that the battle was precipitated by the premature discharge of a gun in the hands of an excited Confederate. But Captain Shanks drew the fire of a Federal picket in passing to the east side. Major Foster says the picket gave the first alarm.

Chapter XVI.

NEWTONIA, CANE HILL, AND PRAIRIE GROVE.

The army of Missouri soldiers seemed to vanish from existence after the battle of Pea Ridge in March, 1862. From that date till past midsummer the soldiers who for a year had taken part in so many great and spectacular performances were strangers to all operations in their own State. But in August, captains, colonels, and generals attended by small retinues, nuclei of future battalions, brigades, and divisions, began to arrive at different points in the State. The Federal victory at Pea Ridge eliminated Curtis and his army from the State as effectually as defeat had eliminated Price and his army. But the dissipation of the State Guards and the withdrawal of Curtis to the swamps of Arkansas did not relieve the State of hostilities. General Schofield, the Federal commander of the Department of Missouri that year, reported over one hundred battles in the State from April 1st to September 20th.

Britton, in "The Civil War on the Border," discussing the unrest of this period, says at page 343: "The surrender of Independence, the defeat of Major Foster's forces at Lone Jack, and the report that the combined Rebel forces in Jackson and Lafayette Counties were four or five thousand strong, created much anxiety in the minds of the

people in the border counties of Kansas. And there were good reasons for such anxiety. It was known that a good many rebels in the border counties of Missouri were smarting to avenge the conduct of Colonel Jennison and the lawless bands of Red Legs from Kansas. These Rebel sympathizers alleged that Jennison's men and the Kansas Red Legs robbed and plundered the people of Missouri of personal property which could not in any manner be applied to military purposes, and it was sometimes hinted that the Secessionists would get even with General Lane for wantonly burning Osceola. There was a general feeling along the Kansas border that, on account of the alleged depredations referred to as not justifiable acts of war, the organized Rebels of Missouri would, if an opportunity offered, retaliate with interest." Britton, who was a Federal officer, here foreshadows Quantrell's raid on Lawrence the following year.

General James G. Blunt, commanding the Department of Kansas, including the Indian Territory, was at Fort Scott at the beginning of August, 1862. He learned from many sources that numerous detachments of Rebels were passing northward out of Arkansas. His forces had just returned from an Indian expedition and for a week his men rested and his thin, grass-fed horses were permitted to fatten. On August 9th he ordered his cavalry to mount and his 2000 infantry to get into one hundred Government wagons, drawn by

Government mules. With this outfit he started toward Lone Jack. All along the route he saw fresh trails through the long grass; the grass in the trails bent to the north. Arriving in the vicinity of Lone Jack, he heard that a great battle had been fought and that his friends had been discomfited. He found a trail with the grass bending to the south. He followed it and chased Cockrell to the Arkansas line, a bitter, unrelenting race. General Hindman had organized an army from the swamps and the mountains of Arkansas, had reunited the scattered State Guards under Rains, and was now moving toward Missouri to welcome and assist Cockrell, and Shelby, and Thompson, and all the recruits for the Southern Army, and to lead them in a grand invasion of the State. Blunt returned to Fort Scott and prepared for long marching and heavy fighting. General Schofield was at Springfield with a Federal army of ten thousand men, prepared to resist Hindman's aggressive movements. The signs portended a campaign rife with many battles.

While Colonel Cockrell was fighting the battle of Lone Jack, Captain Shelby was raising a regiment in Lafayette County. Edwards says: "Waverly was selected as the point of concentration, and from every portion of the surrounding country troops came pouring in for enlistment. Ten companies were organized in a day, and the next Captain Shelby had a thousand men of the best blood of Missouri. The struggle against surprise and

complete overthrow was terrible, for Federal gar-
risons and detachments were on every side; but
his old veterans nobly sustained him, and made up
by energy and incessant scouting what they lacked
in numbers. * * Captain Shelby gathered up
his new recruits and followed after Cockrell, on a
parallel and lower line, with speed as great and
anxiety as heavy."

At Coon Creek, in Jasper County, Shelby's
weary men were attacked by Blunt's Federals, un-
der Colonel Grano. A five-minute battle ensued,
in which several Federal soldiers and some Rebel
horses were killed. About the 12th of September
Colonel Shelby reached the Southern rendezvous,
on the skirt of a beautiful prairie, near Newtonia.
Simultaneously, Colonel Hays arrived with the
Jackson County regiment and Colonel Coffee with
the recruits from southwestern Missouri. These
three regiments were organized into one Missouri
cavalry brigade, and by orders of General Hind-
man were placed under the command of Colonel
Shelby, who was ordered to hold his position,
scouting well to the front in all directions while
giving his recruits necessary drill and discipline.
"At an election held in the Lafayette County regi-
ment, Captain Shelby was unanimously chosen
colonel, B. F. Gordon lieutenant-colonel, and
George Kirtley major. The Jackson County reg-
iment in turn elected Upton Hays colonel, Beal
G. Jeans lieutenant-colonel, and Charles Gilkey
major. The Southwest Missouri regiment elected

John T. Coffee colonel, John C. Hooper lieutenant-colonel, and George W. Nichols major. Thus the organization was completed, and Colonel Shelby assumed command of that immortal brigade which afterward carried its flag triumphantly in a hundred desperate conflicts, and poured out its blood like water from Kansas to the Rio Grande." (Edwards.) While the brigade was drilling at this camp, a detachment of Federals occupied Newtonia. Colonel Hays was ordered to take his regiment and drive them out of town and back to Mount Vernon. In executing this duty, Colonel Hays was killed and Major Charles Gilkey was promoted to the position of colonel.

Colonel Cooper, Rebel commandant of the Indian Territory, marched from the Cherokee Nation with four thousand half-breeds, full-bloods, cowboys, Texans, etc., and camped near Shelby, assuming command, being the ranking officer. On September 30th, General Sollaman advanced upon the town and gallantly drove everything before him. Even Bledsoe's battery could hardly stay the Federal tide. Shelby sent Lieutenant Gordon to the front and Cooper ordered up his Indians. The battle raged for hours, then there was a lull. Toward nightfall the Rebels renewed the attack with irresistible fury and the Federals were driven away. General Schofield was exasperated at this defeat and came on himself in a few days, determined to drive the Rebels out of the State. On the 4th of October he arrived in front

of Newtonia. He deployed his forces with consummate skill. The Rebel pickets were all driven in at the same moment. Colonel Cooper had already determined not to fight. He retreated toward the Indian Territory and Colonel Shelby retreated toward Pea Ridge, where Rains was encamped on the old battle-field of last March. In a few days General Blunt was in full pursuit of Cooper with a band of Pin Indians and a troop of Kansans. The Indians were divided about equally in their allegiance to the United States and to the Southern Confederacy. The employment of the Indians in the Civil War was not creditable to either North or South.

About this time, General Marmaduke, who quit the State service after the Boonville affair, returned from beyond the Mississippi, and was assigned by General Hindman to command the cavalry now in northern Arkansas. General Marmaduke advanced to Cane Hill, at the northern foot of the Boston Mountains, and waited the approach of Blunt. He had not long to wait. Blunt, who was equal to Shelby in his manipulation of and reliance on artillery, opened on the Rebels with a cannonade, long remembered for the terrible accuracy of the work performed. For an hour the battle raged; Blunt was unable to dislodge Shelby until by a flank movement he rendered Shelby's position untenable. Marmaduke ordered a retreat. For fifteen miles, up and down the mountain sides, through gorges, and along

streams, the battle raged until night. Wherever there was a boulder, a clump of pines, or a crag, Shelby posted a company, which, when routed, fell back past other companies, similarly posted, and again took up position far to the rear. Blunt hurled his troops savagely against company after company thus posted by Shelby. The Sixth Kansas made the last charge, and lost its leader, Colonel Jewell. Shelby's men were crouching in ambuscade on the sides of a deep ravine. With sabers drawn, hooting and yelling and hurraing, the brave Kansans rushed to repulse and certain destruction. Edwards describes, in one of his most eloquent passages, a scene at the close of this battle: "With the darkness came a flag of truce from General Blunt (which was received by the heroic Emmet McDonald, who had been fighting all day with the stubborn rear), asking for Colonel Jewell's body, and asking permission to bury his dead and take his wounded from the field of the Confederates. It was cheerfully granted, and General Marmaduke and Colonel Shelby met him on neutral ground, and conversed as freely and calmly as if but two hours before they had not sought each other's life with fell tenacity. 'Whose troops fought me to-day,' asked General Blunt. 'Colonel Shelby's brigade,' replied the generous Marmaduke. 'How did they behave, General?' 'Behave?' answered Blunt; 'why, sir, they fought like devils. Two hundred and fifty of my best men have fallen in this day's fight, and more

heroic young officers than I can scarcely hope to get again. I don't understand your fighting,' he continued; 'when I broke one line, another met me, another, another, and still another, until the woods seemed filled with soldiers and the very air dark with bullets.' Just then the body of Colonel Jewell was carried tenderly past by his sorrowful soldiers, and a frown passed swiftly over the face of General Blunt, but it cleared instantly, and he said in a troubled voice: 'Ah! there goes a model soldier—and far away in Kansas he leaves a poor old mother who will look long for his return.' 'How many men did you fight us with to-day?' asked Shelby. 'I am ashamed to tell,' replied Blunt, evasively, 'but more than you had to meet me.' After holding some further conversation, the generals separated to their dreary bivouacs."

Blunt fell back to Cane Hill and began to gather about him all the Federal forces in that region. Hindman was concentrating, massing, counseling, and preparing with the greatest alacrity for the supreme effort to open the door into Missouri. The one great battle of this campaign was now to be fought. It was to decide again what the battle of Pea Ridge, a few miles away, decided nine months before. The issues at stake were the same; the contestants were not the same. The battles of Independence, Lone Jack, Newtonia, Cane Hill, and a hundred hot, unrecorded skirmishes were parts of the campaign now to culminate in the battle of Prairie Grove. It was a bat-

tle of the North and the South contending for Missouri, an issue finally settled in favor of the North at the battle of Westport. If some future Creasy ever writes "The Fifteen Decisive Battles of Our Civil War," he will name Pea Ridge, Prairie Grove, and Westport as the most important battles of the number. And around these his pen will linger in fond portraiture of all the noble exercises of valiant war, the *finesse* of military maneuvering, plans and counter-plans, the wily, wary, skillful generalship, and the undaunted courage of men.

Hindman determined to drive a wedge into the center of Blunt's segregated forces. General Herron was at Fayetteville, east of Cane Hill, coming with six thousand to reinforce Blunt's ten thousand. If quick enough work could be done, these two forces might be destroyed in detail. Shelby and Marmaduke and Fagan were sent to meet Herron. They encountered him at Prairie Grove. Meantime Blunt was to be given employment by feint or fight. Colonel Monroe was detailed for this work and attacked Blunt fiercely at Cane Hill. For hours Blunt thought the entire Rebel Army was in his front, and he sent couriers to Herron at the same time that Herron sent couriers to Blunt, each asking for aid. At Prairie Grove, Colonel Shanks opened the battle. Herron was an intelligent, energetic, and fearless fighter, who was as devoted to artillery as either Shelby or Blunt. Herron had forty splendid guns; with these he played for time. His cannonade was unsurpassed; its work

was insatiate butchery. After two hours of artillery practice, Herron ordered a charge on the right against Shelby and Fagan. The attack was repulsed, and Shelby's men charged the retreating Federals to Herron's very guns, both suffering terribly. Again Herron came to the attack and again was repulsed. Herron prayed that Blunt or night would come, as Wellington at Waterloo prayed that Blücher or night would come.

Suddenly wild and frantic cheering to the west on the Federal right drowned the roar of battle. Blunt had arrived. The dreadful conflict was now renewed. Both armies knew the fatal hour was about to strike; both armies stripped and like sinewy athletes grappled for the mastery. "For four dreadful hours the red waves of battle ebbed and flowed around the hill, in and out amid the beautiful woods of Prairie Grove, and almost upon the sacred altar of the quiet country church, pointing its tall spires heavenward, as if praying God's mercy on the infuriated combatants. Blunt, grim and stubborn as a bull-dog, threw himself upon General Parsons, and dealt him ponderous blows for an hour and more, when Parsons closed suddenly upon him and bore him back, bleeding, through a large orchard to the timber beyond, where he had massed thirty pieces of artillery in one solid park. * * Herron on the right had less success than Blunt, and was driven back at all points with greater loss. Night alone closed the battle, leaving the Confederates in possession

of the field and believing in victory, though somewhat scattered and demoralized."

That night Hindman retreated back to the mountains of Arkansas, and Missouri was again saved to the North. That cold, bleak December night was spent by burial parties and relief corps from both armies caring for the dead and the wounded. The piteous groans of dying men and wounded horses made the night dismal. The scenes of that battle-field will never be forgotten by participants in the battle or the charitable witnesses present next day.

Chapter XVII.

THE RAIDS OF MARMADUKE AND SHELBY.

The War of the Rebellion was a war of raids. Witness the great raids of Lee, Sherman, Morgan, Price, Marmaduke, and Shelby. Perhaps Shelby was the most restless and indefatigable raider that the war produced. He was never known to remain contentedly in camp more than a few days. Not even winter quarters could hold him. There was no better cavalry commander in the war on either side than General Shelby. While General Price was drilling his new army at Cowskin Prairie in 1861, Capt. Shelby returned to Lafayette County to recruit and to harass the enemy. The county was well occupied by Home Guards, whom Shelby with his company kept in turmoil for two weeks. He captured a steamboat, *Sunshine*, he made and used wooden cannon, burned bridges, dug rifle-pits, and fought the Home Guards and regulars, then returned to Price in time for the Wilson Creek battle. After the Wilson Creek fight, while Price reorganized his army, Shelby made another dash into Lafayette County, where he met the Home Guards in many skirmishes and battles, preludes to the siege of Lexington.

Shelby's next raid to Missouri was with Cockrell's expedition after Corinth, marked by the battle of Lone Jack.

The stately Marmaduke was a great cavalry leader. He was a West Pointer and his campaigns and raids were characterized and modeled by all the tenets of strict military science. Marmaduke was superb on horseback. After Blunt had driven Shelby and Marmaduke back from Cane Hill and Prairie Grove far into Arkansas, the Confederate Army rested in cantonment at Lewisburg. Blunt followed on to the Arkansas River, which he proposed to cross and attack Little Rock, Confederate headquarters. Blunt's line of communication reached down from Rolla, Mo., railroad terminus, whither supplies came from St. Louis. General Hindman, perhaps the ablest general ever in charge of the Trans-Mississippi Department, ordered Marmaduke to take his division of cavalry and march into Missouri, sever Blunt's communication and force him by starvation to retreat out of Arkansas. General Marmaduke selected for this hazardous service the Missouri brigades, commanded by General Shelby and by General Porter. On the last day of December, 1862, this army broke camp at Lewisburg and turned to the north, to face not only the Federal enemy, but also the blasts of a Missouri winter. In a week the eager, swift-riding Missourians were nearing Springfield, already famous in the annals of the war. The place was defended by General Brown, a brave and generous Federal commander. Springfield was fortified by formidable works. On the morning of January 8, 1863, Marmaduke

dismounted his command, two miles from the city, and marched to the attack with Thompson on his right, Gordon on his left, and Gilkey (Hays' old regiment) in the center. The front of the town was guarded by an extensive and strong stockade, which surrounded the large brick female college. As the Confederates approached the stockade the fighting became furious. A charge was now ordered and the stockade was carried by assault. From the embrasures of the earthworks the Federal cannon swept the street, but the Confederates took possession of the first line of rifle-pits and carried back a Federal gun, which was added to Collins' battery. The fighting continued through the day; at night Marmaduke withdrew, taking the road toward Rolla, unmolested by pursuit. General Porter was off toward Rolla and the divided forces reunited at Sand Springs. Marmaduke lingered along the Rolla road, capturing a few supply trains and preventing others from setting out, until Blunt returned with his whole army to Springfield. Marmaduke now retreated into Arkansas, having fully accomplished his purpose. The return was marked by hardships and battles. At Hartsville a ferocious battle was fought. It was here that Colonel Emmet McDonald fell. This eccentric and chivalrous young man had vowed not to cut his hair until the Confederacy was established. Here also fell Colonel Wymer and many others.

At Batesville the remainder of the winter,

about two months, was passed, and before turning again to invade Missouri, Shelby gave a sham battle for the benefit of the ladies.

In April, General Marmaduke returned from Little Rock, whither he had gone to meet General Price. At this conference the "Cape Girardeau Expedition" was decided upon. Cape Girardeau, on the Mississippi River, was a depot of supplies for a portion of Grant's army, now operating against Vicksburg. The capture of Cape Girardeau would have greatly weakened Grant. It was understood that General John McNeil commanded the place—McNeil, whose name is forever linked in history with the Palmyra massacre. Marmaduke captured some Federal dispatches containing an order for McNeil, then in Stoddard County, to proceed to Pilot Knob, but McNeil disobeyed the order and hastened back to Cape Girardeau. Had McNeil obeyed his orders, he would have been captured. Two days after McNeil reached Cape Girardeau, Marmaduke arrived with his entire division, known as "Price's First Corps of the Trans-Mississippi Department." The Confederates prepared for immediate attack; before doing so, Marmaduke summoned McNeil to surrender, giving him but thirty minutes to consider the matter. McNeil refused and the battle opened with a tremendous fusillade. The heavy boom of artillery and the incessant crash of small-arms reverberated over the Father of Waters, on whose bosom scurried to and fro hundreds of steamboats screeching

out their dismay. Again McNeil was summoned to surrender, but reinforcements were now disembarking, and his reply was defiant.

The Confederates made a gallant but unsuccessful assault. Marmaduke was repulsed with heavy loss, and he returned toward Arkansas, followed hard, not by McNeil, but by Colonel Vandiver from Pilot Knob. Vandiver was cautious, even to timidity, but he forced the Confederates to fight at Jackson, Bloomfield, and St. Francis River. Had McNeil joined Vandiver in the pursuit and had the pursuit been conducted in a soldierly, enterprising manner, Marmaduke's army might have been eliminated from the service at the St. Francis River.

The next effort to relieve Vicksburg was the attack on Helena, July 4th, the day Vicksburg surrendered. Immediately after this, General Frederick Steele received orders to proceed from Helena against Price at Little Rock. He obeyed the order with energy and alacrity, sending commotion and consternation throughout the Rebel strongholds in Arkansas. The Confederates were justly discouraged. The Arkansas River was held by the Federals at all important points. At this gloomy hour Shelby came forward with a unique plan to revive the spirits of the army. He desired to lead an expedition to the Missouri River. His superiors demurred at first and attempted to check his ambition for such a perilous undertaking. Shelby had been severely wounded in the

hand at Helena. It was argued that the wound incapacitated him for such a long and arduous journey. He replied that he would rather go and lose both hands than to remain idle in Arkansas. As to the dangers, he courted them. Shelby was masterful not only in camp and field, but also in council. His knightly bearing won for his Quixotic and presumptuous project the reluctant endorsement of both Marmaduke and Price. General Kirby Smith was constrained to issue the requisite order. On September 23, 1863, Shelby set out with 800 Missouri "boys," all shouting joyously as they started. The little army might never come back. They were going five hundred miles into the enemy's country. Shelby had with him Shanks and Langhorne and Gordon and Elliott and Thorp. He had two pieces of artillery and twelve wagons heavily loaded with ammunition. Fighting began long before Missouri was reached. On the way Hunter and Coffee joined the expedition. They reported that the summer had been a sad one for Missouri, the darkest season of her mournful history. The State was infested with guerrillas. At every hamlet and cross-roads were garrisons of militia. That summer the black flag waved over Missouri; killing and burning had been indiscriminate. Quantrell had raided Lawrence in August, and Ewing in retaliation had issued and enforced Order No. 11. Shelby met fugitives under this order from Jackson, Cass, and Bates counties, down as far as the Arkansas line, women and children

and old men, in rickety wagons, drawn by teams too shabby for army service. This summer was truly awful for Missouri. The Home Guards and militia were kept in perpetual turmoil by the guerillas, who by this time were almost perfect in their craft.

Shelby entered the State at a point from which he might threaten Springfield. His route lay through Neosho, Greenfield, Humansville, on to the Osage River at Warsaw, then to Cole Camp, and on to Tipton and Boonville. Battles and skirmishes occurred daily, almost hourly. At Boonville, Gen. Brown, then stationed at Jefferson City, attacked Shelby's army, which retreated toward Marshall, where Gen. Ewing was stationed with a large force. With Brown in the rear and Ewing in front, both commanding forces superior to Shelby's, the bold raiders were face to face with destruction, quick and terrible. Shelby ordered Shanks to defend the rear with two hundred men, while he, with the main army, fought Ewing in front. Two hot engagements were now fought simultaneously not half a mile apart. Very quickly both Shanks and Shelby were completely surrounded. Shelby cut his way through, escaping with thinned ranks to the west. Shanks cut his way through, escaping to the east. Then began two races for safety in Arkansas, Shanks on one road with all that were left of his two hundred, and Shelby on another road with his decimated ranks, each ignorant of the other's fate. Some-

where south of Springfield, on the wire road, Shanks and Shelby camped within five miles of each other, and their scouts met. At midnight a joyful reunion took place.

Shelby marched on leisurely toward White River, almost without ammunition. General McNeil dropped in behind, and followed on to the Arkansas River. There was no fighting between Shelby and McNeil.

The raid ended at Washington, Arkansas.

Chapter XVIII.

BATTLES OF MISSOURIANS IN ARKANSAS.

(Helena.)

An account of the battles fought by Missourians in Arkansas would fill a volume. The Missouri Confederate soldiers spent by far the larger part of the time of the war in Arkansas. I shall content myself with a fair outline of the movements, campaigns, and battles of the Missourians in our neighboring State. The custom among our leading citizens, who become absorbed in either civil or military affairs east of the Mississippi, has been to disregard the importance of the western half of the continent. No able general was sent during the war by either of the contending governments to take charge of the respective forces in the West. The failure to do so was a mistake on the part of the United States, and a blunder on the part of the Southern Confederacy.

* The operations in Missouri and Arkansas were not always independent of the operations beyond the Mississippi. A clear conception of the war in the West can be attained only by noting the movements of Beauregard, Bragg, Hood, and Lee, and of McClellan, Grant, Sherman, and Rosecrans.

After General Price had begun a great career in the country above Vicksburg, Jeff. Davis, instead of promoting that career by giving the great

Missourian larger powers, permitted him to return to the West, and there submerged him in subordinate positions, under men not his equal in greatness. Vicksburg fell. The Trans-Mississippi Army fought to give relief to its beleaguered friends. The belated and ill-starred assault on Helena was made for no other purpose than to weaken Grant's terrible grasp on Vicksburg. Price and Shelby and Marmaduke each advocated the move on Helena long before General Holmes could be brought to see the importance of such action. It was too late to benefit Vicksburg when Holmes—"old Granny Holmes," the soldiers called him—arrived in front of Helena with his Trans-Mississippi Army. Vicksburg was about to fall; the last blow in its defense was about to be delivered on Helena. The battle here was modeled, on a larger plan, after the battle at Cape Girardeau. The river, the boats, the cannonade, the object of the battle, and the repulse were all repetitions of what had been witnessed and experienced at Cape Girardeau.

In the latter part of May, General E. Kirby Smith ordered General Holmes to move toward Helena, and Holmes directed his forces to concentrate at Jacksonport on the White River. Thither came by June 22d Price's division of infantry, consisting of one thousand in Parsons' Missouri brigade, and McRea's brigade of four hundred Arkansans; Fagan's brigade of Arkansas infantry, numbering fifteen hundred; and Marmaduke's division of Missouri and Arkansas cavalry,

numbering two thousand; making a total of four thousand nine hundred. This army made one of the most extraordinary marches in the history of the war. The route lay through the low, swampy White River bottom. The rain was incessant. The infantry were generally in water up to the waist. The men dragged the cannon and the supply wagons through bogs and bayous. There was no pontoon train and the swollen streams were bridged with logs. The march from Jacksonport to Helena occupied twelve days, and men and animals were exhausted by the excessive labor. Napoleon's passage of the Alps was hardly more arduous than the march of this army from Jacksonport to Helena.

On July 3d the army arrived in front of Helena. A council of war was held at General Holmes' headquarters. Price was not in favor of an attack now. The place had doubtless been strengthened against their coming by troops from around Vicksburg; an attack could draw from Grant no more troops. If Helena were taken, the garrison would escape to transports lying then at the wharf, and Vicksburg would thus be strengthened by the capture of Helena. But Holmes would not listen to Price now, as he had never listened to him in the past. Holmes replied: "General Price, this is my fight and I am going to attack Helena; if I fail, I will bear the odium; if I succeed, I want the glory."

Helena, commanded by General Prentis, was

defended in the rear by the Mississippi River and its gunboats, by Fort Hindman at the southern suburbs, by Fort Solomon at the northern suburbs, by the Graveyard fort on the west, and by a strong citadel at the center of the city. General Holmes, who was a hero and a skillful tactician at this battle, assigned General Fagan to attack on the south, General Price to attack on the west, and General Marmaduke to attack on the north. General Walker was to march down the river to the assistance of Marmaduke. All attacks were to be made at sunrise on July 4th. At the appointed hour Fagan and Price made a simultaneous charge, driving straight forward, in face of withering storms of shot from boats and batteries, from embrasures and rifle-pits. Fagan was utterly repulsed, while Walker and Marmaduke failed even to make an attack. General Price carried the fort in front of him and his men charged into the center of the town, led by Colonel Lewis, who at Lone Jack received a wound in the head. General Shelby brought forward the two cannon captured at Lone Jack, but used them ineffectually, owing to the nature of the ground. These cannon were costly ordnance that day; many a brave Missourian fell in manual effort to save them. The failure of Marmaduke and Walker and the repulse of Fagan left the advance of Price's division unsupported and in precarious surroundings, the center of fire from all the forts. The object now was to save Price's division, not to capture Helena. The

safe withdrawal of Price was doubtful; superior generalship of the leaders and the bravery of the men alone saved the army. When the smoke hung heaviest over Helena, Vicksburg surrendered, and while the surviving Missourians at Vicksburg were being paroled, the surviving Missourians who fought at Helena were retreating toward Little Rock. The Southern Confederacy, triumphant until now, was tottering and leaning to its fall. General Steele pushed after the flying Confederates, but had many a hard battle before he took Little Rock.

General Marmaduke failed to make the attack at Helena because General Walker failed to march to his support. The two men were not friendly thereafter. Estrangement grew with multiplied failures in the retreat before Steele. After the retreat from Brownville and after the battle at Bayou Metre, General Marmaduke asked that his division be removed from General Walker's command or that his resignation be accepted. He was permitted to withdraw his division. General Walker felt that in some way his bravery had been impugned by Marmaduke's peremptory withdrawal of his division. General Walker, therefore, challenged General Marmaduke for a duel. Colonel John C. Moore, now of Kansas City, acted as Marmaduke's second and named as weapons Colt's navy revolvers, at fifteen paces. At the second shot Walker fell, mortally wounded, and was conveyed back to Little Rock in Marmaduke's ambu-

lance. Marmaduke was put under arrest, but was soon released and resumed command of his division. Steele was pressing hard on Little Rock. Somewhere down the river, below Little Rock, Colonel Gilkey, commanding Hays' old brigade, lost his life in a fight with one of Steele's gunboats. Major Shanks, suffering from a wound received at Helena, became colonel by promotion. General Shelby had been unable for service owing to a wound received at Helena, and Dr. Webb had ordered him to forego all military effort. But Shelby was under higher orders, the orders of military ardor, and he went to the front amid tremendous enthusiasm of his soldiers. A great battle was deemed inevitable. Steele threw pontoon bridges across the river below the capital, and the Federals swarmed over. On September 7th the Confederates evacuated Little Rock, and General Steele took possession. Price retreated leisurely to Arkadelphia, and was not pursued and was not attacked in his new position.

In two weeks Shelby was weary of rest and sought permission to lead an expedition to Missouri, an account of which see elsewhere in this volume.

In five or six weeks after the fall of Little Rock, General Marmaduke conducted his division down the river to Pine Bluff, occupied by Colonel Clayton, of Kansas, and a force of Kansas troops. Pine Bluff was probably of no more importance than

any other point on the Arkansas River held by the Federals. This point was selected for the reason that it might be easily surprised. On Sunday morning, while Clayton's troops were at dress parade, Marmaduke dashed up and peremptorily demanded of Clayton the surrender of the place. Clayton, taken completely by surprise, would not even receive the flag of truce. He remembered General Jackson's breastworks at New Orleans, and there were more cotton-bales at Clayton's command than Jackson ever saw. While Marmaduke waited for a reply to his demand, Colonel Clayton constructed an impregnable fort of cotton-bales. When Marmaduke made his assault thirty minutes later, he was received with such warmth that he decided to retreat, but not until the battle lasted five hours.

General Holmes, whose spirit was broken at Helena, if not his heart, had no more fight in him. He was a disconsolate man, and as he turned his back on Little Rock he said to Marmaduke: "Steele will not pursue us. His Government will not seek to disturb us now. We are an army of prisoners, and self-supporting at that." Holmes was correct. Grant saw the situation in the same light, and therefore scarcely approved the expeditions, now to be related, of Banks to Shreveport, Steele to Camden, and Porter with his fleet up the Red River. Sherman quite approved the Red River and Camden expeditions, but this only re-

veals the difference in the perception of Grant and Sherman.

At Camden the "boys" fought a great sham battle. Here General Holmes relinquished his command over the District of Arkansas, and was succeeded by General Price.

Chapter XIX.

BATTLES OF MISSOURIANS IN ARKANSAS.

(Steele's and Banks' Fiasco.)

Generals Sherman and Banks met at New Orleans and agreed on a plan of campaign up the Red River. Shreveport was to be converted into a Federal stronghold and a loyal State government was to be established in Texas. French operations in Mexico were creating disquietude and uneasiness at Washington City. The immense possibility of a new republic in the Southwest, heretofore a dream, moving first in the brain of Burr, might be realized now. So thought Shelby when, at the close of the war, he marched to join the French in Mexico.

Shreveport was a great cotton emporium; it was at the head of navigation for large steamers; its fortifications, depots, arsenals, and shops, its proximity to Texas and Arkansas, and its commanding position over Louisiana, marked it as a point of strategic importance. Sherman believed the possession of Shreveport would be highly advantageous to his government. General Grant was never in favor of the Red River expedition. With the true insight of a great soldier, he insisted that the winning of victories in Georgia and Virginia were vastly more important; he gave a reluctant endorsement to the expedition and stipulated that it should be abandoned if not com-

pleted in thirty days. After a tentative move from the Gulf at Sabine Pass, in obedience to Lincoln's order, the Red River route was decided to be the more practical one. Porter was to run up the Mississippi River with his squadron of iron-clads to the mouth of Red River, where 10,000 of Sherman's troops would be placed on transports and where other arrangements would be perfected for the ascent; Steele was to come down from Little Rock and capture Camden on his way down to join Porter and Banks at Shreveport. The plan was magnificent. There were men enough and boats enough; there was time enough and money enough to win success. Even Grant did not anticipate failure, but he doubted whether any great advantages would accrue from certain victory. But

"The best laid schemes o' mice and men
Gang aft a-gley,
And leave us naught but grief and pain
For promised joy."

Porter proceeded up Red River with a fleet more imposing and powerful than had hitherto ever assembled on any river of this or any other continent. Banks concentrated an army of 30,000 troops at Alexandria to co-operate with the fleet. Porter reached Coushatta, where he first met Confederate resistance. Banks pushed on without opposition to Natchitoches, one hundred miles from Shreveport.

To meet this formidable invasion of Confederate territory, General E. Kirby Smith, one of

the purest men the South had, ordered General Magruder, commandant of the Texas District, to send all the available troops in that State, leaving the Gulf coast open to invasion. General Colton Green came up in command of the Texans. General Smith ordered General Price, commandant of the Arkansas District, to dispatch in haste his infantry, consisting of Parsons' and Churchill's divisions. These reported to Smith at Shreveport and were hurried forward to meet Banks. General Maxey with his Indians was to reinforce Price for the loss of Parsons and Churchill. General Dick Taylor, son of President Taylor, was assigned to the command of all the forces operating in front of Banks and against Porter's fleet. Banks was assisted by Generals A. J. Smith, Lee, Franklin, Mower, and others. On March 8, 1864, Banks' advancing army met the Confederates at Mansfield, and was beaten back with terrible slaughter. The rout of the Federals was complete and the scene baffles all description. General Ransom said afterward that "Bull Run was nothing in comparison." Banks fell back to Pleasant Hill, where on the 12th he was attacked by General Taylor, who was following up his advantage gained on the 8th inst. Another great battle ensued, in which Taylor lost many of the cannon and wagons captured at Mansfield. Banks converted the victory of this day into virtual defeat by retreating in consternation to Pleasant Hill Landing, thirty-five miles away, where Porter had arrived. Banks

now saw plainly that the expedition was too large an undertaking for him. The fleet had passed up with great difficulty over the rapids. The water was low and was steadily falling. Dams were constructed across the river with vast labor in order to secure water deep enough to float the iron-clads down to the Mississippi. General Kirby Smith now threw away the greatest opportunity of his life—the opportunity of annihilating an army of 40,000 men and a great fleet. But steadfastness of purpose was not one of Smith's virtues. His attention was divided between Banks and Steele. His divided attention manifests itself in his post-bellum writing. The Confederates harassed the demoralized Federals and chased the fleet for some days before they were recalled to turn against Steele. Speaking of the retreat inaugurated at Pleasant Hill, Wilson says in his "Pictorial History of the Great Civil War": "The Shreveport expedition ought to have been a success. As it was, the National Army had lost already eighteen guns, small-arms in large numbers, 5,000 men, 130 wagons, and 1,200 horses and mules, and had accomplished nothing."

The chief actors in this campaign on both sides were accused, no doubt falsely, of conspiracy to speculate in cotton. General Dick Taylor was relieved of his command, owing to a spirited correspondence with General E. Kirby Smith. General Banks was overslaughed, and General Canby succeeded to his place. Meantime how fared Steele,

who, on March 23, 1864, marched out of Little Rock with 12,000 cavalry and 3,000 infantry? Price was to hold this vast army in check with only 6,000 or 8,000 men. His infantry, under Parsons and Churchill, were absent fighting Banks. The greater part of Price's army, now in winter quarters at Camden, consisted of new and untried recruits. The lusty young Missourians who composed Price's army at the beginning of the war, three years before, were all in their graves, save some 3,000, distributed under Shelby, Marmaduke, Parsons, and Churchill. The great majority of Price's troops were from Arkansas and Texas. General Steele ordered General Thayer to march from Fort Smith with his 5,000 troops to Arkadelphia and there join the main army. General Clayton, who repulsed Marmaduke at Pine Bluff, and who afterwards successfully encountered Shelby when the latter was foraging in the region about Pine Bluff, and who had never been defeated, was ordered to form a junction with Steele at Camden. Steele's army was large enough and it was handled skillfully enough to go whither it pleased. Steele saw no Confederates until he reached Arkadelphia, two-thirds of the distance to Camden. Gen. Shelby inaugurated at Arkadelphia that remarkable system of harassment which in six weeks sent Steele ingloriously back to Little Rock. Shelby, who at this moment became a brigadier-general on account of his raid to Missouri the previous autumn, attacked and captured Steele's rear guard of two

companies. Steele's communication with Little Rock was effectually severed and from now on the Federals were annoyed continually from attacks on both flanks and in the rear; their supply trains were captured; their foraging parties were destroyed, and starvation met Steele at Camden. From Arkadelphia the road to Camden traversed the Washita River bottom. Along this road skirmishes were frequent, implacable, deadly. The Confederates fought with the bitterness of outraged local pride. The Missourians had been expatriated and fought for revenge; the Arkansans were defending their invaded State; the Texans anticipated subjugation and fought desperately. Steele was a disciplinarian and held his army well in hand. At the Little Missouri River, Marmaduke contested the crossing, and the delay gave Shelby time to pass from the rear to the front, where he took position on the plain of Prairie d'Ann, bordering on the marshy river bottom. For two or three days Steele lay in position waiting to be attacked, while Price lay ten miles away, behind hastily constructed works. Finally General Thayer, belated, arrived with his 5,000 troops from Fort Smith. Steele now had 20,000 troops, minus his losses since leaving Little Rock. The two days' waiting had not been wholly devoid of action; bitter skirmishes had occurred. On the third day Steele advanced his batteries and a terrific artillery duel took place. Finally Steele moved in force, determined, as he said, to break "the infernal

tenacity of Shelby's bloodhounds." Marmaduke and Shelby held him in check for a time and the fighting was desperate. Price ordered a withdrawal from Steele's front, and Steele marched on toward Camden. At Poison Springs, Shelby and Marmaduke again took position and fought another hard battle, after which Steele pushed on and entered Camden. Here General Steele expected to capture Confederate supplies. He found instead gaunt famine. His distress of mind was not assuaged by intelligence from Banks. He learned with dismay that Banks had failed gloriously.

General Price skillfully circumvalated Camden and waited for Steele to starve, or come out. The tedium was relieved by desultory and repeated dashes at Steele's position. On April 20th hard necessity compelled the Federal commander to send out a foraging force up the river along the road beyond Poison Springs. The foragers had 250 wagons, escorted by an ample cavalry force, including a regiment of negroes. They gathered up a general assortment of everything produced in the State of Arkansas and were returning. At Poison Springs, Marmaduke intercepted the train, assisted by General Maxey and his Indians and General W. L. Cabell, known among the privates as "Old Tige," on account of his fighting qualities. The battle was a hard one, but resulted in a complete victory for Marmaduke and the capture of the entire train.

“When the Indians reached the captured train, they were enchanted; as far as they were concerned, the battle was over. They considered that the greatest victory of the war had been achieved, the power of the Yankee nation hopelessly broken, and the independence of the Confederacy placed beyond a doubt. Marmaduke, however, restrained them with stern orders. But the battle-field offered a brilliant opportunity for the display of their skill; and many a mountain of useless plunder was seen, beneath which reeled and swayed an invisible Indian.” (Edwards.)

Steele was in dire distress. A train of 300 wagons was sent out toward the Saline River and carefully guarded by a much larger force than the one destroyed at Poison Springs. General Fagan discovered this train by chance. Operating under General Fagan were the brigades commanded by Shelby, Cabell, and Dockery. Shelby was sent to make a detour in order to gain the Federal front, while Fagan brought on the attack at a place immortalized in history as Mark's Mill. Cabell brought on the fight and stood his ground with tenacity justifying his *sobriquet*. The Federals defended their train with desperation. Cabell's punishment was almost unendurable and his men were on the point of giving away, which meant a rout; Cabell begged his men to fight ten minutes longer—he knew Shelby would not fail him; in less than ten minutes Shelby, with a few of his fleetest cavalrymen, dashed up on the opposite side of

the Federals. Terror and demoralization spread through their line, and when Shelby's main force came into action the scene was sickening, indescribable; the negroes slain fell in windrows and the white soldiers were slaughtered in large numbers; 357 wagons were taken; over 1,300 prisoners; twenty ambulances; nine pieces of artillery. This crushing defeat bespoke the utter extirpation of Steele's army. Late in the afternoon of the day following the battle at Mark's Mill, Steele evacuated Camden. Mr. Wilson, special war correspondent of the *New York Herald*, whom I have quoted elsewhere, says in his history: "On the night of April 26th Steele threw his army across the Washita River; and at daylight on the 27th he began to fall back, by way of Princeton and Jenkins' Ferry, on the Saline River. The roads were in the most wretched condition, and the rain fell in torrents. At Jenkins' Ferry he was attacked by an overwhelming force, led by Kirby Smith in person. Steele got his men quickly into position, and the battle at once became general. The Confederates fell on the National lines with tremendous energy; again and again they came up in full force, now on the left, and now on on the right, and finally made a desperate effort to crush the left and center. More than once the National lines yielded to the tremendous pressure and fierce onsets of the enemy; but nothing could cool the courage or relax the energies of those brave Western regiments. Every charge of the enemy was suc-

cessfully repelled. The battle had commenced at early dawn. It was now near noon. The critical moment of the fight had arrived. The National left, which was held by the Thirty-third Iowa, whose ammunition was exhausted, was yielding to the pressure of the heavy masses of the enemy. Four companies of the Fortieth Iowa hastened to its support, formed under a terrible fire, and restored the line. The tide of battle now *turned*. The Confederates, not prepared for this fresh advent of strength and heroism, began to fall back. For one whole hour the Nationals pressed on their front, the Confederates slowly but steadily yielding up the ground. At noon the victory was complete, and the Nationals remained masters of the field. In this fierce struggle Steele lost 700 men in killed and wounded. The Confederate loss must have exceeded 3,000 men, including three general officers. Leaving a burial party behind, Steele crossed the Saline River and continued the retreat. He was not further molested. On the 2d of May, after a weary march, over a swampy country, his half-famished troops, broken and dispirited, were safe in Little Rock. The battle at Jenkins' Ferry did credit to Steele and to his brave soldiers; but the expedition, like that of which it was intended to form a part, was ill-omened and disastrous."

To recapitulate Steele's great *fasco*: The chief battles and skirmishes occurred at Arkadelphia, Rocheport, Spoonersville, Okolona, Antoine, Wolf

Creek, Elkins' Ferry, Moscow, Prairie d'Ann, Poison Springs, Mark's Mills, and Jenkins' Ferry. Steele lost over 2,000 prisoners, 500 wagons and teams, fourteen pieces of artillery, and an unknown loss in killed and wounded. He regained Little Rock in a rout. His losses largely made up the supplies which enabled Price to invade Missouri the following September.

The Confederates reported their loss at 1,000 men killed, and they estimated an equal loss on the other side. Estimates of losses are notoriously incorrect in all histories so far written. On this account, I have refrained, as a rule, from giving such estimates. After the battle of Jenkins' Ferry, the Confederates rested awhile at different points, some at Arkadelphia and some at Camden.

General Marmaduke was commissioned as a major-general, the commission dating from Jenkins' Ferry. A like commission rewarded General Fagan, dated Mark's Mills. From this time until the inauguration of Price's great raid, Marmaduke and Fagan operated in Chicot County, in the extreme southeastern part of Arkansas, harassing the Federal shipping on the Mississippi River. Shelby went to White River and had many battles. At Clarendon, on White River below Des Arc, he captured and blew up the Federal iron-clad *Queen City*. One of the cannons captured at Lone Jack has been credited with firing the shot that crippled the *Queen*. The next day General Carr sent four other gunboats from Duvall's Bluff. The larger

of these, the *Tyler*, was disabled, but escaped. Carr arrived with a large army and the fighting continued for three days.

The summer of 1864 was an active one for the Missourians in Arkansas. However, on the 30th of August the divisions of Fagan and Marmaduke concentrated at Tulip, Dallas County, Arkansas, under Price, preparatory to the invasion of Missouri. By the 16th of September these two divisions had arrived at Batesville, where the third division, under Shelby, was waiting. Here began Price's great raid.

Chapter XX.

PRICE'S GREAT RAID.

FROM DARDANELLE TO LEXINGTON.

Are not Abana and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus, better than all the waters of Israel?—*II. Kings v. 12.*

With great reluctance General Price relinquished his hold upon the Missouri River at the beginning of the war. His one unquenchable ambition was to return to the river and establish his army on its banks. Twice he did return to the river in brilliant "raids" that attracted, respectively, the apprehension of the North and the admiration of the South. The first "raid" followed his victory at Wilson Creek; the second followed his victory over Steele in Arkansas.

Richard J. Hinton, a Federal officer, author of "Rebel Invasion of Missouri and Kansas," says of Price's last great raid: "In distance from base, extent of country traversed, and objects aimed at, it was hardly less stupendous in character to those whose magnificent success have illumined with new lustre the name of General Sherman. The similitude ends, however, when success is named. * * For months rumors were rife that General Price was coming. Rosecrans deemed such a thing nearly impossible. Steele ought to have known. Curtis at Leavenworth 'deemed it both monstrous and impossible that a rebel army could

march unchecked in the slightest degree, for over 200 miles beyond our advanced line, into the very heart of our territory; not only without resistance, but almost unknown to the commanding officer of the department immediately concerned.' ”

General Lee's army was bleeding to death around Petersburg; Sherman was operating in front of Atlanta preparatory to his great march through Georgia; a mistake had been made in the Army of the Tennessee in the removal of conservative Joseph E. Johnston and the promotion of the dashing but less able Hood. Missouri Federals might be ordered *en masse* to the decisive battle-fields east. General E. Kirby Smith, by no means the ablest man in the Southern Army, was in supreme control of the Trans-Mississippi Department. His besetting sin was indecision. At this juncture he was perplexed as to the best disposition to make of the large army in his department—whether to send it to Lee or Hood, or to send Price on a raid to Missouri. Price, Marmaduke, Shelby, Fagan, and Cabell advocated the raid to Missouri. These argued that the raid would not only give employment to the Federals in the West, and so prevent their departure for the East; if the raid were fully successful, detachments of troops from Sherman, Thomas, or Grant might be ordered West. General Dick Taylor and others warmly advocated the policy of concentrating all forces East. Taylor had even secured from the Confederate Government the command of the Trans-Mississippi Ar-

my when it should arrive on the other side, and he stood anxiously waiting. Taylor and Smith were not on good terms; who shall say this fact had no influence with General Smith in deciding for the Missouri raid? But there were ample and valid reasons for retaining the army on this side of the great river. The Southern soldier preferred to fight each for his own section. Herein was seen the lack of a strong central power in the South. In the minds of these Western leaders there was a vague idea that the fall of the Southern Confederacy in the East would not involve necessarily the fall of the Confederacy in the West or in the Southwest. If Richmond fell, perhaps assistance from the French in Mexico would come and a very desirable new republic might rise without the Cis-Mississippi States. Again, the army had everything necessary to make a great and successful raid, and the fruits of a successful raid could not be overestimated. All things considered, General Smith concluded to risk something on the Missouri raid. His policy, however, was a sort of compromise; he sent only a small detachment to Missouri. A man more determined and decisive than Smith would have sent the entire army.

Steele's disastrous campaign to Camden and the Red River expedition under Banks and Porter, in the spring, supplied Price's army with transportation, small-arms, artillery, camp equipage, and ammunition enough to load 300 wagons. He had several Parrott guns: two captured by General

Dick Taylor at Pleasant Hill, La.; two captured by Marmaduke at Poison Springs, near Camden; four captured by Fagan at Mark's Mill; a number of mountain howitzers, and a wicked little one-inch gun used very effectively in picking off artillerymen at long range—about thirty guns in all. While Price was thus openly prepared to come to Missouri, the State was clandestinely and surreptitiously prepared to receive him. Secret organizations among Southern sympathizers had been established all over the State. These lodges promised large recruits to Price's army. General W. L. Cabell has recently filed a paper with Camp Sterling Price, at Dallas, Texas, in which occurs this reference to such lodges:

“Both General Price and General Kirby Smith had received messages and couriers from the leaders of a secret organization called the ‘Order of the American Knights of the State of Missouri,’ who represented that as soon as he came into the State with his strong command that he would receive a great number of this order who were good and true men and who would make A1 soldiers, and which would enable him to get possession of and to remain in the State of Missouri during the winter. I knew nothing of this order myself, but in a consultation with Generals Smith and Price, both of them seemed perfectly satisfied with the reliability of the messages received. I was informed of the purported strength of this order, and also informed that they would rally to our standard as soon as

we got a foothold in the State; that I was to be promoted and placed in command of this accession to our army. Such were General Price's written instructions from General Smith. General Price was under the impression that this 'Order of the Knights of Missouri,' as well as numbers of Southern men outside this order, would join the Confederate Army as soon as they knew he was in the State with his corps, and that would increase his army by at least 20,000 men. But we found that our increase would be but a few thousand men of all ages, and that the Federals had complete control of the State of Missouri."

In addition to the lodges in Missouri there were the "Golden Circles" of Illinois. These also promised great aid to Price, if only he came to Missouri. Missouri had a large "Pawpaw" militia, men pressed unwillingly into the Federal service by the "Gamble order." There was a groundless fear among the Federals that the "Pawpaw" militia had an understanding with the "Knights" and that a general revolt was in process of incubation. No intimation had reached Rosecrans that Price had any information of the volcanic conditions in Missouri. He had not heard even a whisper of Price's coming. He raised a number of provisional regiments, to serve for one year, not to meet Price, but to resist the "Pawpaw" militia insurrection and the threatened uprising of the "Knights." He deemed the danger of so grave a nature that he ordered the arrest of the Belgian consul at St. Louis, who was

at the head of the order of "Knights," together with some forty other members, including the secretary and the treasurer of the order.

General Price crossed the Arkansas River at Dardanelle, and entered Missouri with three divisions, under Marmaduke, Shelby, and Fagan. Fagan's troops were mainly Arkansan veterans, commanded by Brigadier Generals Cabell, McRae, Slemmons, and Colonel Dobbins; among the regimental commanders were Colonels Munroe, Hill, Gordon, Reeves, Baker, Crandall, Crawford, Witts, McGee, and Anderson. This division had two rifled guns made in Texas. Marmaduke's division was commanded by Generals Clarke, Graham, and Tyler, and Colonels Freeman, Lowe, Bristow, Green, Jeffries, Burbridge, Fauthers, and Kitchen. Shelby's division was commanded by Generals Jeff. M. Thompson and Jackman; Colonels Smith, Slayback, Hunter, Coleman, Coffee, Crisp, and Schnable; Lieutenant-Colonels Irwin and Elliott; and Major Shaw. With these forces Price marched into the State. Rosecrans thought that Price had about 5,000 men and that he would turn west along the Osage River and join the Indian commanders, Cooper, Maxey, and Gano, and might attempt to invade Kansas. Rosecrans made many mistakes. His fame suffered at Chickamauga in his contact with Bragg, and it was further dimmed by his experience with Price in Missouri. Rosecrans first heard of the presence of Price's army in Butler and Stoddard counties. He then revised his

former conclusion; he thought St. Louis must be the objective point of the expedition and was consequently greatly alarmed. Reports were conflicting and sensational. General A. J. Smith, on his way down the river to Memphis, was ordered to disembark with his command at Jefferson Barracks, and he reported for duty to Rosecrans. General Ewing, who two years before issued "Order No. 11," was ordered to Pilot Knob. This place was attacked by Fagan and Marmaduke, while Shelby proceeded from Fredericktown to Potosi, fighting battles and driving before him or capturing everything as he went. A hard day's fight at Pilot Knob was necessary to convince Ewing that he must retreat or be captured. The battle continued all day with severe losses to the Confederates. During the night a force of carpenters made ladders with which the Federal walls were to be scaled next day. About four o'clock in the morning a loud explosion shook the earth and awakened every sleeping soldier. The ladder-makers all threw down their hammers. The Confederates felt a sense of relief. Everybody knew what had happened. Ewing had evacuated the fort and had blown up the magazine. The three divisions now marched toward Jefferson City, which Price proposed to take. Thos. C. Reynolds, who had been elected lieutenant-governor of the State of Missouri in 1860, was to be inaugurated governor of the State, vice Governor Jackson, deceased. He was present with the army, on Shelby's staff, for

the purpose of being inaugurated. The Federals hurried forward heavy forces to defend the capital of the State. General Sanborn came in from Springfield; McNeil arrived from Rolla; General Brown came from Warrensburg; General Fisk came up from St. Louis, each with his command.

At the Osage River, not far from Jefferson City, where the Confederates crossed, Colonel Shanks was dangerously but not mortally wounded, in one of the innumerable skirmishes that marked the progress of the expedition.

It was now October 8, 1864. The day before, Price's army gathered like a cloud of destruction about the capital of the State. Governor Reynolds looked at the great dome of the capitol from the adjacent hills and longed for the hour of his inauguration. In after days, Reynolds, who was a scholar and a smooth, finished writer, attacked General Price in a letter which charged the great Missouri leader with incompetency and with mismanagement of the expedition. Perhaps Reynolds' bitterness had its inception that morning, October 8th. On that morning Price turned his back on Jefferson City, his own capital, where a decade before he abode as the civil ruler at the head of the commonwealth. He turned his army square to the left and marched westward in a sort of triumph across the State; and, as he went, drove Federals before him, gathered recruits, tore up railroads, burnt bridges, destroyed telegraph lines, captured towns and garrisons, increased his train

from 300 to 500 wagons, and in doing all this accomplished somewhat the purpose for which he left Arkansas, by drawing after him in pursuit all the Federal soldiers in the eastern part of the State.

General Fiske reported by wire to General Curtis at Kansas City that on the 6th and 7th severe fighting had occurred around Jefferson City. Then the wires ceased to work, and Curtis heard no more until Blunt and Lane met Price at Lexington on October 20th, and retreated before him.

General Pleasanton arrived at Jefferson City on the day Price marched away westward. Here he remained until about the 20th to expedite the movement forward of General A. J. Smith's infantry and artillery from St. Louis. He assigned General Sanborn to the command of the forces to go in immediate pursuit of Price. The first brigade of Federals was composed of the First, Fourth, and Seventh Missouri State Militia, and a battalion of the First Iowa Cavalry, commanded by Colonel John F. Philips, now United States judge in Kansas City. The second brigade was composed of the Third, Fifth, and Ninth Missouri State Militia, and the Seventh Illinois Cavalry, commanded by Colonel Beveridge. Colonel J. J. Graverly commanded a regiment. McNeil, Brown, Catherwood, Winslow, and others, accompanied by General Pleasanton, reinforced Sanborn with their commands at Waverly on the 20th, at the time Smith arrived at Sedalia. These forces ag-

gregated an army larger than the Confederate forces whom they were closely following.

After leaving Jefferson City, Price's army came on leisurely toward Lexington with Pleasonton's immense army rolling in his rear. He was joined *en route* by Quantrell, Todd, Anderson, and all the guerrillas in the State. These did service as scouts and they participated in all the battles, suffering many losses. Anderson was killed as he marched up the north side of the river, and Todd fell near Independence. An army, as it marches, throws out many feelers in all directions. General Clark was ordered to cross the river and to recruit from the northern side as he passed up. General Jackman also crossed the river, and marched his men through the neighborhood of their homes. General Jeff. Thompson, who had Shanks' regiment, marched to Sedalia, terminus of the Missouri Pacific Railroad, and occupied the place. At California, Marmaduke faced about and administered severe punishment to the Federals hanging on his rear; at Tipton, Fagan charged back on Pleasonton; while Shelby and Jackman made flank movements.

Pleasonton's impetuosity was here converted into timidity. But if Pleasonton learned a lesson at California and Tipton, so did Price. The latter hastily dispatched couriers to Jeff. Thompson at Sedalia, and to Clark beyond the river, with orders to rejoin the main army. With a large, aggressive army behind him, and a force of unknown magni-

tude ahead of him, Price must keep his own army compact and well in hand. General Clark captured Glasgow and Shelby forced the surrender of Boonville. All the commanders in Price's army captured and paroled many prisoners.

By the time Price reached Dover and Waverly all of his large forces scouting off to the right and to the left had been brought together. If Price's army had been enlarged by the accretion of raw recruits, it had also suffered a depletion by the withdrawal of hundreds and hundreds of seasoned veterans, who dropped out to spend a few days or a few hours with their families, whom they might never see again.

Chapter XXI.

PRICE'S GREAT RAID.

FROM LEXINGTON TO WESTPORT.

Ez fer war, I call it murder,—
 There you hev it, plain an' flat;
 I don't want to go no furdur
 Than my Testyment fer that.

—*Lowell, Biglow Papers.*

When Price arrived at Lexington he found his old camp at the fair grounds occupied by Blunt, who lay across his pathway ready to dispute his further progress towards Kansas. Shelby, leading the advance as usual, precipitated the battle in a furious charge, and was as furiously met by Blunt. These two had met before—in bivouac and battle, at Cane Hill, Ark. Blunt was a stubborn fighter. His position was invariably at the front. In this battle he personally directed the action of his artillery, while “Jim” Lane, Senator from Kansas, stood in the ranks and used a Sharp’s carbine. Shelby knew in a general way that the men confronting him were Kansans. It was enough to know. He had marched all the way from Arkansas for such an opportunity. The battle raged for some time when Blunt retreated and Price came up and occupied for a few hours his old camp of the days of Mulligan.

There was intense and reciprocal hatred between Price’s army and the Federal army gather-

ing ominously in Price's front. All Federal soldiers encountered in or near the border counties were loathingly denominated "Jayhawkers," or "Red-Legs" by Price's men, while among the Federals Price and all his followers were reproachfully designated "Bushwhackers" and "guerrillas." Such epithets in those days were used with the bitterest animosity. Kansans and Missourians had alike suffered since the beginning of the war in '61. Crimes had been committed in both States and revenge was rife in the hearts of men. The veterans of the two armies had seen their comrades fall on many a hard-fought field. The final reckoning was now to be made. Those on both sides who fought from Lexington to Westport thought less perhaps of the great national issues they were assisting to determine than of the local scores so long uppermost in their minds. The war period of our State cannot be understood without a full comprehension of the feelings existing between the people of Missouri and Kansas. The old troubles died with the termination of the war, and the people of the two States are ornaments to the nation's life and to our human race.

When Curtis heard of the westward movement of Price from Jefferson City, he was thoroughly alarmed for the State of Kansas, over which he established martial law. He urged Governor Carney to call out the entire State militia to check the "unscrupulous marauders and murderers." Hinton says: "Peril waited at every man's door and in-

vasion was the skeleton at many a farmer's fire-side." In three days the entire fighting population of Kansas seemed to be marching toward the Missouri line. The men came without a change of clothing; each had a blanket or buffalo robe and a haversack and each was expected to be self-supporting, according to the instructions contained in the call. Curtis stopped all boats from running down the river past Kansas City; only one boat came up, and it had been fired on by Mart Rider and a hundred scouts.

Price halted but briefly at Lexington. There was a manifest eagerness among his officers and his men to strike the Kansans in front. Blunt hurried away from Lexington and by two o'clock that night reached Little Blue, east of Independence five miles. He attempted to burn the bridge, but Marmaduke arrived in time to extinguish the flames and save the structure for immediate Confederate use. After the Rebel army and train had safely crossed, the bridge was destroyed and the pursuing Federals were compelled to ford the stream, and were thus delayed several hours. Marmaduke, who was now in the lead, promptly attacked Blunt. The Federal commander skillfully deployed Jennison's "Red-Legs" and Moonlight's Kansas militia to the right and left in the shelter of the woods and behind stone fences; he was able to hold Marmaduke's extreme advance; reinforcements soon arrived from Independence and Kansas City. General Curtis himself came

down and assumed management of the battle. Marmaduke, feeling new distress in front, dispatched a swift horseman to the rear for reinforcements, and Price sent him Shelby, who was now at the extreme rear, guarding the train. Fagan was marching in the center and his forces might have been more quickly brought to Marmaduke's aid. But Fagan's men had no personal feeling against these Kansans, as had Shelby's. Fagan's men, therefore, stood aside while Shelby thundered by, every man in his command impatient for the fray. Meantime the Federals were receiving constant additions of fresh troops. Shelby massed his troops on Marmaduke's left. The battle had raged from early morning until nearly twelve without intermission and with multiplied arms. As the fight grew fiercer the Federals were driven back. Nearly every inch of ground between Little Blue and Independence was hotly contested. The losses were heavy on both sides. Finally, after eight hours of constant battle and slow retreat, the Federals broke into a run, and, dashing away from Independence, sought rest and shelter behind the works on the west bank of the Big Blue. A halt was made in Independence long enough for Curtis to read to his troops a dispatch of Sheridan's victory at Fisher Hill, Va. Hinton says, as the Federals were leaving Independence, "citizens appeared on the streets to scoff at our retiring troops, and welcome their congenial traitors." The people of Independence knew their "boys" were com-

ing home. The "boys" were then coming up the hill east of town, and in a few moments Captain Maurice Langhorne dashed into the streets at the head of his company. The Rebel army camped in and around Independence that night, October 21, 1864.

It was the duty of General Curtis to select the field of the battle in which Price was to be met and overthrown. Obviously Little Blue and not Westport was the field for the great battle, but Curtis could not induce the Kansans to leave their own State. They came to its boundary, but would not penetrate into Missouri, for fear of being away from home on election day. They wanted to vote for Lincoln. The pending November election was in evidence throughout this campaign. Price hoped to prevent the election of Fletcher to the governorship of Missouri, and Governor Reynolds fought like a Turk at Little Blue, where he probably expected the final contest. At Little Blue, Pleasonton was in nearer proximity with his main army to Price's main army than he ever was afterward. Price might here have been ground to atoms between the upper and nether millstones, even without the Kansas militia. The Federals had easily three times as many men as Price had, and Price was surrounded and cooped in a valley, where such a man as Grant would have crushed him like an egg-shell. But Curtis was not a great general and he failed signally at Little Blue; he threw away his first, his only opportunity to bag

Price's entire army. The Federal commander-in-chief was disgusted. In his report General Grant said: "The impunity with which Price was enabled to roam over the State of Missouri for a long time shows to how little purpose a superior force may be used."

General Curtis decided that the Big Blue should be the scene of the great battle. He fortified that stream for fifteen miles with rifle-pits and breastworks, defended everywhere in front by abattis. At all the crossings troops were massed in heavy forces and Curtis believed he could defend his long line against Price's comparatively small army. But Price had fought too many big generals to be deterred by a few "Jayhawkers" and "Red-Legs" under a man of the Curtis caliber; he had crossed too many large rivers to be much delayed by a stream no larger than the Big Blue. He expected Curtis to get out of his way and let him pass on to Leavenworth. On Saturday, after he had crossed the Big Blue, General Price sent word to Leavenworth that he would take six o'clock dinner there Sunday evening.

Curtis was something of an engineer—a skillful engineer, said his partisans—and his preparations along the Big Blue were elaborate. General Deitzler was placed on the left at the crossing between Independence and Kansas City, near the Missouri River. To the right of Deitzler, up the stream at Simmons' ford, Curtis stationed Colonels Moonlight and Pennock. Above this a force was

stationed at Hinkle's cattle ford. Still further up the stream was Byrom's ford, occupied by Colonel Jennison and his "Red-Legs." The next ford above this was the Russell or Hickman Mills crossing, held by General Blunt. All these fords were fortified. Curtis established his headquarters a mile west of Byrom's ford.

On Saturday morning Sanborn and McNeil charged into Independence, captured two of Cabell's guns, and a number of prisoners. General Marmaduke, who the day before lost two horses in battle, barely escaped capture at the hands of McNeil. Early that morning Shelby had sent Jackman forward and followed quickly himself toward Byrom's ford and Hickman Mills crossing. Captain C. W. Rubey, of Sanborn's staff, says: "On the 22d the Confederates, with a portion of Shelby's division, attacked the two fords named, which were the keys to General Curtis' position, forced them and sent the defenders in retreat westward. Colonel Jennison's force, after a resistance of an hour or two, was driven from Byrom's ford and pursued to the Kansas line at Westport. General Blunt, owing, as he said, to the misconduct of some of his men, was speedily sent flying from Hickman Mills, after a rather serious loss, and did not stop until he reached Olathe, well into Kansas. Then, of course, finding his right flank completely turned, General Curtis, with the remainder of his forces, fell back to Kansas City and Westport."

Shelby crossed the Big Blue at Byrom's ford

and pushed straight on for Westport. At dusk, Westport lay just before him, almost within range of his guns. Two Federal brigades came out to resist his entrance into the town. A short, sharp engagement took place. The Federals lost two of their guns and 217 of their men were killed. Shelby remained right there until morning. When night came, Saturday, October 22d, Curtis' magnificent line along the Big Blue had been driven back five miles, and all of Curtis' fortifications along the stream had been passed and left in the rear, unoccupied by the advancing and triumphant Confederates. Price had brought across the Blue his entire army and his splendid train of 500 wagons and 5,000 head of cattle, accompanied by thousands of unarmed recruits. The dreams that night were of conquests on the morrow. Price knew that some forces were operating against his rear, but he did not suspect that Pleasanton, with an army of 20,000 troops, double his own army, would leap upon him in the morning. He gave those in his rear scarcely a thought and those in front concerned him but little. He would march almost unchecked to Leavenworth.

Chapter XXII.

PRICE'S GREAT RAID.

THE BATTLE OF WESTPORT.

Our bugle sang truce—for the night cloud had lowered,
And the sentinel stars set their watch in the sky;
And thousands had sunk on the ground overpowered,
The weary to sleep and the wounded to die.

The Federals at Kansas City used to count five seasons for Missouri: spring, summer, autumn, Price's raid, and winter. Price came every summer, or a part of his army. The people of Kansas learned to fear Price after the battle of Wilson Creek in 1861, when he marched to Lexington and besieged and captured Mulligan in the face of 50,000 Federal troops. Since 1854 Kansans had lived in almost hourly fear of armed invasions from Missouri, and when they saw the intrepid Price marching northward from Wilson Creek with banners of victory held high, they believed that he was coming to them and that their day of doom had dawned. From that fearful hour Price became the bugbear, the *bete noire* of Kansas. Now as he approached their border with a mighty army, whose course from the South and through Missouri had been unchecked, a cry of terror almost shook the petals from the sunflowers. A flood of angry, dismayed Kansans poured down to resist the advance of the fearful Price.

Never did a people act with greater promptitude and determination than did the people of Kansas at this time. They came to Westport, the point threatened, and beat back the foe so long feared.

This battle was the last between Missouri and Kansas. At Westport lie buried the animosities that precipitated, through a series of years, many a gory conflict between two erring peoples. Over the bloody graves at Westport the Missourians and Kansans shook hands and swore undying friendship. Sunday morning dawned cool and clear. The Confederate chieftains had apparent reason to be satisfied with the prospect. The night had been peaceful, "and over all in front of Westport there, the glad, bright sky spread a tearless mantle; the wind blew itself to silence; the night waned slowly; and sweet sleep put its sickle in among the soldiers and reaped tenderly a soft harvest of harmonious dreams." Strange that Edwards should have said this—Edwards, who puts himself to trouble to blame Gen. Price for the disasters, impending but unseen. Edwards was a prose poet, not a war critic. He essays to criticise Price for not turning south at Independence; blames him bitterly for camping south of Westport on Saturday night, instead of escaping southward with his train. It is evident that Price had no expectation that retreat would become necessary, neither had Shelby any such expectation, nor Marmaduke, nor Cabell, nor Fagan. Let Edwards testify

against himself while describing the situation on Saturday night:

“The chieftains under Price had marched far and fought little for this night’s bivouac upon the plains of Missouri. The fleet of horsemen had anchored in mid-ocean, and the sails were all furled and the pennons were still. In the dead calm of the admiral’s slumber there was no white line of breakers seen to the westward; and the hollow mutterings of the storm rolled no angry waves from the north. Confidence spread a great sleep-hunger over all the soldiers and they banqueted until sunrise. A fitful, gusty, moaning night was half of it, too, when the elements portend calamity and death. Grouped around the dead Kansans were Shelby’s warriors, indifferent, tired, and hungry. They neither knew nor dreaded their danger. ‘Shelby takes us in and Shelby can take us out,’ they argued; ‘so sleep, boys, while you may.’ Poor fellows, in the utterance of this simple confidence they knew not the sorrow it gave the impatient leader, lying among his guns and peering out through the darkness toward Westport. Away over to the left yonder, where a few fickle grass fires leaped like *ignes fatui* into light, is couched the wary Marmaduke, anxious, nervous, but prepared for great things to-morrow. He, too, has seen, and felt, and argued; but nothing came of it at all. That great fused, welded mass of shadows around him is his old brigade; farther away a little, the long, irregular, zigzag

fire-line marks the borderers under Freeman; and nearer than both, with its little blue, silken banner, fringed and fabricated by one of the whitest, queenliest hands in Arkansas, is his escort, under the intrepid Stollard—Shelby's gift to Marmaduke. In the rear of these two folded, dormant wings, two miles off, stands a large frame house, jubilant with lights and moving figures, the headquarters of the commander-in-chief. The handsome cavalier, Fagan, is there with his tried Arkansans, and the wind toys with the long locks of the soldier and ruffles the gold lace on his elegant uniform. Fagan had ever a keen eye for nature, and he enjoyed the delightful scene—a land ocean, with armies for fleets and stars for beacons. The brave, proud Cabell is uneasy in his massive repose, yet he thought only, as the smoke curled up from his bivouac pipe, how he would fight to-morrow, and how he would hurl his splendid brigade back to regain his battery."

Perhaps in all the range of American literature there is not another such a mixture of fact and fancy as this quotation discovers. The fancy is harmless, save where it stoops to innuendo against Price.

Price's army was most admirably disposed for a Sunday march to Leavenworth. The immense train of 500 wagons and a band of 5,000 cattle, accompanied by the necessary teamsters and herders, had crossed the Big Blue during the day, Saturday. The train was also accompanied by 2,000

or 3,000 unarmed recruits, unfortunate impedimenta in event of heavy fighting. The train halted south of Westport for the night, after an easy, ten-miles journey from Independence, interrupted some hours at the Big Blue. In the rear of the train were Marmaduke and Fagan. Shelby was between the train and the Federals at Westport. These Federals at Westport had been severely punished and beaten at sundown on Saturday evening, and little apprehension was felt from that quarter. The march westward and into Kansas would hardly be checked. Neither Price nor Shelby could know what a furor their coming had created all over Kansas; they did not know that practically the entire fighting population of Kansas had concentrated to dispute their crossing the State line. Neither could Price nor Marmaduke know that Pleasonton was massing such an overwhelming force in their rear.

Early on Sunday morning, October 23, 1864, General Pleasonton, who took personal charge of the pursuing Federals at Waverly, ordered Colonel John F. Philips forward from Independence to clear the fords of the Big Blue, guarded by Marmaduke and a part of Fagan's divisions. For hours the crossing was contested with unabated and determined fury. The Federals came up in force and Marmaduke fell slowly back. In an hour the entire Federal army, except A. J. Smith's infantry, debouched upon the high and spacious plain extending between the Blue and Westport.

The great battle of Westport was fought on this enchanting pastoral landscape. The scene was inspiring; 35,000 troops could be seen with a single sweep of the glass, moving in the picturesqueness of battle and the regularity of parade. Marmaduke stood doggedly across the road, and Pleasonton hurled forward brigade after brigade. Soon Marmaduke was losing ground, inch by inch; he could neither withstand the onsets of Pleasonton nor could he retreat; one horn of the dilemma meant destruction, the other meant a rout. In this extremity he appealed to Shelby. But Shelby was struggling near Westport in very much the same predicament. Again and again Marmaduke sent messengers impatiently to Price and to Shelby with orders to say that he must give way if not reinforced. Marmaduke held back the Federals until their impact became irresistible. Time had been gained and Price was moving southward. The Federal forces released by the withdrawal of Marmaduke now came into action against Shelby. Price had sent an order for Shelby also to retreat, but Shelby could not retreat; he was grappling in a death struggle with Curtis and could not break away without destruction, immediate and terrible. But let General Shelby tell his own story:

“The 23d of October dawned upon us clear, cold, and full of promise. My division moved squarely against the enemy at eight o’clock, in the direction of Westport, and very soon became fiercely engaged, as usual. The enemy had re-

gained all the strong positions taken from them the day before by General Thompson, and it became imperatively necessary to force that flank of the enemy back. Inch by inch and foot by foot they gave way before my steady onset. Regiment met regiment and opposing batteries draped the scene in clouds of dense and sable smoke.

“While the engagement was at its height, Collins burst one of his Parrotts, but fought on with his three guns as if nothing had happened. Again were the Federals driven within sight of Westport, and here I halted to re-form my lines, naturally broken and irregular by the country passed over, intending to make a direct attack upon the town.

“About twelve o'clock I sent Jackman's brigade back to the road taken by the train, for it was reported that General Marmaduke had fallen back before the enemy—although he had never notified me of the fact, or I never saw his couriers, which I learned afterward were sent—and thus my whole flank and rear were exposed. Jackman had scarcely reached the point indicated when he met an order from General Fagan to hasten to his help at a gallop, for the entire prairie in his front was dark with Federals.

“Jackman dismounted his men in the broad and open plain and formed them in one long, thin line before the huge wave that threatened to engulf them. Collins, with one gun, hurried forward

to help Jackman and opened furiously upon the advancing enemy.

“On and on, their great line overlapping Jackman by one-half, they came to within eighty yards. Down went that line of gray, and a steady stream of bullets struck them fairly in the face, until they reeled, scattered, and fled. But the wing that extended beyond and around Jackman’s left rode on to retrieve the disaster of their comrades, and came within thirty paces at full speed. Again a merciless fire swept their front; again Collins poured in double charges of grape and canister, and they, too, were routed and driven back, when General Fagan thanked Colonel Jackman on the ‘field of his fame, fresh and gory.’ It was a high and heroic action, and one which shines out in our dark days of retreat like a ‘cloud by day and a pillar of fire by night.’

“There on an open prairie, no help or succor near, no friendly reserves to cover and protect a retreat, Jackman dismounted with almost the forlorn determination of Cortez, who burnt his ships, resolved to conquer or die. Fresh lines of Federals forced Jackman to mount his horses and he fell back after the train, fighting hard.

“Now my entire rear was in possession of the enemy, and the news was brought when Thompson was fighting for dear life at Westport. Withdrawing him as soon as possible, and with much difficulty, for he was hard pressed, I fell back as rapidly as I could after the retiring army, the force

I had been fighting at Westport coming up just behind, when, reaching the road, the prairie in my rear was covered almost by a long line of troops, which at first I supposed to be our own men. This illusion was soon dispelled, and the two great waves, uniting, came down upon one little brigade and Colonel Slayback's regiment. The prospect was dark and desperate.

“Not a tree or bush was to be seen for weary miles and miles, and no helping army could be seen anywhere. I knew the only salvation was to charge the nearest line, break it if possible, and then retreat rapidly, fighting the other. The order was given. Thompson and Slayback fell upon them with great fury, mixed in the *mêlée*, and unclasped from the deadly embrace weak and staggering. In attempting to re-form my lines, which, after breaking through and through the Federals, were much scattered, an enfilading battery of six guns swept the whole line and another in front opened with terrific effect. At the same time the column which followed me from Westport came down at the charge, and nothing was left but to run for it, which was now commenced.

“The Federals, seeing the confusion, pressed on furiously, yelling, shouting, and shooting, and my own men, fighting every one on his own hook, would turn and fire and then gallop away again. Up from the green sward of the waving grass two miles off a string of stone fences grew up and groped along the plain—a shelter and protection.

The men reached it. Some are over; others are coming up, and Slayback and Gordon and Blackwell and Elliott are rallying the men, who make a stand here and turn like lions at bay. The fences are lines of fire, and the bullets sputter and rain thicker upon the charging enemy. They halt, face about, and withdraw out of range. My command was saved and we moved off after the army, traveling all night."

The people at Leavenworth could hear the incessant din of battle of the forenoon. They were in consternation. Late in the afternoon the battle roar grew fainter and then the wires quivered with news that Price was retreating south. The people could hardly give credence to such happy news until Curtis wired that martial law had been abolished.

During the battle General Curtis had his headquarters on the roof of the Harris Hotel in Westport. From here a view of nearly the entire battle-field could be obtained. Judge W. R. Bernard, still a resident of Westport, was called first lieutenant of the Home Guards. On the day of the battle he was appointed aid to General Curtis, and was with Curtis all day on the roof of the hotel.

Judge Bernard says of the battle: "With powerful field-glasses I could see little bunches of men skirmishing about. I had never seen a battle before, and it did not look much like war to me. Away off to the south I could see a cloud of white smoke which told of a battery at work,

and the faint boom of the cannon would come to us when the wind was in the right direction. Nearer at hand, right across Brush Creek, were Shelby and his men. We could see them plainly at times and the bullets from their guns came into the town. General Curtis was fighting to keep Shelby out of the town. His adjutant was Colonel Cloud. Every once in a while Colonel Cloud would go down to the street and send a regiment against Shelby. The men would cross Brush Creek, climb the hill, fire a volley, and come scampering back. Then Colonel Cloud would come up and take another look. We could see little squads of men kicking up the dust off to the south and hear volleys of shots. It was not very exciting, and I asked the colonel if that was the way battles were fought. I did not see many men killed and it looked as if a lot of lead was being wasted. The colonel said that battles were fought in that manner.

“After several regiments had been sent against Shelby and had come tumbling back, Colonel Cloud came up on the roof and said to Curtis: ‘General, that ’s the third time those regiments have gone up there and come back. I propose to send them up next time dismounted, and they ’ll have to stay and fight.’ The general said, ‘All right,’ and a regiment was dismounted, every fifth man taking charge of the horses, which were taken back up Penn Street out of the way. That regiment didn’t come back in a hurry.

“Shelby was making things pretty lively out on the Wornall road. The bulk of the fighting was at the Ward place, where the Country Club is. The Ward pasture, which is part of the Country Club golf links, was the scene of some pretty hot fighting. A big old tree stands in this pasture, and around it Shelby had a lively fight. After the battle we picked up several dead Confederate soldiers there. There was fighting all around the Ben Simpson house, and a cannon-ball went through the front gable of it. The hole was there for some time, but it has been covered up. Farther along the road, at the Wornall house, which was used by the Confederates as a hospital, there was some lively fighting, and I was told that one of the prettiest contests of the day took place there between a squad of Shelby's cavalry and a Federal battery. The cavalry charged, the battery using their pistols, and drove the gunners away.

“Along in the middle of the afternoon a shell from Shelby's battery fell almost within the town, scaring the people and alarming General Curtis. It struck on the high land just north of Brush Creek, about what would be Forty-third and Penn streets if Penn were cut through—Bunker Hill it is called. At that General Curtis ordered a retreat. He sent word to Colonel Tom Moonlight, who was at the Shawnee Mission and didn't see much of the fighting, to come in, but Moonlight went the other way and did not pass through

Westport. Then, with his staff, General Curtis retired to Wyandotte."

General Pleasonton said, among other things, in his report:

"Brigadier General E. B. Brown was ordered to move his brigade forward and attack the enemy at daylight and keep pushing him vigorously, as he would be well supported. Not finding any attack being made, I went to the front. I found Brown's brigade on the road, so disordered as to be in no condition for fighting, and General Brown himself had made no provisions for carrying out my order. I immediately arrested him and also Colonel McFerran, of the First Missouri State Militia, whose regiment was straggling all over the country, and he was neglecting to prevent it, and placed Colonel Philips, of the Seventh Missouri State Militia, in command of Brown's brigade.

"The night previous, at Independence, I had ordered General McNeil to proceed with his brigade from that point to Little Santa Fé, and to reach that latter point by daylight. General McNeil failed to obey this order, but came up to the Big Blue, some five or six miles above the point at which the rest of the division was fighting, about 12 m. on the 23d, and instead of vigorously attacking the enemy's wagon train, which was directly in front of him, with but little escort, he contented himself with some skirmishing and cannonading, and the train escaped. The Rebel general Marmaduke stated after he was captured that had Mc-

Neil attacked at this time, they would have lost their whole train. I trust that this conduct upon the part of General McNeil will meet the marked disapprobation of the major-general commanding, as it has mine.

“Finding that General Brown had not attacked the enemy on the morning of the 23d of October at the Big Blue, I immediately ordered Winslow’s and Philips’ brigades into action, with Sanborn supporting, and after a very obstinate battle the enemy were driven from their position to the prairie on the Harrisonville road beyond the Big Blue. It was then about one o’clock in the day, and the enemy, in very heavy force, were fighting the Kansas forces at Westport under General Curtis. My appearance on the prairie caused them to retreat from before Curtis on the Fort Scott road, and in passing they formed to attack my position. A brigade of their cavalry charged the right of Sanborn’s brigade and shook it considerably, but I ordered up six pieces of artillery and by means of a double-shotted canister soon caused them to halt and finally beat a hasty retreat.”

Major John N. Edwards estimated the loss to Shelby alone, who bore the heaviest fighting, at over 800 in killed.

The battle of Westport was an important engagement. It had an important bearing on the great national contest. Price having departed from the State, the Federal soldiers were withdrawn to the east side of the Mississippi River.

Chapter XXIII.

PRICE'S GREAT RAID.

THE RETREAT.

For the third time General Price was forced to turn his back on the Missouri River: once at Boonville, when Lyon came up the river with soldiers in boats; once at Lexington, after Mulligan had surrendered; and finally at Westport, where he was defeated by Curtis and Pleasonton. He departed with great hope the first time; he went with both hope and defiance the second time; but the third time he rushed away at panic speed, fully convinced that he would never again visit Missouri as a warrior. He had failed. Nor had he fought all the Federals brought forward to be thrown against him. General A. J. Smith's infantry were at Independence when the thunder of artillery came from Westport. Smith marched to Harrisonville and was in no battle during Price's raid. There is nothing so pitiful as the retreat of a vanquished army; nor so pitiless as the pursuit of the victors. The flight of Price from Westport to Fayetteville, Arkansas, was marked by misery; the pursuit by Blunt was relentless; the skirmishes and battles were implacable. The rout of retreat was strewn with wrecks of wagons, scattered camp equipage, abandoned tents, clothing, guns, dead horses—and dead men, both Federal and Confederate. The line

of retreat was well marked by other evidences of warfare. Shelby, according to Edwards, "was leaving Kansas and taking terrible adieus. He was fighting the devil with fire and smoking him to death. Haystacks, houses, barns, produce, crops, and farming implements were consumed before the march of his squadrons, and what the flames spared the bullet finished. On those vast plains out west there, the jarring saber-strokes were unheard and the revolvers sounded as the tapping of woodpeckers. Shelby was soothing the wounds of Missouri by stabbing the breast of Kansas." But in spite of Shelby's prowess, and of Fagan's watchfulness, and of Cabell's hard fighting, and of Price's fatherly solicitude, the retreat was calamitous. At Mine Creek, just beyond the Marais des Cygnes, occurred the greatest misfortune of the raid. Generals Marmaduke and Cabell were made prisoners of war, carried triumphantly back to Kansas City, thence to Sedalia, and from there to St. Louis, and thence to Boston Harbor. Marmaduke and Cabell were at the rear covering the retreat. The Federal advance in two brigades, under Colonel Benteen and Colonel John F. Philips, succeeded in crossing somewhere above Marmaduke's position, while the main Federal army charged straight ahead with accustomed impetuosity. Marmaduke sent away, one at a time, the members of his staff, all seeking to bring reinforcements, for the peril was imminent and the very existence of the Confederate army was at stake,

The Federals, who had crossed above, came on firing and yelling. Marmaduke, who was near-sighted, mistook them for the expected reinforcements coming to his assistance, and he shouted to them to stop shooting. But the Federals knew what they were doing and bore down on Marmaduke, surrounding him instantly. Marmaduke yielded up his stainless sword. Cabell, "old Tige," was captured at the same time. It was a fearful hour for the Confederates. "Marmaduke's staff, in the hot, swift moments preceding his capture, had been dispatched everywhere over the field with orders, entreaties, threats, and commands. There was deep grief on Ewing's bright young face, as he rode back from the fatal field. Price's handsome features were wet with tears; and the peerless Moore [Colonel John C. Moore, of Kansas City], cool and grim outwardly as a Paladin, felt sick at heart and sorrowful." (Edwards.) At this battle the Confederates lost heavily of arms, equipage, wagons, and cannon, besides the irreparable loss of men, captured and killed. Shelby had gone on ahead in order to secure a little rest for his worn soldiers, after fighting for days in the rear. Price sent for Shelby to come back and save the army. He faced about and again confronted the advancing Federals and for a brief period stayed their progress, then resumed his march after the retreating army.

The pursuit was continued, Sanborn leading. The Confederates were overtaken again at the

Marmiton as they had been at the Little Osage and the Marais des Cygnes. Heavy fighting occurred again, but after a brief but stubborn resistance the Confederates passed over and proceeded south in the darkness. Arkansas was finally reached. The march had been unprecedented for courage, speed, endurance. In six days 204 miles had been traversed. At Newtonia, Blunt had charged upon the exhausted Confederates; Shelby, as usual, ordered his veterans to the rear, accompanied by Jackman, and a terrific battle was fought. Blunt was so severely punished, although ultimately victorious, by aid of reinforcements, that he grew circumspect and cautious. He thereafter refrained from provoking heavy engagements. Price reached the Arkansas River on the 6th of November. Winter now overtook the army and the worst stage of misery was now encountered. There were no rations and the desolate army staggered on without hope. Small-pox—an ally of winter—carried off hundreds. Shelby sought and obtained permission of Price to turn off on the Canadian River with his command, where a profitable week was spent in hunting and feasting. Finally Price reached Clarksville, a little village in Northern Texas, and the great raid was at an end.

In military circles Price's great raid was proclaimed one of the most brilliant campaigns of the war. Price wanted to spend the winter on the Missouri River. For years he had been the most

colossal figure in Missouri, whether in civil or military life. He believed he could raise an army in Missouri by stamping his foot. If his great raid fell short of the expectations which animated him at its beginning at Camden, he nevertheless lived and died believing it more a success than a failure. Doubtless the verdict of history will conform to his belief. The "Pawpaw" militia failed him utterly; the "Knights" and the "Golden Circle" failed him; perhaps in his heart of hearts he expected these to fail him. But from the body of the people he did gather recruits, and in satisfactory numbers, judging from his report to General Smith. Doubtless he found the Federals more strongly entrenched in the State and more numerous posted than he expected to find them. He reported on December 28, 1864, to General E. Kirby Smith, the commander of the Trans-Mississippi Department: "I traveled 1434 miles; fought 43 battles and skirmishes; captured and paroled 3,000 officers and men, captured 18 pieces of artillery, 3,000 stands of small-arms, 16 stands of colors which I brought out, at least 3,000 overcoats, large quantities of blankets, shoes, and ready-made clothing for soldiers; destroyed miles of railroad; burned bridges and depots; destroyed property to the amount of \$10,000,000. * * * * I lost 10 pieces of artillery, 2 stands of colors, 1,000 small-arms, while I do not think I lost 1,000 prisoners. * * * I brought with me at least 5,000 recruits."

Notwithstanding all this, he was liberally crit-

icised for not doing more. Governor Reynolds wrote a scathing letter "to the public," in which General Price was soundly abused and in language so elegant that Major John N. Edwards found occasion subsequently to adopt bodily many of its sentences and all of its philosophy. Before closing his long letter, Governor Reynolds says:

"Though the expedition has failed to accomplish the grander objects aimed at, yet the good results inevitable under even the worst management have been obtained. It produced some diversion in favor of Forest, and enabled thousands of our citizens to join our ranks; some came out with the army, and others are gradually finding their own way to our lines. Thus the army of the department is really stronger than ever. The old troops will, with proper discipline, soon again be the magnificent brigades which in September crossed the Missouri line. * * *

"The moral power of our State in the Confederacy is vastly increased by the fact that thousands from our sister States, for the first time visiting our populous central counties, have heard the pulsations of the great heart of Missouri, and cheerfully testified that it is sound and true to our cause, even after three years of oppression by the enemy and imagined desertion by their Southern brethren."

The fact is worth noting, though not mentioned by either Reynolds or Edwards, that a heavy majority of troops in Price's army, at the time of

the great raid, were not Missourians. Price's vast army of young men slept beneath the sod. The graves of his young soldiers of three years before billowed the earth throughout the South, on both sides of the Mississippi River. Perhaps those who came with Price, visiting, as Reynolds says, our central counties for the first time, fought as valiantly as Missourians could have fought; perhaps Price comanded these strangers as skillfully as he could have commanded Missourians; yet these invading soldiers, fighting like veterans, were not all veterans. Reynolds and Edwards, and some still living whom I could name, believed Price should have marched straight to St. Louis, occupied the place, subjugated the State of Missouri, marched into Illinois, and from thence proceeded eastward and northward until utterly destroyed by Federal forces drawn off from the armies of Thomas in Tennessee and Grant in front of Richmond. Morgan's raid was to be repeated on a grander scale. All those who have since regretted that Price did not make this really wild raid, admit with great unanimity that the army would have been destroyed. Price knew that such a campaign would be suicidal. History will not condemn Price for saving his army.

Chapter XXIV.

ORDER No. 11.

If tell'st this heavy story right,
Upon my soul the hearers will shed tears;
Yea, even my foes will shed fast-falling tears,
And say,—Alas! it was a piteous deed.

—*Shakespeare.*

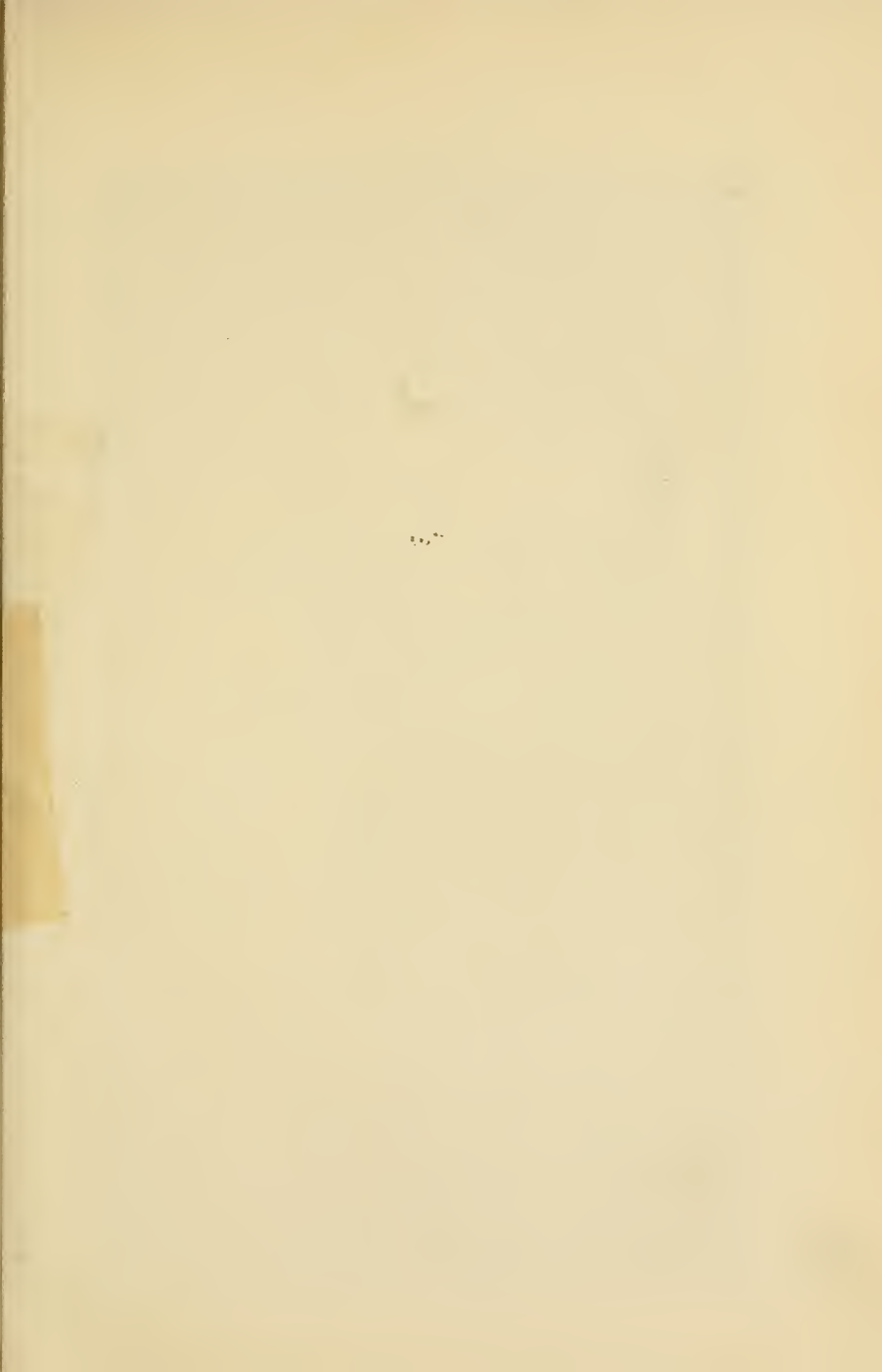
History is a voice sounding up from the past with no whisper of the future. History repeats itself in nothing save in teaching over and over the doctrine of the old Hebrew prophets, that a moral force and a divine purpose govern the affairs of men. One writer defines history as an "epic conceived in the spirit of God." Another writer says: "All history is an imprisoned epic—nay, an imprisoned psalm and prophecy." But the historian's task may well cease when he has presented the facts in their proper relation to each other. Such is the limit here assigned to the treatment of Order No. 11.

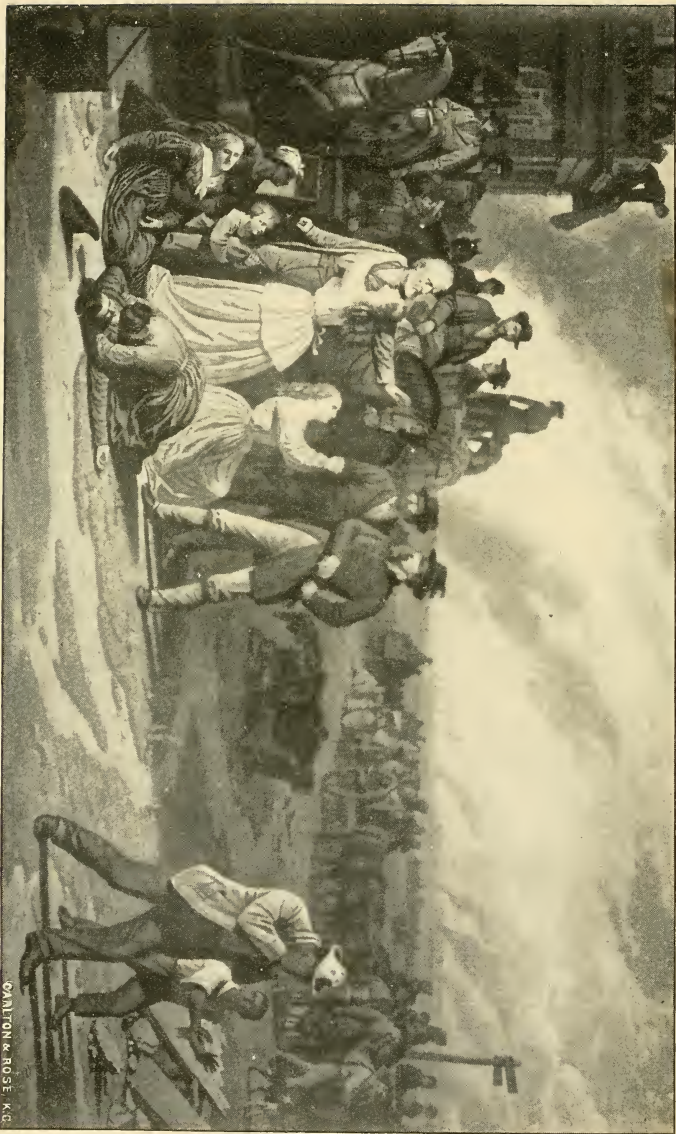
On the 19th of August, 1863, Quantrell and his men broke camp on the Blackwater in Johnson County, Mo., and marched into Kansas; two days later, they made the famous raid on Lawrence, the home of Jim Lane. On August 25th the famous Order No. 11 was issued. Order No. 11 was issued avowedly on account of the Lawrence raid.

Kansas and Missouri had been at war along the border since 1854. Slavery extension and

squatter sovereignty originated with these two when, as territories, they advanced respectively toward Statehood. Bad men, clothing themselves with the contentions of patriotic citizens, crossed the boundary line from either State to the other and committed crimes of every kind from petit larceny to foul murder. Professor Spring, of the Kansas University, says that while the Missourians committed crimes black enough, the "Jayhawkers" were the superior devils. When the war came up, some of the best men of Missouri, such as Generals Frost and Bowen and Colonel Up. Hays, were standing guard with armed forces to prevent incursions of Kansas marauders. After the great Civil War was well on, the guerrillas of Missouri undertook to checkmate these marauders and to retaliate upon Kansas for the misdeeds in Missouri of such men as Pennock, Jennison, and others. Jim Lane burned Neosho, Missouri, and Quantrell burned Lawrence, Kansas.

General Schofield, who, with headquarters at St. Louis, commanded the Army of the Frontier from April 1 to September 20, 1863, held that the border counties of Kansas could be immuned against the Missouri guerrillas if the border counties of Missouri were depopulated. He explained that the guerrillas would quietly assemble at a point agreed upon, then boldly ride over the country, harassing Union men, attacking detachments of Federal troops and occasionally making forays into Kansas. If chased by superior forces, they





"ORDER No. 11."

GALTON & ROSE, K.G.

dispersed and scattered in the border counties of Missouri and were reabsorbed by the peaceable portion of the community or were safely harbored by non-combatants, from whom they became indistinguishable. General Schofield determined, therefore, to remove all the inhabitants, loyal and disloyal alike, from certain counties, and to seize all the provisions and provender which the citizens in departing might be forced to abandon.

“General Order No. 11.

“Headquarters District of the Border,
“Kansas City, August 25, 1863.

“1. All persons living in Jackson, Cass, and Bates counties, Missouri, and in that part of Vernon included in this district, except those living within one mile of the limits of Independence, Hickman’s Mills, Pleasant Hill, and Harrisonville, and except those in that part of Kaw Township, Jackson County, north of Brush Creek and west of Big Blue, are hereby ordered to remove from their present places of residence within fifteen days from the date hereof.

“Those who within that time establish their loyalty to the satisfaction of the commanding officer of the military station near their present place of residence will receive from him a certificate stating the fact of their loyalty, and the names of the witnesses by whom it can be shown. All who receive such certificates will be permitted to remove to any military station in this district, or to any

part of the State of Kansas, except the counties of the eastern border of the State. All others shall remove out of the district. Officers commanding companies and detachments serving in the counties named will see that this paragraph is promptly obeyed.

“2. All grain and hay in the field or under shelter, in the district from which inhabitants are required to remove, within reach of military stations after the 9th day of September next, will be taken to such stations and turned over to the proper officers there and report of the amount so turned over made to district headquarters, specifying the names of all loyal owners and amount of such product taken from them. All grain and hay found in such district after the 9th day of September next, not convenient to such stations, will be destroyed.

“3. The provisions of General Order No. 10 from these headquarters will be at once vigorously executed by officers commanding in the parts of the district and at the station not subject to the operations of paragraph 1 of this order, and especially the towns of Independence, Westport, and Kansas City.

“4. Paragraph 3, General Order No. 10 is revoked as to all who have borne arms against the Government in the district since the 20th day of August, 1863.

“By order of Brigadier General Ewing.

“*H. Hannahs*, Adjt.-Gen'l.”

The news of the order quickly reached the remotest corners of the district affected. In a few days the highways of the land were rife with fugitives, courageous women and little children, decrepit old men and young boys. They drove small herds of cattle, or a few flocks of sheep, belonging to three or four families, which for mutual assistance usually went together. The household goods went in rickety wagons drawn by oxen or superannuated horses, exempted from army service because too feeble to carry a soldier.

The wisdom of Order No. 11 has been very ably attacked by General Geo. C. Bingham. The necessity and righteousness of the order has been ably presented by General Schofield. Let these two be heard. General Bingham was the artist from whose painting our illustration is taken. He was a Federal officer, but such was his antipathy to the Kansans that he refused to march to the relief of Mulligan at Lexington, where he might have to associate with Kansas troops. General Ewing, who was in command at Kansas City, issued Order No. 11. Upon him fell the bitter condemnation of General Bingham. When General Ewing was the Democratic candidate after the war for the governorship of Ohio, General Bingham visited that State, exhibited his famous painting, made speeches, and with relentless antagonism contributed to Ewing's defeat. General Ewing asked General Schofield for a letter in defense of Order No. 11. The letter follows:

“West Point, N. Y., Jan. 25, '77.

General Thomas Ewing, Lancaster, O.:

“My dear General,—I avail myself of the first opportunity that has presented itself to reply in detail to your letter of the 30th of December last.

“It was in May, 1863, that the command of the Department of the Missouri devolved upon me, and you were soon after assigned to command the district which embraced Missouri and Kansas. The condition of that border at once became the subject of earnest consideration. The guerrilla warfare, which had been waged in that district, with only temporary intermissions, for two years, had finally degenerated, as all such contests are liable to do, into revolting barbarism. Civilization and humanity demanded its prompt suppression, whatever might be the means necessary to that end.

“A large majority of the people had already been driven from their homes, or had voluntarily left them. None remained beyond the immediate protection of the military posts, except such as were, whether voluntarily or not, useful to the guerrillas. Those who remained were simply purveyors for these border warriors, furnishing them with provisions, forage, and temporary shelter necessary for their operations.

“There were two, and only two, possible ways by which this border war could be stopped. The one was to permanently station in that region troops enough to protect all the people, drive out

all the guerrillas, and prevent their return. The other was to remove the source from which the guerrillas obtained their supplies. The latter was proposed by you, and at once admitted by me as a measure absolutely necessary to be adopted, if the former was impracticable, but I preferred the former, and hence hesitated to adopt the latter. But I had the States of Missouri, Arkansas, Kansas, and Nebraska, and Colorado and the Indian Territory—over four hundred thousand square miles of distributed territory—to take care of, and operations against the Confederate Army in Arkansas to be prosecuted. It was difficult to spare even a small force to guard the border of Kansas and Missouri. There had already come a demand upon me from Washington to send all possible reinforcements to General Grant, who was besieging Vicksburg. To this, all minor considerations had to yield. The preservation of a few farms, with their crops, in Western Missouri, or anywhere else, could not be considered for a moment in comparison with the success of Grant's army in opening the Mississippi to the Gulf. Of course, I had sent to General Grant all the troops I had in reserve, and had at that time none left to reinforce you on the borders of Kansas.

“Soon after, the guerrilla operations culminated in the fiendish massacre of the defenseless people of Lawrence. There was no longer any question what must be done, and you promptly issued the order, which had before been considered and

discussed. A few days thereafter, I visited you at Kansas City and went to Independence. I spent several days in investigating the subject and conversing with the people who had left their homes in obedience to your order. There was left no room for doubt of the necessity of the measure that had been adopted; hence, after a comparatively unimportant modification, I approved your order and thus assumed the whole, or at least my full share, of the responsibility for it. Upon returning to St. Louis, I made a full report of the matter to President Lincoln, explaining the necessity of what had been done and assuming the responsibility therefor. Neither that humane President nor any other officer of the Government ever uttered one word dissent as to the wisdom, justice, or humanity of that policy, and I now repeat that the responsibility for the policy was fairly shared with you by the President and by me in proportion to our respective rank and authority.

“You understand that I have no desire in this to throw responsibility on President Lincoln, nor to defend myself. I have never regarded that act as requiring exculpation. On the contrary, it was an act of wisdom, courage, and humanity, by which the lives of hundreds of innocent people were saved and a disgraceful conflict brought to a summary close. Not a life was sacrificed, nor any great discomfort inflicted in carrying out the order. The necessities of all the poor people were provided for and none was permitted to suffer.

“A few unthinking people have no doubt supposed that the order was an act of retaliation for the massacre at Lawrence. Nothing could be more absurd. The farmers of western Missouri were not regarded in anywise responsible for Quantrell’s acts. Whether they were willing or not made no difference. If they raised crops, his men lived upon them, as did also our troops when they had occasion. A large proportion of these citizens who were in good circumstances had voluntarily ceased this unprofitable purveying and had gone elsewhere. It was simply an act of dispassionate wisdom and humanity to stop it altogether. To call your order an act of inhumanity or of retaliation upon the people of Missouri is like accusing the Russian commander of similar crimes against the people of Moscow when he ordered the destruction of that city to prevent its occupation as winter quarters by the army of Napoleon.

“For my own part I have been and am still entirely content to leave to impartial history the approval or condemnation of each of my official acts during the late war. But it is simply justice that you, who have been censured by some for your celebrated order, have this statement of the facts in regard to it, for such use as your just vindication may require.

“I am, General, very truly your friend and
obedient servant,

J. M. Schofield,

“Major-General.”

“Jefferson City, Feb. 22, 1877.

“*Editor Republican:*

“Dear Sir,—We, the undersigned members of the Missouri Legislature, representing counties embraced in the desolating order of General Thomas Ewing issued in 1863, in justice to our constituents who were sufferers therefrom respectfully request that the enclosed communication from General Bingham, in reply to the recent letter from General Schofield vindicating said order, may be given a place in your paper.

“*G. N. Nolan, Jackson County.*

“*Henry H. Craig, Jackson County.*

“*B. F. Wallace, Jackson County.*

“*Stephen P. Twiss, Jackson County.*

“*Senator G. T. Ballingal, Jackson County.*

“*Wm. Hall, Vernon County.*

“*John H. Sullens, Bates County.*

“*J. F. Brookhart, Cass County.*

“*Editor Republican:*

“My attention has been called to a letter which appeared in your paper yesterday, written by Major-General Schofield, now in charge of the Military Academy at West Point, and addressed to General Thomas Ewing, of Lancaster, Ohio, for the purpose of relieving that gentleman from the odium which he has justly incurred by the well-known and infamous military order issued by him in 1863, in the enforcement of which a large and populous district of our State, embracing several counties bordering on the State of Kansas, was

utterly desolated—its inhabitants driven from their homes, their dwellings committed to the flames, and their farms laid waste.

“The general has exercised a caution, characteristic of all great military commanders, in allowing nearly fourteen years to transpire before venturing upon the defense of a measure which for heartless atrocity has no parallel in modern annals. He will be apt to discover, however, that there are those yet surviving who will be able to confront him in this prudently delayed effort to subordinate history to the service of tyranny.

“He ventures to assert that ‘the order was an act of wisdom, courage, and humanity, by which the lives of hundreds of innocent people were saved and a disgraceful conflict brought to a summary close.’ That ‘not a life was sacrificed, nor any great discomfort inflicted in carrying out the order,’ and that ‘the necessities of the poor people were provided for and none were permitted to suffer.’ Never did an equal number of words embody a greater amount of error. The order was, soon after it was issued, denounced by the late Gen. Blair, as an act of imbecility. Upon the supposition that it was intended to aid the cause of the Union and weaken the Rebellion, his denunciation was certainly just. In view, however, of its purpose as revealed by its actual results, in the ruin of thousands of our citizens and the speedy transfer of their movable wealth to their dishonest neighbors in Kansas, it must be confessed that it exhibited the

consummate wisdom of the serpent. Never was a robbery so stupendous more cunningly devised or successfully accomplished, with less personal risk to the robbers. As an act of purely arbitrary power, directed against a disarmed and defenseless population, it was an exhibition of cowardice in its most odious and repulsive form. As outraging every principle of justice and doing violence to every generous and manly sentiment of the human heart, its title to be regarded as an act of humanity can only be recognized by wretches destitute of every quality usually embraced under that appellation. It did not bring 'a disgraceful conflict to a summary close.' It, indeed, put an end to predatory raids of Kansas 'Red-Legs and Jayhawkers,' by surrendering to them all they coveted, leaving nothing that could further excite their cupidity; but it gave up the country to the bushwhackers, who, until the close of the war, continued to stop the stages and rob the mails and passengers, and no one wearing the Federal uniform dared to risk his life within the desolated district.

"I was present in Kansas City when the order was being enforced, having been drawn thither by the hope that I would be able to have it rescinded, or at least modified, and can affirm, from painful personal observation, that the sufferings of the unfortunate victims were in many instances such as should have elicited sympathy even from hearts of stone. Bare-footed and bare-headed women and children, stripped of every article of clothing

except a scant covering for their bodies, were exposed to the heat of an August sun and compelled to struggle through the dust on foot. All their means of transportation had been seized by their spoilers, except an occasional dilapidated cart, or an old and superannuated horse, which were necessarily appropriated to the use of the aged and infirm.

“It is well-known that men were shot down in the very act of obeying the order, and their wagons and effects seized by their murderers. Large trains of wagons, extending over the prairies for miles in length, and moving Kansasward, were freighted with every description of household furniture and wearing apparel belonging to the exiled inhabitants. Dense columns of smoke arising in every direction marked the conflagrations of dwellings, many of the evidences of which are yet to be seen in the remains of seared and blackened chimneys, standing as melancholy monuments of a ruthless military despotism which spared neither age, sex, character, nor condition. There was neither aid nor protection afforded to the banished inhabitants by the heartless authority which expelled them from their rightful possessions. They crowded by hundreds upon the banks of the Missouri River, and were indebted to the charity of benevolent steamboat conductors for transportation to places of safety where friendly aid could be extended to them without danger to those who ventured to contribute it. General Schofield repre-

sents the counties embraced in the order as having been nearly depopulated by 'a savage guerrilla warfare,' which for two years had been waged therein, thus attempting to make it appear that the order operated only on a few remaining farmers, who, 'whether they sympathized with the guerrillas or not, were mere furnishers of supplies to these outlaws.'

"It is true that such warfare had been waged, but the largest portion of the guerrillas engaged in this warfare were the well-known 'Jayhawkers and Red-Legs' of Kansas, acting under the authority of no law, military or civil, yet carrying on their nefarious operations under the protection and patronage of General Ewing and his predecessors from the State of Kansas. The others, constituting the more determined and desperate class, were chiefly outlawed Missourians, known as bushwhackers, and claiming to act under Confederate authority. Their members, however, were at all times insignificant in comparison with the Federal troops stationed in these counties.

"As the inhabitants had all been disarmed by Federal authority, they were powerless to resist these outlaws, and, as General Schofield admits, were compelled to yield to their demands, whether willingly or unwillingly. Yet they were not, as General Scofield's affirms, mere furnishers of supplies to these outlaws. On the contrary, it may be safely asserted that the supplies furnished by them to the Federal forces, if properly estimated, would

reach twenty times, if not fifty times, the amount forced from them by bushwhackers. These desperate characters could at any time have been exterminated or driven from the country had there been an earnest purpose on the part of the Federal forces in that direction, properly braced by a willingness to incur such personal risks as become the profession of a soldier.

“But the guerrilla warfare in these counties had not, at the date of this order, nearly depopulated them, as alleged by General Schofield. The inhabitants possessed fertile and valuable lands. Many of them had become wealthy, and all possessed comfortable homes, from which neither the tyranny of their military rulers nor the frequent depredations of Kansas ‘Red-Legs’ and Confederate bushwhackers had succeeded in expelling them. The sweeping and indiscriminate order, therefore, operated in all its diabolical and ruinous force upon a population quite as numerous as then inhabited an equal number of any other border counties of our State. I was present when an officer reported to General Ewing that several hundred citizens, in obedience to the order, had reported to the military post at Harrisonville, Cass County, had proved their loyalty to the satisfaction of the officers in command there, and earnestly requested that they might be armed in order to defend themselves and their property. This reasonable request was refused, it being doubtless in-

tended that their property should supply other wants than those of its owners.

“If it shall become necessary, I feel confident that it can be easily shown that not a reason given by General Schofield in justification of this crime against humanity has any just basis in fact relating thereto. His efforts to make it appear as the result of a necessity analogous to that which warranted the conflagration of Moscow is sufficient to excite the risibility of any one familiar with the two cases. Napoleon was entering Moscow with a victorious and overwhelming force in the midst of a Russian winter, during which his only reliance for subsistence would have been upon the supplies stored within the limits of the city. The destruction, therefore, of these was the salvation of the Russian empire. In the case of the measure which he undertakes to defend the overwhelming force was with General Ewing, whose duty it was to protect the people and expel the bushwhackers who infested their country. In doing this, however, he would necessarily have exposed himself and command to a few casualties incidental to war. He therefore adopted the policy, safest to himself, of expelling the disarmed and defenseless people, leaving the country in possession of their enemies, who had no difficulty in procuring all the supplies they needed in the counties immediately adjoining.

“Such an order could scarcely be justified as directed against communities on a level in deprav-

ity with the ancient denizens of Sodom and Gomorrah. Yet those whom it embraced in its ruinous swoop, in all the virtues which characterized a Christian community, would not have suffered in comparison with any other rural population. Their political character may best be determined by a few facts of their history. In the election for members of our State Convention early in 1861, in which the question of secession was distinctly involved, not a single vote in the entire district desolated by this order was cast for a secession candidate, and those charged with being inclined in that direction were defeated by overwhelming majorities. During the entire period of the war, outraged and oppressed as they were, they furnished, at every call for troops to replenish the forces of the Union their full quota by volunteers, thus responding to the necessities of their Government without the compulsion of a draft.

“General Schofield ungenerously attempts to make President Lincoln jointly responsible with himself and General Ewing for the execution of this order. It is evident, however, that the assent and approbation of the President were predicated solely on the representations of his general, and not upon the actual facts relating to the matter, of which he could have had no personal knowledge. It can be proved that he went up to Kansas City from his headquarters in St. Louis for the purpose of rescinding this order, from the execution of which purpose in harmony with the noble instincts

of humanity, he was likely deterred by the same commanding influence which has induced him to attempt its defense.

“General Ewing has doubtless discovered that this, his crowning military achievement of 1863, was not of a nature as well calculated to secure the favor of the Democracy with whom he is now associated, as it was to win to his support the ‘Jay-hawkers’ and corrupt rabble of Kansas, through whose aid, there is reason to believe, he then looked for political preferment, and thence his effort arising from necessities of his shifted aspirations, to secure for it a gloss, which his associate in responsibility therefor has endeavored to put upon it, at the sacrifice alike of justice and truth.

“*G. C. Bingham.*”

“Jefferson City, Feb. 22.”

Chapter XXV.

QUANTRELL* AND HIS MEN.

Know thou this, that men are as the time is.

—*Shakespeare.*

After the expulsion of Price's army from Missouri, the guerrillas alone kept up the tumult and turmoil with the Federals. Sometimes Price, Shelby, or Marmaduke "raided" the State. These raids, however, were spasmodic and infrequent. But Quantrell and his men were a sort of perpetual motion. At first blush, the guerrilla warfare seems anomalous, but a slight analysis discovers that it was transmitted from direct and unequivocal antecedents. The guerrilla was an offspring of monstrous conditions prevailing among the early settlers of Missouri and Kansas. He came of the best and gentlest blood, and the true guerrilla was never a coward or poltroon.

Edwards says of the guerrilla: "He believed that the patriotism of Jennison and Lane was highway robbery transformed from darkness to dawn. Desperate and remorseless as he undoubtedly was, the guerrilla saw shining down upon his pathway a luminous patriotism, and he followed it eagerly that he might kill in the name of God and his country."

William Clark Quantrell was the greatest guerrilla the world ever produced, and as such he

*This name, according to Capt. W. H. Gregg, should be spelled *Quantrell*.

has his place in universal history. This strange, taciturn, undemonstrative leader was born of excellent parentage at Hagerstown, Maryland, July 20, 1836. He received a good English education. After leaving school, he joined an older brother in Kansas, and the two started in wagons for Pike's Peak. They were overtaken by a band of thirty-two Kansas Jayhawkers, who seized the mules and the wagons, and left the two Quantrells weltering in their own blood, and supposed to be dead. The younger one, William Clark Quantrell, lived. For two days and nights he lay watching and swooning by his dead brother. An old Indian and his squaw were the good Samaritans who saved the future guerrilla chief. Quantrell went to Lawrence, joined the Kansas State Militia, became an expert with a pistol, learned the names of his assailants and his brother's assassins, and, as opportunity offered, shot every one of them through the temple, except two who had moved to California. He was known simply as Charles Hart, and was patient, grave, uncommunicative, well dressed, and he stood high among his acquaintances; he was given important duties in the command, and was generally regarded as a capable man.

Quantrell organized at Lawrence an Underground Railroad expedition into Missouri for the purpose of running off the negroes belonging to Morgan Walker, who lived near Blue Springs. Quantrell apprised the Walkers of the intended

raid, and arranged to assist in the extirpation of the band. There were four men with Quantrell, and he led them into Walker's house, where they were all killed. Three of these, according to Edwards, belonged to the thirty-two above mentioned.

After this, Quantrell remained in Jackson County. He assisted Colonel Gill, father of Judge Turner A. Gill, and Mr. Lipscomb, of Little Santa Fé, in transporting their negroes to Texas, where they were out of the reach of the Kansas Jayhawkers. Returning from Texas, Quantrell joined Price's army at Cowskin Prairie, and took part as a private in the battle of Wilson Creek. When Price marched against Mulligan at Lexington, Quantrell came to Jackson County and began unconsciously the slow and tedious process of organizing the band which under his leadership became famous. Quantrell was not at the battle of Lexington, although Edwards gives the following graphic account of his presence there:

"Mounted on a splendid horse, armed with a Sharp's carbine and four navy revolvers, for a uniform a red shirt, and for oriflamme a sweeping black plume, he advanced farthest, fell back with the last, and was always omnipresent. General Price—himself notorious for being superbly indifferent under fire—remarked his bearing and caused mention to be made of it most favorable."

Edwards never permits any of his heroes to suffer for the want of a good word. Edwards was

an advocate, not a judge. He has fallen into many errors in his history of Quantrell and his men. Hence I make specific mention of him wherever I have occasion to use him as authority. The material for this chapter comes largely from Captain Wm. H. Gregg, of Kansas City, Mo., a brave and enterprising soldier, a leader upon whom Quantrell often imposed the most arduous duties, and who was always ready and capable.

Quantrell's original band consisted of Will Hallar, Geo. Todd, John Little, Jas. Little, John Hampton, and Joe Vaughn. Closely associated with this band—closely enough, indeed, to be regarded as original integral parts of it—were A. J. Liddil, Ed. Koger, the Walker boys, James Kelley, and Solomon Basham. The objects of this band were to recover stolen property, to catch thieves, and to protect property from organized despoilers.

Quantrell was a modest man, and did not seek to lead the band at first. He was unconscious of his vast capability as a leader. There was immediate and pressing work for the young organization. The band began operations by catching and hanging a man by the name of Searcy, a wholesale horse-thief and all-round robber. The band recovered from this great thief over seventy head of horses, many wagons, and much other property taken from people in Jackson, Cass, and Johnson counties. Many of these people still live, some of whom I know. The property was

all returned to the rightful owners, who willingly paid small sums in remuneration for the services of recovery. The Kansas Jayhawkers instantly raised the hue and cry that Quantrell's band stole horses from Union men, who were forced to recover their property by purchase.

Jennison's Jayhawkers came down, ostensibly to protect Union men. They plundered the citizens and burned houses. Quantrell's band ambushed Jennison, and killed five of his men. Burris came down with his freebooters on the same mission which brought Jennison; he also burned and plundered, and was ambuscaded, losing four or five of his men. Jennison and Burris both carried the Federal flag.

Soon after the band hung Searcy, it received three able recruits, John Koger, James Hendricks, and Wm. H. Gregg. In a short time the band numbered thirty men; it continued to grow, and, before the war was over, it contained 400 desperate fighters, and the leader bore a commission from the Confederate Government. Quantrell's first application for a commission was refused on account of his peculiar method of fighting.

On the 22d of February, 1862, Quantrell rode into Independence, Mo., with less than a score of men, believing the place to be unoccupied by troops. An Ohio cavalry regiment was there, and a battle was fought in which Quantrell lost in killed Gabriel George and Hopp Wood,

Wm. H. Greggs says of this little fight: "I got my arm blackened with a saber in the hands of a sturdy, brave Ohio cavalryman."

The Federals lost four or five men. About a month after this, March 20th, Quantrell camped with forty men in the Little Blue church, four miles northeast of Blue Springs. He sent out foragers, one of whom brought in a copy of the *St. Louis Republican*, in which was published an order by General Halleck, then in command of the Department of Missouri, directing his troops to shoot or hang Quantrell or his men wherever caught or found. This might well have meant the black flag. But Quantrell never carried the black flag, all the books so far written to the contrary notwithstanding. On the other hand, I saw a black flag carried at the head of a Federal company, which marched past our camp at sundown of the first day after leaving our home under Order No. 11. The meaning of the flag was discussed in my presence. The flag and the discussion made a lasting impression on my childish mind.

In a few days after Halleck's order was published, Quantrell's band captured a "Dutch" Federal sergeant who was guarding a bridge over the Big Blue. Quantrell remarked, "Boys, they issue the order, but we draw first blood"; whereupon he drew his revolver and killed the sergeant. They burned the bridge. Night overtook them near Little Santa Fé. Quantrell and twen-

ty-one men put up at a Mr. Tate's house; the others were quartered at farm-houses in the neighborhood. A Kansas regiment swooped down on the Tate house, scattered Quantrell's men, and captured all their horses. On two other occasions, during the summer of 1862, Quantrell and his men lost their horses—at Clark's and Lowe's houses. The encounter at Clark's house was within a mile of my boyhood home; it was a mere scrimmage with considerable shooting, but in no sense coming up to Edwards' description of it.

The Federals captured Perry Hoy at the Tate house affair; he was taken to Leavenworth and shot, in spite of Quantrell's offer to exchange a lieutenant for him. Quantrell released the lieutenant, who went home, saying he would not fight for a government that would not exchange a private for him, an officer.

About July 1, 1862, we find Quantrell in Henry County with ninety-five men. Colonel Upton Hays, on his way from the south, joined him here for a few days and they repulsed an attack of a Federal company under Captain Reynolds, from Clinton, Mo., who came out to capture Quantrell. Hays proceeded afterwards toward Jackson County with thirty of Quantrell's men as an escort. In a few days, Quantrell, with only sixty-five men, marched into Cass County on his way to Jackson, fighting frequently as he marched, and always against heavy odds. The next six weeks, according to Captain Gregg, made a pe-

riod the most thrilling in the history of border warfare.

Major Jas. O. Gower commanded the Federal post at Clinton. After the rough experience of Reynolds with Quantrell, Gower marched out with 65 men and sent couriers to Capt. Ankeny, who came next morning from Butler with 65 men; and to Capt. W. A. Martin, who came from Harrisonville with 65 men; and to Capt. Miles Kehoe, who came from Warrensburg with 61 men. Gower thus had 266 men with which to capture Quantrell's 65 guerrillas. A long and terrific battle occurred a few miles west of Pleasant Hill, on the Searancy farm. A number of men were killed. The Federals seemed absolutely devoid of fear. Quantrell's ammunition gave out, and his men successfully defended themselves for a time by pelting their assailants with stones. This was possible, inasmuch as there was inebriation among the Federals. Captain Gregg, with his 22 men, cut through the Federal lines, and so enabled the band to escape into Jackson County. Major Gower reported the guerrilla force at 250 strong.

The next battles were at Independence and Lone Jack, treated in appropriate chapters.

After the battle at Lone Jack, Quantrell and his men marched to Olathe, Kansas, for the purpose of killing ten men to avenge the killing of Perry Hoy at Leavenworth. This purpose they fully accomplished before reaching Olathe, which

place they captured with 120 troops; the latter were paroled. After Olathe, they raided Shawneetown, killing ten or twelve Kansans. Before going south for the winter they engaged in numerous small affairs. As they retreated south, they captured, near Harrisonville, a train of fifteen or twenty Federal wagons, which they burned. The guards, about twenty in number, were killed. They made an unsuccessful attack on the Federal post at Lamar. When Quantrell arrived at Van Buren, Ark., his command was attached to Shelby's brigade, and it took part in the battles of Prairie Grove, Springfield, Hartsville, and others.

After the leaves came out in the spring of 1863, Quantrell returned with his men from the South, and soon had a small army under his command. He was joined by Todd, Pool, Blunt, Anderson, and Jarrett, each with a company, and there were numerous other leaders with small detachments of men, all willingly acknowledging the authority of Quantrell, and coming under his leadership when required. These men, rank and file, were as brave as men could be, and all were true comrades. If any man faltered, he was disowned and jeered out of the ranks.

During the summer of 1863, these various companies and detachments operated over a wide range of country, annoying and terrifying the Federals. While Pool was operating in Saline or Lafayette counties, Blunt would be in Jackson

on the Sni or the Little Blue; Todd would be hanging around Westport or Kansas City; Jarrett might be in Cass County; Anderson maybe in Ray or Carroll County, or in Kansas. In June Captain Gregg took ten men into Clay County. He sent word to Missouri City that two bushwhackers were lying drunk in Uncle Jerry Peebly's yard. Captain Sessions, who was regarded by Gregg's men as an informer—even a murderer, came out with twelve men. These came into the trap, and at the first round eight fell dead and the ninth was severely wounded. The three others were pursued and slain before they got back to town.

The Federals hastily evacuated Missouri City, and Gregg's little force took possession of the place. The ten camped the next day in the northern part of the county, where they learned from some school-children that a body of troops had passed down toward Missouri City. Gregg knew intuitively that the troops were from Plattsburg, and that they were bent on avenging the death of Sessions and his men. Gregg at once marched with his daring band straight to Plattsburg and captured the place after a severe battle with twenty Federals, who surrendered; 300 loaded guns and \$6,000 of "Gamble" money were seized. Colonel James H. Birch, aid-de-camp of Governor Gamble, was made a prisoner. The whole northern part of the State was intensely excited, and 10,000 troops were put in motion to

capture or chase away the ten, who, after many escapades, recrossed the river at Blue Mills Landing. Not one of the ten was even wounded.

Those comprising this daring band were Captain Wm. H. Gregg, Lieutenant Scott, Jas. A. Hendricks, James Little, John Jackson, Joe Hart, Henry Cowherd, Fletcher Taylor, and Frank James.

On the 15th of August, 1863, Quantrell called a council of war at the Garrol farm south of Oak Grove, Mo. Here they determined upon the raid on Lawrence. The rendezvous was in Johnson County, Mo. Captain Gregg was Quantrell's adjutant and aid-de-camp. He counted the men, 294, who took part in the raid at Lawrence. The trip was in every sense a terrible one. Quantrell and his men were on horseback almost constantly for four days and five nights, and for three days and nights were without food. The burning of Lawrence, the killing, the retreat, the pursuit, and the running fights make up one of the most exciting stories of the war.

Professor Spring, of the Kansas University, writes: "In the destruction of Lawrence, August 21, 1863, the irregular, predatory hostilities of the border reached a shocking climax. The crimes which brought about that event were various, and have been in the main already indicated—the campaign of Lane's brigade, the depredations of Red-legs, enmities of the settlement of Lawrence in 1854, as well as ordinary bushwhacking mo-

tives of plunder. 'Jennison has laid waste our homes,' was the declamation of more than one Missourian on the day of the massacre, 'and Red-legs have perpetrated unheard-of crimes. Houses have been plundered and burned, defenseless men shot down, and women outraged. We are here for revenge—and we have got it.' ”

The raid on Lawrence so horrified and exasperated the Federals that General Ewing immediately issued Order No. 11.

It was fitting that the Lawrence raid should close the career of Quantrell. He continued in the saddle for more than a year after that event, but we hear very little more of him. The guerilla school which he had trained for two years now sent forth graduates destined to perform bloody work in the summer of 1864. As Quantrell disappears slowly from sight, the prodigious figures of Anderson and Todd gather on the view. From the ranks of these leaders rose after the war the James boys and the Youngers. In the autumn after the Lawrence raid Quantrell went south for the winter. The next summer he came again to Missouri, visited his old familiar haunts, and roamed over the region desolated by Order No. 11. He was here in the autumn of 1864, when Price made his great raid. But Quantrell had lost his enterprise and ambition, or had permitted his men to slip from him; they were massing around other leaders, and he murmured no regret.

After Price's great raid, Quantrell and a few

companions crossed over into Kentucky, where he was killed. His death was not consequential. The tragic end must be classed among the smaller items of his biography. Every life begins in song and ends in tragedy; between the two look for history.

Chapter XXVI.

THE STORY OF DONIPHAN.

One comfort is, that great men, taken up in any way, are profitable company. We cannot look, however imperfectly, upon a great man without gaining something by him.—*Carlyle*.

No one conversant with Missouri history will deny that General Alexander W. Doniphan was one of Missouri's greatest men. He was as remarkable for the honors in his grasp and declined as for any of his actual achievements. He could have been elected to the United States Senate instead of Louis V. Bogy in 1877, but he refused to allow his name to be presented to the caucus. In 1876 the National Democratic Convention met in St. Louis. At one time it was doubtful whether Tilden could be nominated. In the event of such failure, it was proposed to give the nomination to Doniphan. But he was indifferent to office in civil life. He was moved to his highest capabilities only by military action. It is remarkable that he found no field for the exercise of his genius in the Civil War.

The meager part enacted by Doniphan in the great Civil War is explained in two ways. On the one hand it has been intimated that he was piqued by the promotion of General Price to the position of major-general of the State Guards, and on the other it is claimed that Governor Jackson offered

him the appointment and that he declined it.

I am able to set this question at rest forever. Mr. M. P. Lietz, an old and highly esteemed citizen of Fulton, Mo., who is now beyond eighty years of age, who in his early manhood accompanied Doniphan to Mexico and who is accredited by John T. Hughes as author of a part of the latter's "Doniphan's Expedition to Mexico," writes me the following in a letter:

"In the troubles that grew out of seceding States, a peace congress was appointed to meet in Washington City, and the governor appointed Col. Doniphan the peace commissioner from Missouri. By accident I was in Washington City at that time and by chance met Col. Doniphan on Pennsylvania Avenue, and while we were together the first troops, a body of 1500, came in a gallop up the street. I said to Col. Doniphan: 'What do you think of the policy of the Government to overrun us with soldiers?' He answered: 'I will tell you what I think; if I had my old regiment here, I would whip them out in thirty minutes.'

"Now for the Missouri command: I was at Boonville, Mo., in June, 1861, the day before the battle; was sitting in front of the hotel in the shade. Governor C. F. Jackson came along and took the vacant chair by me. As I was anxious to know what was intended, I asked him several questions in regard to future action. He then told me that he had appointed Col. Doniphan commander-in-chief of the Missouri forces and that

after keeping the commission two weeks, he had declined to accept it; and then he pulled Doniphan's letter of non-acceptance from his pocket and read it to me. Col. Doniphan's reasons were that he had had two children, both boys, and before this one was drowned and the other accidentally killed by gun-shot. This loss had shattered his wife's health and he could not get her to consent to let him go to battle, as she had suffered much while he was in Mexico. Doniphan was commander-in-chief [major-general] of the Missouri forces for two weeks, only lacking the will to accept. The remarks that Jackson made at the time are no part of history, and I will not repeat them. At this time the governor had appointed General Sterling Price commander-in-chief of the Missouri forces, and Price was in a bed sick in the hotel less than fifty feet from where we were sitting."

General Doniphan was a member of the State convention, and voted with Price against taking Missouri out of the Union. At the July meeting of the convention he voted against deposing Governor Jackson; he refused to attend the November meeting. Meantime he attended the Peace Congress at Washington, D. C., as the delegate from Missouri.

While in Washington, he was introduced to President Lincoln. Mr. Lincoln, struck by the magnificent presence and courtly bearing of his visitor, exclaimed: "And this is Colonel Doniphan, who made the wonderful march from Santa

Fé to Monterey against both Indians and Mexicans. Now, Colonel, permit me to say you are the only man connected with any great military enterprise who ever came up in his looks to my expectations.”

While General Price lay at Springfield in the winter after the battle of Lexington, Colonel John T. Hughes was sent back to the Missouri River on an expedition which proved a signal failure, owing to the quick intervention of Doniphan. Doniphan learned in some way of the proposed expedition, and he hastened to Plattsburg to convey the information to Colonel James H. Birch, Federal commander at that place. Colonel Birch, writing in the summer of 1899 of this episode, quotes Doniphan as saying: “Colonel, I have ridden all the way from Liberty to place in your possession a very grave military secret. I might have gone to Independence, but you are the only member of the ‘Gamble dynasty’ whom I trust, having known you since boyhood. My information is that John T. Hughes has left camp at Osceola and with his regiment is coming home. His men want to see their families; but this is not what is bringing John home. I know John Hughes; he was in my regiment in Mexico, and there is not a more daring or ambitious officer in Price’s army. I am informed that he intends to cross the river at Albany, six miles above Lexington. He will tear up the Hannibal & St. Joseph Railroad from Macon City to St. Joseph and

burn the bridges; he will recruit a regiment; he will attack the militia by squads, and before the railroads can be rebuilt and reinforcements brought in he will have retreated south. Now all this would not trouble me, for he would take out of northwest Missouri many whose absence would leave us in peace; but when his brigade left, every soldier would be mounted on some Union man's horse and his every team would be from some Union man's barn, and when the Federals got in again, every Union man would charge his southern neighbor with piloting them to his barn, and the devil would be in supreme command and hell would be a pleasure resort to what would take place then. Now to prevent all this I have made this trip. You must go to-night to St. Louis and lay this information before Halleck." Col. Birch proposed to telegraph the information, but Doniphan said it would not do. Colonel Birch mounted a young thoroughbred horse and rode to Osborn, fourteen miles, in an hour and thirteen minutes, reaching there just in time to catch the train for St. Louis. Halleck¹ acted promptly and ordered General Prentiss to repair with a strong force to Albany. Hughes was just about to cross when Prentiss arrived; a few shots were exchanged across the river. Hughes retreated south and reached Price in time to take part in the battle of Pea Ridge.

Chapter XXVII.

GENERAL STERLING PRICE.

Also, the hero from of old has had to cramp himself into strange shapes; the world knows not well at any time what to do with him.—*Carlyle.*

To none of our heroes have the people of this State accorded such a generous and unstinted partiality as they have to General Price. The Government at Richmond never knew what to do with Price. The people of Missouri were wiser; they believed in him, and followed him and loved him.

Price was a stern, yet gentle man. Many a time his rugged face was streaked with tears in battle when his "boys" were cut to pieces. To him his troops were always his "boys"; to them he was "old Pap." Price was stern almost to harshness when men forgot their duty. After the battle of Corinth, one of the Missouri companies decided to leave the service and return home. The term of enlistment had expired. The whole company was put under arrest and taken to General Price. Scarcely had the case been stated when Price roared out: "All of you who want to re-enlist, step forward; all who want to be shot, stand still." There was an instant shuffling of feet as the men moved forward; even the captain signified his desire to re-enlist then and there by stepping to the front—a little slower, however, than the others.

Price believed in duty as he believed in God. To him there was no stronger word than the word "duty." During all the four years of the war he was overslaughed and held back by the mistrust or jealousy of Jeff. Davis. If Davis was jealous of Price, and he might not have been, he was the living definition of Ruskin's observation: "And take also your great English vice, European vice, vice of all the world, vice of all other worlds that roll or shine in heaven, bearing with them yet the atmosphere of hell—the vice of jealousy, which brings competition into your commerce, treachery into your councils, and dishonor into your wars." Price uttered no word of complaint; like a true, great man, he accepted subordinate positions and his zeal suffered no diminution. In adherence to duty, Price was the American Duke of Wellington.

In "Battles and Leaders of the Civil War," Vol. 2, a stormy scene between Price and Jeff Davis is described by an eye-witness. After the battle of Corinth, General Price wanted to return to Missouri with his Missouri troops. He went to Richmond to secure an order to this effect. President Davis was cold and formal. At the first interview Davis requested Price to submit his proposition in writing, which Price did. At the next interview Davis informed Price that the order could not be issued; the Missourians could not be returned to the Trans-Mississippi Department. Price replied with the utmost respect and courtesy of manner: "If you will not let me serve *you*, I will neverthe-

less serve my *country*. You cannot prevent me from doing that. I will send you my resignation, and go back to Missouri and raise another army there without your assistance, and fight again under the flag of Missouri and win new victories for the South in spite of you." Davis was frigid in manner, and he replied in cutting, measured, icy tones: "Your resignation will be promptly accepted, General, and if you do go back to Missouri and raise another army and win victories for the South, no one will be more *pleased* than myself—or *surprised*." Then Price rose to his full height and brought his heavy fist down upon the table with a force that scattered the papers and upset the inkstand: "Then I'll surprise you, sir." Whereupon Price strode furiously out of the room without looking back. He went to his hotel, wrote out his resignation, and prepared to leave for Missouri. The next day he received notice that instead of accepting his resignation, the President would accede to his request. He could return to the Trans-Mississippi Department, and the Missouri troops would follow when Bragg could spare them with safety. This was probably the greatest victory Price ever won. He returned to his command and bade farewell to his "boys," promising them that soon they should follow him back to Missouri. They never saw Price again.

Jeff. Davis was a West Pointer, while Price had not received a military education. Davis was a man of strong convictions and strong prejudices;

he believed that only the graduates of West Point could be efficient soldiers. Hence the President of the Southern Confederacy never could see any commendable military qualities in General Price. Davis was a good soldier himself and he had served with distinction in the war with Mexico. Price also had served in the Mexican War. But Price was a lax disciplinarian and at Santa Fé had permitted his men to separate into foraging parties, while a dangerous conspiracy was hatched against him among the Mexicans. Price brought his army safely out of the difficulty, but Davis probably attributed this final success to Price's good fortune, and not to Price's genius as a soldier. Possibly this was the beginning of the distrust which was never dislodged from Davis' mind.

While General Price was in the vicinity of Springfield, after his victory over Mulligan at Lexington, Fremont ordered forward Major Zagonzi, of his body guard, and Major White, of the "Prairie Schooners," with forces. They surprised a detachment of Price's army under Major Lee Cloud, many miles away from Price. The men under Cloud fled in disorder to a skirt of timber, where they rallied and repulsed their assailants with heavy loss, eighty-five Federals being killed. One of Major Cloud's men fled in dismay to Price and reported that his comrades had all been massacred; he alone had escaped. Afterwards a courier arrived with news of a great victory. Price hung his head a moment and then said epigrammatically: "Damn

a man with six legs!" referring to the four legs of the horse and the two of the man who brought the false story of disaster.

Sterling Price was born in Prince Edward County, Virginia, in 1809. He came of a good, intelligent, and well-to-do family. At an early age he was sent to the neighborhood schools, later to Hampden-Sidney College; afterwards he finished his education by studying law. In 1831 he moved with his father's family to Missouri and settled on a farm in Chariton County, which remained his home as long as he lived. In 1840 he was chosen to represent his county in the Legislature. He was made speaker of the House, a rare honor for a man of thirty-one and unknown outside of his own county. He was an ideal presiding officer and at the next term he was chosen speaker again. From this he grew to be the most colossal figure in the civil and military affairs of the State. In 1846 he was elected to Congress, but soon resigned on account of some adverse and unjust criticism. About this time it became manifest that war between the United States and Mexico was inevitable. He returned to Missouri and raised a regiment, chiefly in the central counties of the State. At the same time Colonel A. W. Doniphan, of Clay County, had also raised a regiment. Doniphan's was the First and Price's the Second Missouri Mounted Volunteers. These constituted the main body of an expedition which, under General Kearney of the Regular Army, marched across the plains

and took possession of New Mexico and other Mexican provinces. The troops marched from Leavenworth to Santa Fé, a distance of over 900 miles, in two detachments, for the better advantages of forage, the first under Doniphan and the second under Colonel Price. A few days before Price arrived at Santa Fé, General Kearney started with his 200 dragoons for California, leaving Colonel Doniphan in command. Toward the close of the year, Doniphan, after subduing the Navajo Indians, set out for Chihuahua, and Colonel Price was left in sole military command. Now it was that the conspiracy above mentioned was formed. In a day the whole province was in turmoil and excitement, and desultory fighting occurred in many places. Wm. Bent, a Missourian who had been appointed governor, was murdered. Colonel Price acted promptly, and with 500 brought the conspirators to bay at Cañada, at Moro, and at other places. At Taos the Mexicans took refuge in a large adobe church. Price's men cut through the walls with axes. In ten days the insurrection was crushed. The Missourians lost 47, and the Mexicans 285. The next year, 1847, Colonel Price was commissioned a brigadier general. The following summer General Price marched to Chihuahua. Here he was informed by a deputation of Mexicans that peace had been made. He did not credit the report and occupied the place. He was appointed military governor of the province of Chihuahua. From the city of Chihuahua he

marched to Santa Cruz de Rosales, where he again heard that peace had been made. Again he gave the report no credence. He waited in vain a few days for its confirmation; then reduced the place by force, killing and wounding 300 Mexicans and losing 45 of his own men.

At the close of the war General Price returned with his troops to Missouri. They were welcomed everywhere with great demonstrations of joy by the people. At the next general election, 1852, General Price was elected governor of the State of Missouri by a sweeping majority. His opponent was James W. Winston, a grandson of Patrick Henry, and a very distinguished lawyer. At the close of his four years' tranquil service as governor, Gen. Price retired peacefully to his farm in Chariton County, apparently satisfied with public life and with the civil and military honors he had achieved. For four years he led the contented and satisfying life of a farmer. Then the great Civil War arose and drew him again into the vortex of public activity. General Price was a strong Union man, but he was not an unconditional Union man, as Blair was. Price had fought and shed his blood for the United States; he loved his Government; but he was Virginia born, and State dominion was one of the strongest tenets of his political doctrine. He supported Douglass for the Presidency in 1860, and he was not in sympathy with secession until the Camp Jackson affair. He was elected to the convention called into being by the Legislature for

the purpose of determining whether Missouri should secede. He was made president of the convention, which promptly resolved that the State of Missouri should remain in the Union.

The capture of Camp Jackson was an intolerable obtrusion of Federal force into the autonomy of the State. Price instantly offered his sword to Governor Jackson, not in the interest of secession, but for the specific purpose of driving from the soil of Missouri such invaders as Lyon, and to prevent outside interference with the operation of the government of Missouri.

Price began to assemble an army at Boonville. Before an army could be mobilized, Lyon appeared on the scene, and Price fled to the remote southwest corner of the State. Here he organized his Missouri army, called the State Guards. This was not a Confederate army; it was a Missouri army, and it marched under the flag of Missouri; its object was to make good the political tenets of General Price—namely, to prevent outside interference with the State government of the State of Missouri. Seven chapters of this volume are devoted to a review of the achievements of the Army of Missouri, under the general caption, "Campaign of the Missouri State Guards." This army fought the battles of Wilson Creek, or Oak Hill, Drywood, Lexington, Pea Ridge, and a score of others. General Price was wounded at the battle of Pea Ridge. After this battle the State Guards folded the flag of Missouri, and hoisted for the first time the Stars

and Bars. General Price became a Confederate soldier, and went to fight east of the Mississippi River for a time. When he left that department to return west, he furnished occasion for Anderson to give him this farewell: "I have done with this great and magnanimous captain, this stainless, undefiled, and devoted patriot—Missouri's brightest star and purest jewel. He is to-day looked upon proudly by the mass of her people, and loved, honored, and admired by every one of her true-hearted sons that marched under his command."

In 1862, General Van Dorn was appointed to command the Trans-Mississippi Department, and General Maury, of Virginia, came on from the Potomac as his chief of staff. The battle of Pea Ridge, or Elk Horn Tavern, was about to be fought. Van Dorn and Maury proceeded together and joined Price, who, with his army, had recently fled from Missouri, but had now turned and was confronting Curtis. Writing of the Pea Ridge campaign, General Maury said:

"We took a steamer for Jacksonport, whence, on February 23d, we mounted our horses and started upon our ride across the State to Van Buren. We rode into that place on the evening of February 28th, and next morning, March 1st, left Van Buren for Price's camp in Boston Mountains, distant about thirty miles. The weather was bitter cold, and all day we traveled over an ascending mountain road until dark, when we came to

the little farm-house in which the leader of the Missourians had made his headquarters. I was much impressed by the grand proportions and the stately air of the man who, up to that time, had been the foremost figure of the war beyond the Mississippi. General Price was one of the handsomest men I have ever seen. He was over six feet two inches in stature, of massive proportions, but easy and graceful in his carriage and gestures; his hands and feet were remarkably small and well-shaped; his hair and whiskers, which he wore in the old English fashion, were silver white; his face was ruddy and very benignant, yet firm in its expression; his profile was finely chiseled, and bespoke manhood of the highest type; his voice was clear and ringing, and his accentuation singularly distinct. A braver or a kinder heart beat in no man's bosom; he was wise in counsel, bold in action, and never spared his own blood on any battle-field. No man had greater influence over his troops, and as he sat on his superb charger with the ease and lightness of one accustomed all his days to ride a thoroughbred horse, it was impossible to find a more magnificent specimen of manhood in his prime than Sterling Price presented to the brave Missourians, who loved him with a fervor not less than we Virginians felt for Lee."

After peace was made, General Price went to Mexico for a year, where he was a member of the board of emigration. He returned to his Chariton

County farm, where he lived out the brief remaining days of his life.

In 1867 the cholera appeared in St. Louis. General Price, with characteristic disregard of personal danger, went to St. Louis to look after some business interests of a commission house with which he was connected. He was stricken down and died September 27, 1867.

Chapter XXVIII.

CLAIBORNE F. JACKSON.

His life was gentle; and the elements
 So mixed in him, that Nature might stand up,
 And say to all the world, *This is a man.*

—*Shakespeare.*

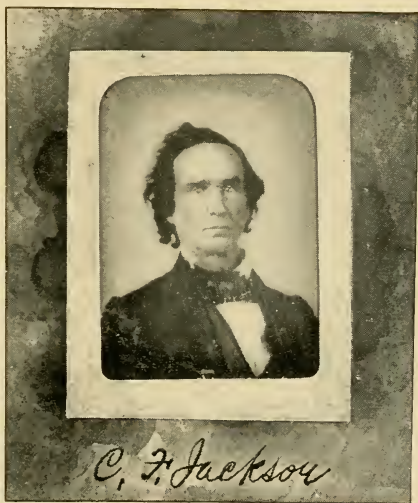
History has done less for this man than it has for some smaller men. Claiborne Jackson has been scantily recognized by all who have essayed to write the history of his time. His was a strong, robust, manly nature. He scorned subterfuge and was open, direct, and honest. He was ardently devoted to the welfare of the State, and was devoid of any shred of selfish ambition. He had been a successful business man and was esteemed wealthy when called by his fellow-citizens to the governorship of the State. He cheerfully sacrificed his fortune on the altar of duty. In one year he was an exile from home and suffering the pinch of penury. He was hardly able to "make tongue and buckle meet," as he expressed it in the colloquialism of the day. But his poverty was an honorable one. At the moment of making the above remark, he was the guardian and the possessor of vast stores and large sums of money belonging to his beloved State. But he was puritanically honest and upright; not a cent nor a piece of provision would he touch for personal use. These same stores were later divided

in a rude, soldierly way among the Missouri troops, to whom they belonged as much as to anybody, and Jackson died in poverty far from his home and among strangers. To write a complete biography of Governor Jackson would be tantamount to writing a history of the State for a period of a quarter of a century. He was in the Missouri Legislature, House and Senate, for many years; he was a member of the Constitutional Convention of 1845; he was bank commissioner for four years under Governor Stewart, from which position he succeeded to the governorship. As a legislator, he served as speaker of the House and was otherwise and always a useful and influential member. He was author of the banking law of the State; he was also author of the famous Jackson Resolutions, which had the effect of retiring Senator Benton to private life. He became governor at the most stormy period of the State's history. His public career was long and useful.

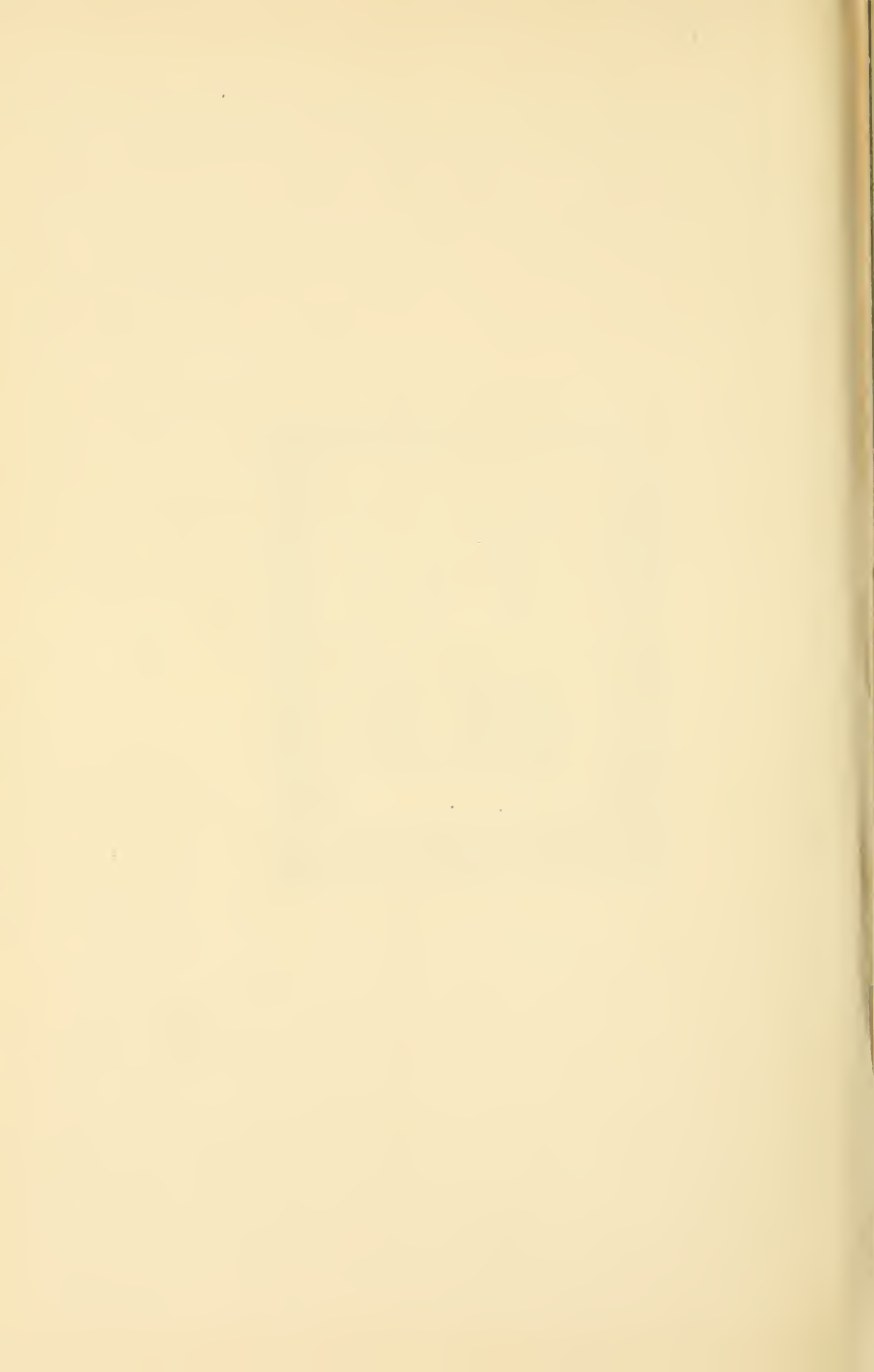
Claiborne Fox Jackson was born in Kentucky, April 4, 1807. His grandfather, Joseph Jackson, was a native of Ireland, who settled at an early day in Virginia. Dempsey Jackson, father of Governor Jackson, was a Virginia Revolutionary soldier, and distinguished himself at the battle of Cowpens under General Morgan. Dempsey Jackson married Miss Mary Pickett, and in 1792 moved to Fleming County, Kentucky, where he died in 1832. His widow moved to Howard County, Missouri, and died at the home of her

son, Judge Wade M. Jackson, father of John Pickett Jackson, of Independence, Mo. The young future governor of Missouri left his Kentucky home without parental consent at the age of 18. He came to Missouri on horseback and settled near his brother, Judge Wade M. Jackson, at Old Franklin in Howard County. He was an active, enterprising young man, fond of cock-fighting, horse-racing, and fox-hunting. From the position of clerk in a general mercantile store, he worked his way up until he was proprietor of a large and lucrative business. He was a man of financial ability and soon amassed a fortune. He became a banker and politician. In early manhood he was chosen to represent his county in the Legislature. Here he found the sphere of his public career. The young and rapidly growing State needed at the helm such clear-headed and progressive men as "Claib" Jackson and Sterling Price. These two men were nearly the same age, and they were life-long friends.

In every epoch of our State, prominent and influential men have been unknown to Congress. Jackson was never a member of the national Legislature, although he was the Democratic congressional nominee at one time; he was defeated by Jas. Linley, Whig. Jackson had defeated a certain railroad project in the Legislature; this fact was turned against him by Linley at the last moment. Jackson was not an orator, although a good public speaker; he was a debater and a man



GOVERNOR C. F. JACKSON.



to be feared on the hustings. In one of his speeches he referred sarcastically to the bad spelling of John B. Clark, Sr. Mr. Clark took umbrage at what he considered an unmerited stricture, and promptly challenged Jackson to fight a duel. Jackson accepted the challenge, and named rifles as the weapons, at 80 yards' distance. Jackson was an expert with a rifle. He had been known to bring down with his rifle a deer that he was chasing at full speed on horseback. Judge Abial Leonard bore Clark's challenge to Jackson. Leonard was a friend to both men, and he used his influence to prevent the duel; he was finally successful on the day preceding the date of the duel. Jackson afterwards appointed Clark brigadier general of the State Guards.

Governor Jackson was married three times, and the three wives were sisters, daughters of Dr. John Sappington. No children were born of the first marriage; two sons were born of the second, and two daughters and one son of the third. Jackson's wives were aunts of General John Sappington Marmaduke. This fact accounts for Marmaduke's middle name. Why was not Marmaduke appointed by his distinguished uncle to the command of the Missouri State Guards, instead of General Price or General Doniphan? Evidently nepotism was not one of Jackson's weaknesses.

In 1849 Jackson was in the State Senate. The war with Mexico had eventuated in our acquisition of large tracts of Spanish territory. Con-

gressman Wilmot, of Pennsylvania, had introduced his famous Proviso, which sought to exclude slavery forever from all our newly acquired Western territory. The Wilmot Proviso did not prevail in Congress, but its presence there revealed and asserted the depth of the Northern sentiment against the institution of slavery. Senator Jackson introduced a set of resolutions which were as defiant and in effect as far-reaching as was the Wilmot Proviso, against which they were directed. The Jackson Resolutions were adopted by the Missouri Legislature, and they remained on the statutes of the State until they were annulled by the upheaval of the Civil War. They retired Senator Benton to private life after an unbroken service of thirty years in the upper house of Congress. The Jackson Resolutions were passed in January, 1849. They averred that the Constitution of the United States was the result of a compromise between the conflicting interests of the States which formed it; that Congress had no power not delegated to it; that the right to prohibit slavery in any territory belonged to the people thereof, and not to the general Government; that the General Assembly regarded the conduct of the Northern people on the subject of slavery as releasing the slave-holding States from the Compromise of 1820; that "in the event of any act of Congress which conflicts with the sentiments herein expressed, Missouri will join the

slave States against the encroachments of Northern fanaticism.”

The State was soon in a foment. Senator Benton came on from the national capital, and in May, 1849, delivered an address in the Hall of Representatives at Jefferson City which set the State ablaze. He appealed from the action of the Legislature to the people. He maintained that the Jackson Resolutions were in conflict with the Missouri Compromise and also in conflict with a previous Missouri resolution wherein it was declared that the peace, permanence, and welfare of the National Union depended upon a strict adherence to the letter and spirit of that compromise, and which instructed senators and representatives to vote in accordance with its provisions. He denounced the Jackson Resolutions as entertaining a covert purpose of ultimate disruption of the Union. Benton was a great man and a great statesman. He had been the political autocrat of Missouri politics for thirty years. He held that eminence by right of superior ability. But his sun was setting. He was in advance of the public thought of his State. He saw that slavery must be discontinued, and he rejoiced that it was so. He made a brilliant campaign all over the State, advocating principles which the war made good.

Mr. B. F. Switzler, in his history of Missouri, says: “It must not be inferred, however, that Colonel Benton prosecuted this canvass, able and distinguished as he was, without strong oppo-

sition and resistance, for all over the State there were gentlemen of great ability and influence who controverted his position and denounced his course. Among the most distinguished and talented of his opponents, gentlemen who ably addressed the people in various places in condemnation of his views of public duty and policy, and his refusal to obey the instructions of the Legislature, we may mention James S. Green, David R. Atchison, James H. Birch, Louis V. Bogy, John B. Clark, Sr., Trusten Polk, Claiborne F. Jackson, Robert M. Stewart, Carty Wells, Robt. E. Acock, Wm. Claude Jones, and others—men whom it must be admitted had a strong hold upon the public confidence and wielded immense power over the State.”

In 1860 Jackson was elected governor of the State. The Jackson Resolutions, passed eleven years before, were still a part of his political creed. The clouds of war were lowering around him when he took the oath of office. The principles of the Jackson Resolutions were leading State after State to secede from the Union. The time had almost arrived when “Missouri will join the slave States against the encroachments of Northern fanaticism.” In view of these old and settled convictions of the governor, the tone of his inaugural message is singularly dispassionate. Extracts from the governor’s message and from proclamations are published elsewhere in this volume.

After the election of delegates to the State convention on February 18, 1861, when the people registered 80,000 majority against the known position of Governor Jackson, only a handful remained true to the executive. A few months later, after Blair's fiery patriotism and Lyon's martial impetuosity had done what Jackson foresaw would be done and vainly tried to forestall, thousands of old friends renewed their loyalty to the governor, and from that time on stood with him. This renewed loyalty of old adherents was, by his own confession, the proudest period of Jackson's life. Incorruptible and faithful himself in all things, he was touched by the candor of others.

Not only did his old friends return; many of those who had heretofore opposed his policies now stood with him. But there was a time when the State swung away from him and he stood alone; he was calm and unyielding. The spectacle was heroic.

Governor Jackson was the impersonation of the State rights doctrine in its last age. He believed in the sovereignty of the State, as did Calhoun, or Toombs, or Yancey, or Stephens, or Davis. But Jackson was preëminently a man of the State and not of the nation. His messages to the Legislature, his treatment of Lincoln and of Lyon, and his execution of the military bill all proclaim his limits to State boundaries and his lofty conception of State dignity. In "Missouri of To-day,"

issued by the Confederate Soldiers' Home of Missouri, occurs this farewell notice of Governor Jackson: "Heroic old governor! All unconscious that the tide of advancing civilization was forcing another great world change, and that an institution older than history was about to disappear, in his rugged honesty he would have defied that world with arms. He had 'made his case' and lost his State."

Jackson had served the State long, and he loved old Missouri. It must have wrung his heart to quit his capital. He fled before Lyon to Boonville; here he essayed to make a fight, but was forced to retreat southward. At Cowskin Prairie he relinquished to General Price all authority over the State Guards. He went to Memphis to induce General Polk and the Richmond authorities to send an army to assist him in reclaiming his State. But Missouri had not formally seceded. What claim had a neutral State on the Southern Confederacy? Yet he secured encouraging promises. He returned and was with Price at the battle of Lexington in September. After the surrender of Mulligan, Governor Jackson issued from Lexington on September 26, 1861, a call convening the Legislature in extra session at Neosho, October 21, 1861. Special messengers were sent out from Lexington to notify the members. Meantime, the State convention, the "Gamble convention," had declared in July that the office of governor was vacant. Judge Gamble became pro-

visional governor. According to Governor Jackson's proclamation, the Legislature convened at Neosho, in Masonic Hall. It is said that only thirty-nine members of both houses were present. The records have perished, save those that survive in the memory of Colonel John T. Crisp, who was secretary of the Senate. An ordinance of secession was passed, and senators and representatives were elected to the Confederate Congress.

Governor Jackson's work was about done. He returned once more to the borders of his beloved State, a forlorn, desolate, and lonely figure, but yet as defiant as Caius Marius among the ruins of Carthage. He issued from New Madrid his last proclamation, wherein he declared the State of Missouri to be a free and independent republic. He recited the outrages and usurpations of Federal military and civil authorities. He declared that "the State of Missouri as a sovereign, free, and independent republic, has full power to levy war, conclude peace, establish commerce, contract alliances, and do all other acts and things which independent States may of right do."

He then repaired to Little Rock, Ark., where he died of cancer of the stomach, December 7, 1862. After the war, his remains were exhumed and brought to Saline County, where they were reinterred in the family burying-ground of his father-in-law, Dr. John Sappington, near Arrow Rock. Our cut of Governor Jackson was taken

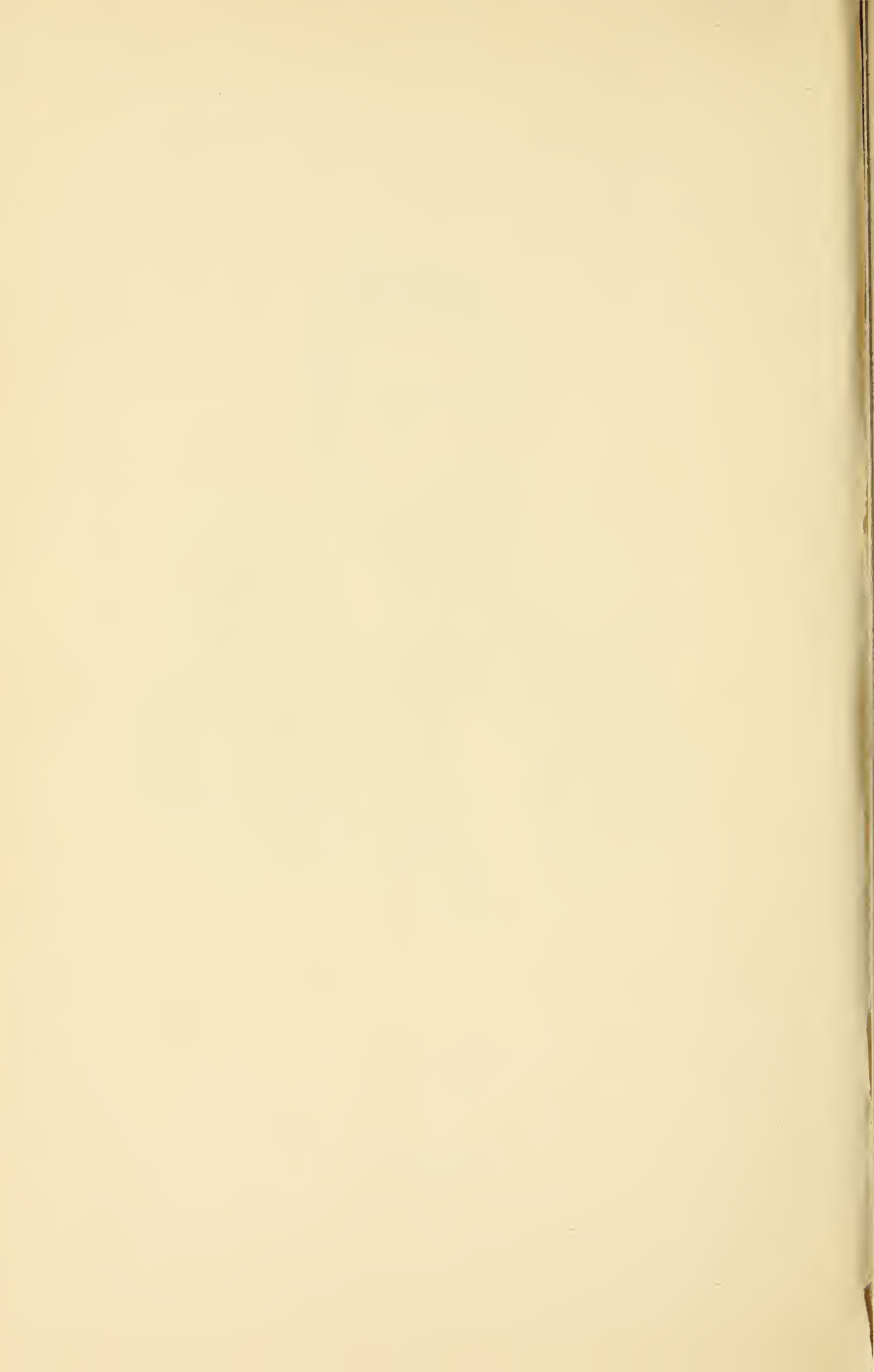
from a tin-type belonging to John Pickett Jackson, of Independence, Mo., nephew of the governor. The long, flowing hair is a wig. The signature beneath the cut was taken from a bill of "Jackson money," or Missouri script, printed on a hand press at Neosho, Mo. The printing was on the back of a blank report used by banks.

NOTE —Mr. J. P. Jackson, of Independence, Mo., believes his famous **Uncle**, Gov. Jackson, did not leave his Kentucky home without parental consent, inasmuch as he rode a fine horse, and soon after his arrival in Missouri a negro slave was sent to him from home.



J. P. Shultz

(See page 305.)



Chapter XXIX.

GENERAL JO. O. SHELBY.

Missouri gave to the service of the Southern Confederacy over 100,000 soldiers and to the service of the Union 109,000 soldiers—over 200,000 soldiers on both sides. Among the greatest of these was General Joseph Orville Shelby. Around his fame will ever linger the aroma of the enchanting and chivalric deeds of the Middle Ages. Shelby possessed every high quality ascribed to great captains in the history of every epoch.

General Shelby was a strong man, a great man. Greatness and strength—these go together. He was strong in his convictions and tactful in enforcing them. He was magnetic, and so drew men to him; his intuitions were correct, his perceptions clear, his judgment reliable, and so men believed in him. He was a youthful general. His seniors misinterpreted his ardor, never dreaming that his impetuosity was born of genius, not of youthful exuberance. His activity was ceaseless; he was never weary, never sick; he was never incapacitated by loss of sleep, resembling in this the first Napoleon.

Shelby had no military education as had Marmaduke, but he had something better, the gifts of Nature. Courage, enthusiasm, unfaltering *morale*, devotion, dash—these were the implements

which Shelby skillfully used in winning victories. General S. D. Jackman seems to have resembled Shelby very much in magnanimity, intrepidity, rapid movements, and quick perception in the moment of peril. Shelby's higher military powers are found only in the best generals. Shelby is regarded by many of his men as in every way a superior general to Price.

General Shelby might have had any office in Missouri. He could easily have been governor of the State. He was a diplomat and a man of fine address. He went to Washington, D. C., in 1893, and called on President Cleveland, who was very much impressed by his visitor. Soon after this visit, Shelby was appointed United States marshal for the Western District of Missouri. He was holding this office at the time of his death, in February, 1897. While United States marshal he successfully protected some railroad property during a strike. Governor Stone addressed him a note inquiring why he so used his office. Shelby regarded this inquiry as an unwarranted interference with the administration of his office, and made this reply: "I am acting under the orders of Uncle Sam; ask him." There was no question of General Shelby's loyalty to the United States Government.

In "Five Famous Missourians" is recorded the following incident, which occurred after the retreat from Westport in 1864:

"The suffering of the army was great, and, as

one soldier has since put it, 'hard riding and hard fighting made a hard appetite, and they were no respecters of other people's pigs and poultry.' One day Shelby was standing on the White River, watering his horse. A gallant private was similarly engaged in a group of soldiers just below Shelby, while slung across his saddle was a sack carefully tied and bleeding at one end.

"'What have you got there?' Shelby demanded of him.

"'Been havin' my clothes washed,' answered the private, with a grin.

"'You 'd better get back to camp,' said Shelby, 'or your clothes will bleed to death.'

"The private was put into the guard-house, but when that night a quarter of fresh pork was found in the general's tent, Shelby, with a sense of humor, and after eying the pork hungrily, said: I have no idea where this came from; but go 'round to the guard-house, orderly, and tell 'em to turn Gentry loose. There 's no use in shutting a man up for life for a little laundry.'"

General Shelby was born at Lexington, Ky., December 12, 1830. The Shelby family was an aristocratic one, springing from the same patrician source as the Prestons, Bledsoes, Breckenridges, Marshals, Blairs, Bentons, Browns, Hampsons, etc. These families are all related. The Bentons and Blairs were closely related. Jo. O. Shelby, Gratz Brown, and Francis P. Blair were cousins and play-fellows. General Shelby and

General John Morgan were in school together. General Shelby's ancestors were in the Revolutionary War; his grandfather was the first governor of Kentucky and an intimate friend of Andrew Jackson's, as was also the elder Blair.

General Shelby was educated at Transylvania University in his native town and at college in Philadelphia. He was an orphan at five years of age, and came to Lafayette County, Missouri, at the age of nineteen. He married Miss Elizabeth Shelby, a very distant relative.

Hemp-raising was a great industry in Missouri before the war, and young Shelby set up a rope factory on the river at Waverly, Mo. He was rapidly acquiring wealth when the war broke out; he owned a great deal of land and many slaves. He was an active participant with other Missourians in the election at Lawrence in 1856.

When the war cloud appeared on the horizon, and while yet no larger than a man's hand, Francis P. Blair, one of the first men in the nation to discern the coming storm, sent for Shelby, who went by boat to St. Louis. The two cousins held an interview; Blair proposed to find military employment for Shelby, who rejected the idea with disdain. He returned to Waverly, and in a few months was engaged in organizing a company of State Guards. Captain Shelby fought under the flag of Missouri at Wilson Creek, Lexington, and Pea Ridge. After Pea Ridge, he joined the Confederate Army and accompanied Price to Missis-

sippi, where he fought at Farmington, Corinth, and Iuka. Returning to Missouri, he raised a regiment, and thence to the close of the war he was a conspicuous figure in nearly every battle, campaign, and raid in the Western Department.

At the close of the great war General Shelby called around him several hundred veterans of the "Iron Brigade" and marched across Texas to Mexico. When they arrived at the Rio Grande the Confederate flag was buried in the turbid waters. It was done with pathetic ceremony, July 4, 1865. At Piedras Negras the army was met by Governor Biesca, a leader of Juarez, who offered Shelby full command of the Liberal armies of the States of Nuevo Leon and Coahuila. Shelby would have accepted, but his officers voted to sustain the Emperor Maximilian. At Chapultepec Shelby offered his sword to the Emperor; it was declined.

Shelby believed he could call to him an army of 40,000 veterans, late of the Confederate Army. Maximilian soon discovered that his empire was falling to pieces, and then he sent for Shelby, but it was too late. Shelby said he could not then raise a corporal's guard. Maximilian was shot at Queretaro, and from that day to this his queen has lived in a mad-house. The Emperor was kind to Shelby, and gave him and the exiles with him a grant of land for a colony, called Carlotta, after the Empress. The colonists returned one by one to their native land. For awhile General Shelby

was a freighter; later he had management of a line of ships plying between Vera Cruz and Cuba. In a few years General Shelby returned to Missouri. He took up his residence in Bates County.

General Shelby lies buried in Forest Hill Cemetery, Kansas City, Mo., among his comrades who fell at the battle of Westport. His wife, a daughter, and several sons survive him.

A project is on foot to erect a monument at Shelby's grave, commemorative of his achievements and the achievements of the seventy-five veterans who slumber with him.

Chapter XXX.

GENERAL JOHN S. MARMADUKE.

He was the Bayard of Missouri, the soul of honor and generosity. His energy was regulated and directed by the highest learning in the art of war. His scholarship in all branches of learning was surpassed by few men in the service of the Southern Confederacy. He was a modest man, and singularly free from vanity; no promotion ever came to him as the result of any parade of his personal claims. His equipose was superb, and his readiness to sacrifice himself for others in rank or file announced the greatness of his soul. He was the most unselfish of men.

Few of the heroes who attained renown in the war period of our State were natives of Missouri. Marmaduke was one of the few. Senator Cockrell was another. These two men, whose lives are integral parts of the State's history, were not only born in Missouri, but were educated in a famous pioneer Missouri school—Chapel Hill College, located on the western border of Lafayette County. The college building was destroyed by fire during the war, and the ruins are marked to this day by masses of unsightly rubble.

John Sappington Marmaduke was born in Saline County, March 22, 1833. His father was a wealthy farmer and a prominent citizen. John

was the second son; when eleven years of age he witnessed the inauguration of his father as governor of the State. His entire life was spent in the refining circles of high official life. Throughout life his advantages were of the best and his opportunities were never lightly tossed aside. In early life he had wealth and social position. His mind readily took the polish of education. He attended the Chapel Hill College and the Masonic College at Lexington. Afterwards he attended both Yale and Harvard; then he finished at West Point, from which he graduated in 1857. He was assigned to duty in the United States Army as second lieutenant in the Seventh Infantry. At this time and for several years previously the Mormons of Utah were and had been in defiant attitude against the United States. General Albert Sidney Johnston led an expedition across the plains to Salt Lake City, and succeeded in reducing Brigham Young and his polygamous followers to subjection without bloodshed. Lieutenant Marmaduke left West Point and went immediately into Albert Sidney Johnston's Utah expedition. It was a valuable experience for the young lieutenant. He formed a strong attachment for the commanding general, who had been in the military service for thirty years. It is not strange, therefore, that Marmaduke went to Johnston in 1861. He saw the great general fall in the battle at Shiloh. The death of Johnston was a heavy loss to the Southern Confederacy; Marmaduke

lost a personal friend and his first great teacher in the actual art of war.

Early in 1861 Captain Nathaniel Lyon and Francis P. Blair organized a military campaign against the legal authorities of the State of Missouri. Such a movement was intolerable to those holding to the State rights theory of government. Marmaduke looked upon all military aggression against the State as outrageous, if not treasonable.

Immediately after Lyon captured Camp Jackson, and as a result of that military movement, Marmaduke resigned his commission in the United States Army and offered his services to Governor Jackson. The governor commissioned him to raise a regiment in the counties contiguous to Jefferson City, to be known as the First Regiment of Rifles.

His regiment was in the process of formation, and had been partly organized, when the Price-Harney agreement suspended all military activity. Marmaduke's troops and all the State Guards over the State were dispersed and sent to their respective homes. Shortly after this, Harney was relieved of command at St. Louis, and Lyon was appointed in his place. The Price-Harney agreement was repudiated by the new commander, who declared war against the State, and prepared to march against the State capital. This was all done so quickly that Marmaduke had no time to reassemble his partly organized regiment of rifles. The public property at Jefferson City was hastily

removed by boat to Boonville, whither Marmaduke repaired, in company with Governor Jackson and General Price. Lyon occupied Jefferson City, and, leaving a garrison under Colonel Boerstein, whose men had done the shooting at Camp Jackson, pushed on to Boonville, well knowing that not a moment could be safely lost. Marmaduke was placed in command of the gathering army at Boonville. He was the best educated soldier in the State. He clearly apprehended the folly of making a stand against Lyon, who was also an educated soldier and who commanded a well-organized and well-equipped army of some 2,000 men. Governor Jackson ordered Marmaduke to fight, and so well did he obey the order that Lyon was repulsed at first.

After the retreat from Boonville, Marmaduke left the State and reported to his old commander, Albert Sidney Johnston, in Kentucky. If Marmaduke was offended at Jackson, no hint of it was ever dropped. Marmaduke was rapidly promoted under Johnston; he was commissioned first lieutenant of cavalry, and soon after lieutenant-colonel; then colonel, and was assigned to the command of the Third Confederate Infantry. In the battle of Shiloh his regiment captured the first prisoners taken. In the second day's battle he was wounded, and after his recovery was given command of a brigade and recommended for promotion to brigadier general.

After the battle of Corinth there was an exodus of Missourians to the Trans-Mississippi De-

partment. All through the West recruiting was in progress, and able commanders were in demand. The battles of Independence and Lone Jack had been fought. General Hindman was in command of all the region west of the Mississippi River. Hindman was a stern man and was concentrating an army in the Boston Mountains of Arkansas. Thither Shelby came out of Missouri with a brigade. Hindman asked the Confederate Government at Richmond to send him General Marmaduke to take command of the cavalry west of the river. On October 22, 1862, Marmaduke arrived and took command of a division composed of Shelby's Missouri brigade and a brigade of Arkansans. The division was about 4,000 strong; Blunt came down with 7,000 Federal veterans, and was fought to a standstill at Cane Hill. The subsequent military movements of General Marmaduke are recounted in appropriate chapters of this book.

After the war General Marmaduke was editor of an agricultural paper in St. Louis. He was appointed and then elected railroad commissioner.

In 1884 he was elected governor of the State, forty years after his father had occupied the same office. Before the expiration of his term, in 1887, he died at the executive mansion in Jefferson City.

The General Assembly of the State has ordered a monument of Missouri syenite granite to be erected over Marmaduke's grave at Jefferson City. The monument is to be erected during the summer of 1900, and it will be 20.5 feet in height.

Chapter XXXI.

BLEDSOE, OF MISSOURI.

By Captain Jo. A. Wilson.

Colonel Hiram Miller Bledsoe ("Old Hi Bledsoe"), the hero and ideal of Missourians, died at his home, Pleasant Hill, Cass County, Mo., February 7, 1899, aged 73 years. Born in Kentucky, he came to Missouri when young, and settled near Lexington, where he was early identified with political and other important events. He served in the Mexican War with Doniphan's famous cavalry, whose prodigious marches and dashing combats adorn the brightest pages of American history. In 1856, being, like most of our prosperous farmers in the river counties, a slave-holder, he was deeply interested in the struggle over the fate of Kansas. In those stirring scenes preliminary to the irrepressible conflict he took an active part, leading a company from his county to the seat of war on the plains of Kansas. In 1861, when Federal troops occupied St. Louis, and Governor Claiborne F. Jackson called for volunteers and militia to guard the State capitol, Bledsoe, with thirteen men, took passage on a steamboat for the scene. On the boat he got three recruits, and, picking up others along the river, organized a company of mounted rifles of some sixty men at Jefferson City. They drew Mississippi rifles from

the State, and some had pistols and knives. He set to work to drill and discipline his men, but they had no horses.

At this time Governor Jackson and General Sterling Price, commanding the Missouri militia, returned from St. Louis, after concluding a kind of truce with General Harney, who was at the head of the Union forces. In this matter our officers overreached the Union leaders, and made terms very favorable to the Secession cause. But Jefferson City was then filled with Secessionists, nascent warriors ready for battle, and hearing that the fight was off, they conceived the idea that General Price had betrayed them and the cause. They swarmed about the capitol by thousands, with cries of "Traitor!" "Sold out!" "Hang him!" etc. General Price, who never seemed to have any idea of personal danger, was facing the mob almost alone, when Bledsoe, hearing the tumult, came down at double-quick, and forming his company, held the crowd at bay while Price made them a red-hot speech. This same crowd afterwards formed a part of the army which followed "Old Pap" Price to victory, to defeat, and to death.

From Jefferson City our "army" came to Lexington, where we found three pieces of artillery: a bronze 9-pounder captured by Missourians in Mexico, an iron 6-pounder cast in Lexington, and a brass 6-pounder taken from the arsenal at Liberty, Missouri. The 9-pounder, "Old Sacramento," was bored out and converted into a 12-

pounder howitzer. The chase was turned off smooth, thus reducing the thickness of the metal, which gave the piece a peculiar sound when fired, and soon it became familiar to "Rebs" and "Feds" alike. The gun had been lying around in Lexington for years, used for Fourth of July salutes, etc. It is said that the Mexicans used a quantity of silver in casting it. Bledsoe was with some difficulty persuaded to take temporary charge of these guns, and thus came into being one of the most famous and effective batteries of the war. His men were sworn in for the war; some said for life. At Dug Springs, Carthage, Drywood, Oak Hill, Lexington, Sugar Creek, and Elk Horn, that three-gun battery was an object of special interest to the enemy, who made many attempts to capture or silence it. Except when a supply was captured, their ammunition was home-made. Cart-ridge-bags were sewed, canisters cut, and fixed ammunition prepared by men and officers. Whoever had the skill and could get the tools did his share. In lieu of grape-shot, canisters were filled with iron slugs, trace-chains—anything a country blacksmith shop could supply. This was called "scrap-shot." Some of the boys had heard of shrapnel, and thought it was the same. Most of the shells and solid shot were spoils of battle, nearly every engagement furnished a supply for the next. I have seen them prime with a powder-horn and fire with a heated nail-rod or a live coal. And they shot to kill.

Mustered into the Confederate service at Memphis in March, 1862, Bledsoe received four new guns with caissons and equipment. He served under Beauregard at Corinth, and was mentioned in general orders for distinguished services in covering the retreat. Under Bragg it was made a six-gun battery, but again reduced to four, as were all others. At Iuka, Corinth, Chickamauga, Chattanooga, and all through that long series of bloody engagements, night vigils, heart-breaking work in the trenches, and toilsome "marching through Georgia," Bledsoe was ever at the post of danger. Prompt, energetic, full of resource, every general under whom he served placed implicit reliance on his skill, fortitude, and judgment to execute any plan or to hold any post, if within the limits of human power. On Hood's disastrous campaign the battery suffered severely at Altoona, Nashville, and Franklin, but was able to do good service with Forrest's Cavalry in covering the retreat. To follow their career in detail would make this article too long. A history of Bledsoe's battery would be a history of the war, at least so far as the armies of Tennessee and Mississippi are concerned, to say nothing of earlier work in Missouri and Arkansas.

Some late writers and talkers seem proud of representing Bledsoe as an ignorant rough-and-tumble fighter. He was not that. A born soldier he was, but, trained under skilled officers, he read history and studied war as a science. In theoret-

ical instruction commissioned and non-commissioned officers of the Army of Tennessee had to be proficient. We studied the same tactics the Federals did, and I have seen Bledsoe and his lieutenants conning in their books the lessons in which daily practice on drill-ground and battle-field made them all but perfect. An ignorant man could not have drilled a battery as he did, nor made the men so proficient as to fire six effective shots a minute from each piece, as they did. He sometimes had a listless air in camp, and was prone to relax discipline or leave its details to subalterns, but in action he was alert and energetic always. His tall figure, rather ungainly on foot, made a splendid appearance on horseback, and in his voice of command there was no uncertain sound. Trailing along in column of pieces with the skirmish line at Elk Horn, defending his cotton-bale breastworks at Jackson, charging with the infantry, or holding a sodden mud fort at Atlanta, he was always the same—the self-confident, skillful master of his work.

His company—composed of boys from his old home, toughs from the cities, polished gentlemen, scholars, farmers, merchants, boatmen, bullwhackers, from north, south, east, west—required firm, judicious management. But Bledsoe was equal to the task. He could be kind and sociable, yet maintain his authority, and all his men were attached to him. In the presence of his superior officers he was dignified and courteous, without

servility. In his society you felt the presence of a gentleman—a gentle man.

Bledsoe was a colonel in the State Guards, commanding the artillery of Price's army. He was a captain in the Confederate service. He surrendered at Hamburg, S. C., May 1, 1865. The battery then consisted of four 12-pounder Napoleon guns. After the war he served one term in the State Senate, and could have had almost any office in the gift of his people, but he loved a quiet life on his farm, where his home was the favorite rendezvous of his old soldiers and other friends; and he never turned away even the idle and shiftless, who sometimes imposed on him. He had many warm friends among the Union veterans, and often discussed old times with them. He was appointed by Governor Stone and served as commissioner to locate the positions of the different commands at Chickamauga National Park.

The writer belonged to another battery, but sometimes had the honor of being in action at Bledsoe's side. His very presence seemed to be an incentive to good conduct under fire.—*Confederate Veteran.*

Chapter XXXII.

COLONEL UPTON HAYS.

He was a man, take him for all in all,
I shall not look upon his like again.

—*Shakespeare.*

The war brought few losses more sincerely mourned than the loss of Colonel Upton Hays. He was a born leader of men and a brilliant military career was opening before him when, after the battle of Lone Jack, he was killed by a Federal cavalryman near Newtonia, Mo.

Upton Hays was the youngest of a family of thirteen children, five boys and eight girls. At the sunset of the nineteenth century, these are all dead except the oldest, Amazon Hays, who lives with his wife and daughter, Mrs. Booth, at Westport, and Linville Hays, who lives at the old Hays homestead two miles south of Westport. These brothers are very old and infirm, the former being nearly 80 years of age.

Upton Hays was born in Callaway County, Mo., March 29, 1832. His father was Boone Hays, grandson of the famous pioneer, Daniel Boone.

While Upton was still a small boy, the family moved to Jackson County and settled near Westport. This was in 1837. The elder son, Amazon, then 18 years of age, spent that summer in Independence, Mo., and worked in the plow factory

owned by Robert Weston (whose funeral occurred to-day, November 28, 1899).

In 1849 Boone Hays, accompanied by his eldest and youngest sons, went "across the plains" to California, where he died the following year. Meantime, Amazon had returned to Missouri and was driving a band of 500 cattle through to California. The two boys returned to Westport, then on the western rim of civilization and the starting-point for travelers across the plains. After the war with Mexico, a large freighting business sprang up between points on the Missouri River and Santa Fé, New Mexico, conducted overland by wagon-trains.

After Amazon and Upton Hays returned to Westport, it was arranged for Upton to enter school. He attended school one week. A Mexican who had left Westport with a wagon-train for Santa Fé made such slow progress that he returned and induced the youthful Upton to go with him as captain of the train. This suited the adventurous school-boy far better than the school-room, and he conducted the Mexican's train to its destination safely and in good time. This trip demonstrated that Upton Hays, boy as he was, possessed marked executive ability.

The Government sent out annually long wagon-trains of supplies under contractors. These contractors usually made a great deal of money, but a great deal of money had to be first invested in animals, wagons, hire of men, etc. Amazon and

Upton Hays formed a company with Henry C. Chiles and Mr. Hunter, each of the four putting in \$25,000. The company secured large Government contracts, and equipped 101 wagons and sent them out under the management of the company. This train was insufficient, and so subcontractors were employed. One of Jennison's first exploits was the capture of a train belonging to Upton Hays. Soon after this, Jennison burned Upton Hays' house, a very fine, new building; cattle, horses, carriages, and negroes were carried off. Then Upton Hays organized a company to resist these predatory raids. The company soon had work to do. Jennison came down again, plundering and burning. At one time sixteen burning farm-houses could be seen from the Hays' homestead. Jennison's men came on to the home of Sam Hays, brother of Upton. While they were ransacking the house, Upton Hays arrived suddenly with his company. His men fired upon the marauders before they were ordered to do so, and Sam Hays, a prisoner in his own house, fell badly wounded by his own friends and rescuers. Quite a battle ensued. The house was punctured and variously marked by bullets. The bullet-holes are there to this day and are shown with great interest by Mr. and Mrs. Asbury. Mrs. Asbury is a daughter of Sam Hays. She remembers the battle distinctly, though but a child at the time. Jennison retreated toward Kansas. Afterwards he came upon Hays' company encamped at White

Oak, on the Big Blue River. A severe battle was fought on this occasion. Jennison retreated to Kansas again, leaving a number of his men dead on the field. Hays lost one man, Private Wells.

Upton Hays was very fond of hunting, and he kept a large pack of dogs. On his last visit home, he arrived stealthily after dark. His favorite dog made a disturbance, and he slew the animal with his saber. That night he kissed his wife and children, one a new-born babe, good-bye—as it proved, forever. He went to the recruiting camp near Lee's Summit, and a few days later the battle of Independence was fought. In this battle Colonel Hughes was killed and Colonel Thompson was wounded. Colonel Hays then took command. He led five different assaults against the rock fence occupied by the Federals. Elsewhere is given an account of his gallantry at the battle of Lone Jack, and an account of his death. After the war, his body was taken to Westport.

Chapter XXXIII.

OTHER BIOGRAPHIES.

Major John N. Edwards.

His life was short, but full—more full of works than days. This powerful and indefatigable worker, this philosopher, this poet, this genius has lived among us that life of storm, struggle, quarrel, and conflict common in all ages to all great men.—*Hugo, at the grave of Balzac.*

The warrior and the poet—these are the greatest of earth. This man was both warrior and poet; his prose is poetic. He loved the heroic as he loved honor. Shelby was his ideal man and soldier.

Edwards added much to history and much to American literature. There is a smooth flow of language, a rhythmic, lilting movement, an idyllic tone remarkable in all his writings. Sometimes his imagination is riotous, but his sentences are always graceful.

Edwards was more than a fine writer; he was also a soldier and a hero; who shall say the soldier and hero is not better always than the poet? He fought side by side with the great Shelby. He was often wounded; on one field he lay all night, bleeding from a wound made by a jagged piece of shell. He lost more horses shot under him in battle than any other man in Shelby's brigade. His personal courage was equal to Shelby's. He was

as grand on the field as he was enchanting in the editor's sanctum. But you will find no hint of personal adventure in his writings. He was a modest man and a lovable man. His affection was a deep, perennial well. Mark how he loved Dr. Morrison Munford.

In 1862 Shelby and Edwards discovered each other. Shelby had returned from Corinth to Lafayette County. He issued an eloquent appeal for recruits. He used this sentence: "We missed you in Mississippi, after Shiloh's bloody sunset embers died from the Southern sky." Edwards opens one of his chapters in "Shelby and His Men" with this sentence: "Shiloh's bloody sunset embers had not faded from the Southern sky when an appeal came to the army near Van Buren asking for aid at Corinth." If Edwards did not write both of these, then it were as easy to prove that Shelby wrote Edwards as to prove that Bacon wrote Shakespeare.

John Newman Edwards was born in Virginia, January 4, 1838. He came to Missouri in 1855, and at the beginning of the war was editing a newspaper at Lexington, Mo. In 1862 he joined Shelby's command at Waverly, Mo., and was appointed brigade adjutant with the rank of major. When Shelby was promoted to the command of a division, Edwards took the rank as colonel. After the close of the war Edwards went with Shelby to Mexico, where he was the special friend of Maximilian and his queen, Carlotta. While in

Mexico he edited the *Mexican Times*, half in English and half in Spanish. Returning to Missouri, he and Colonel John C. Moore established the *Kansas City Times*. In 1871 he was married to Mary Virginia Plattenburg, of Dover, Mo. He died in 1889.

Dr. Caleb Winfrey.

At the beginning of the war Dr. Winfrey was a merchant and practicing physician at Lone Jack. Geo. B. Webb, who had served with Doniphan in Mexico, was a prominent citizen in the same neighborhood. Webb and Winfrey were David and Jonathan over again. In the summer of 1862 these two men called their mutual friends together and organized them into a Confederate company. Dr. Winfrey was elected captain and Webb lieutenant. In a few days the company had its baptism of fire at the battle of Lone Jack. After the fight Dr. Winfrey was made surgeon of the Second (Hays') Regiment, with the rank of major. Lieutenant Webb became captain and served in this capacity until he fell mortally wounded at the battle of Byrum's Ford, near Westport, in 1864. As Captain Webb languished with his death wound on the field, Dr. Winfrey took him up and cared for him for two weeks until he died, then buried him beside his comrades. The body was afterwards reinterred at Forest Hill Cemetery.

Dr. Caleb Winfrey was born December 8, 1823, in Surry County, North Carolina. At the age of nineteen he came west and located near Chapel Hill, famous for its college. Young Winfrey taught school for awhile, and then attended the Medical Department of the St. Louis University, from which he graduated in 1847. In June of that year he married Miss Elizabeth Shore and settled at Lone Jack for the practice of his profession. In 1861 he had a lucrative practice, owned a large farm, and was proprietor of a drug and general store at Lone Jack. He enlisted as surgeon in the State Guards, and accompanied Colonel Gideon W. Thompson to Cowskin Prairie. At the battle of Wilson Creek his skill as a surgeon was invaluable. He was present at the battle of Lexington. He spent a part of the winter of 1862 with his family at Lone Jack—a time full of danger and narrow escapes. In the spring he and Webb organized Company C, which fought its first battle at Lone Jack. At the beginning of the battle Dr. Winfrey found the Federals entrenched in his store and in his dwelling adjoining. He led his company against them, but was repulsed in a bloody conflict. After falling back, he rallied his men and in a second charge dislodged the enemy and held the buildings to the end of the fight.

After the battle of Lone Jack, Dr. Winfrey went south with Hays' command. He was senior surgeon of Shelby's brigade, and was present at the battles of Cane Hill, Prairie Grove, and New-

tonia. He was at the second battle of Springfield (January 8, 1863). He remained here after the Confederates withdrew, in charge of the hospital until the wounded were able to travel, when he accompanied them as prisoners of war to City Point, Virginia, where they were exchanged.

From City Point he set out to rejoin his command, and on his way arrived at Vicksburg just before the beginning of the siege. He saw the battles of Champion Hill and Big Black, was in Vicksburg during the siege, and remained there until the place capitulated. He met and conversed with General Grant. The return trip across the Mississippi River was a dangerous one, but he arrived safe at Price's army, in camp at Camden. He was at the principal battles in the operations against Steel, and in the autumn of 1864 came with the command on Price's great raid.

The wounded at the battle of Westport required many surgeons and Dr. Winfrey, at the request of General Price, remained to care for his soldiers and dying comrades. He arrived at St. Louis on his way back to the army, when news came that Lee had surrendered.

After the war, Dr. Winfrey enjoyed a very large practice for years at Pleasant Hill, Mo. In 1879 he moved to Kansas City, where he still lives.

Judge R. L. Yeager.

R. L. Yeager, whose professional life has been spent in Kansas City, was born in Kentucky, August 26, 1843. His parents died when he was but nine years of age, and he was brought to Missouri, where he grew to manhood on a farm in Marion County. He entered St. Paul Episcopal College at Palmyra, from which he graduated in 1861, as the war clouds were lowering over our unhappy country. The young graduate hastened from Commencement to join Kneisley's battery, in which he served for a year and a half, when he was transferred to Prindall's battalion of sharpshooters, in Parsons' division of Price's corps.

During the summer of 1861 the turmoil and distress in northeastern Missouri was not exceeded in any other part of the State. General Harris organized his army of State Guards under great difficulties and hardships. The youthful Yeager enlisted at Palmyra under Captain Owens. His ardent spirit was soon gratified with stirring war experiences. He was in the hand-to-hand fight against an Illinois command posted at Kirksville; he was in the affairs at Shelbina, Alexandria, and other places; he took conspicuous part in all the battles and skirmishes which occurred in northeastern Missouri that summer. He was in Colonel Green's regiment which marched under General Harris to join Price in front of Lexington in September. The college boy assisted in the capture

of Mulligan, and was in the battle of Pea Ridge. He went across the Mississippi River, and after the battle of Corinth returned west with the State Guards under General Parsons. He was in the battles of Cane Hill, Prairie Grove, and Helena.

In the operations against Banks and Steele he was constantly with his battalion. He surrendered at Shreveport. After the war, he went to Texas and read law for one year with ex-Governor Throckmorton. Afterwards he graduated from the law school at Louisville, Ky. He then came to Kansas City, where he entered upon a successful practice of his profession. He was elected prosecuting attorney of Jackson County in 1872, and again in 1874. He is director of the First National Bank and president of the Safety Building and Loan Association. He has served for years as school director.

Professor J. M. Greenwood says of Judge Yeager: "The ambition of his life has been to make the public schools the crowning glory of Kansas City. To this end he has worked night and day. His qualities of mind and heart are of that sterling character which shirks at no responsibility and never hesitates in the performance of a duty."

He was married in 1870 to Miss Leonora Forbis, of Independence, Mo. They have five children.

Major Blake L. Woodson.

In the United States, as elsewhere, the country boy has many drawbacks in early life. He rarely achieves social success in later life, but in physique, will-power, and daring he is more than peer to his city-bred brothers. He is a temperate, hard-working, and successful business man.

To this class belongs Blake L. Woodson. He was born and reared on a farm in old Virginia; the second son of William Woodson and Martha Gilbert Haythe. In his seventh year he lost his father.

As he grew up, the ambition to accomplish something in life began soon to stir in the boy's heart. He became a great reader and student. The pine knot and tallow dip did duty for light; but a sound mind in a sound body absorbed the thought. There are to-day few better read men in Missouri.

Of English stock, Puritan bred, dark hair, deeply set gray eyes, prominent nose, and strong features, he looks the typical American of old colonial type. Men think kindly thoughts and love charity until these virtues show in their faces. They show in his.

He graduated from Lynchburg College in 1858, with the degree of A.B. Then a law course at the University of Virginia and at the law school of John W. Brooksborough at Lexington. This was his equipment in his chosen profession, the law.

He entered the Confederate Army as first lieutenant in May, 1861, and was disbanded as major and brevet lieutenant-colonel, in May, 1865. He came to Missouri in 1871, and has ever since lived in Kansas City. Twice married, he has three living children, by his second wife, Nora Delany—viz., Constance, Mary Blake, and Nora G.

As a lawyer he is courteous, honest, and fair, and a thorough master, especially of the criminal law, ancient and modern. As a citizen, he is an intense lover of his country, of his Government, and of his fellow-man; a man not afraid to speak out for God and the right; a man who loves justice and hates sham and fraud; a man free from hypocrisy in act, conduct, and speech.

He was born May 25, 1835, and when the muster comes to the old soldier and citizen, the country boy may feel that he has achieved something in life.

Henry V. P. Kabrick.

Our portrait of Captain Kabrick shows him in the uniform of a Confederate soldier at the close of the war. He entered the service August 14, 1862, and two days later was given his baptism of fire at the battle of Lone Jack. He belonged to Company C, 2d Missouri Cavalry, Marmaduke's Division. There was no truer soldier and there is no truer friend than Henry Kabrick. He is proud of his war record, as every real soldier should be. He was in the battles at Lone Jack,

Newtonia, Cape Girardeau, Osage River, Lexington, Westport, Mine Creek, and all the battles and skirmishes of his command. He was still a young man when the war closed and he returned to his home near Oak Grove, Mo., where he has resided ever since, following the vocations of farmer and carpenter. He is one of the substantial citizens of the county, and is captain of Up. Hays Camp, United Confederate Veterans, at Oak Grove.

Captain Kabrick has a son, Lee Kabrick, serving in the United States Army in the Philippine Islands.

Francis Marion Webb.

F. M. Webb, of Jackson County, Mo., was a mere boy when he joined the Army. On January 1, 1863, he attached himself to Company C, 2d Missouri Cavalry, Shelby's Division, and from that time until he surrendered at Shreveport, June 14, 1865, he never left the field nor faltered in support of the Southern cause. He delights in recounting his adventures. His first battle was at Springfield, Mo., January 8, 1863. He fought at the battles of Cape Girardeau, Little Rock, Mark's Mills, and many others, including the battles and heavy skirmishes of Price's raid in 1864. He was with his command in front for five weeks, harassing the rear of Steele's army as it eagerly retreated from Little Rock to connect with Banks at Shreveport, the only refuge from annihilation.

Although a dashing young soldier, ready for raid, or fight, or frolic, he settled down after the surrender to the quietude of a happy domestic life, and is the father of a large family of bright boys and girls, ten in all. He is a successful farmer near Oak Grove, Mo.

Captain Wm. H. Gregg.

Captain Wm. H. Gregg, of Kansas City, was sworn into the State Guards June 1, 1861, and marched at once for rendezvous at Rock Creek school-house, near Independence, Mo., where he saw the killing of Colonel Halloway by his own men. Gregg's company, of which he was captain, was attached to Colonel Rosser's regiment, Rain's division. At the expiration of the term for which Captain Gregg enlisted, he returned home on account of sickness. Before regaining health he was forced to seek a place of safety. The avenues to Price's army were carefully guarded, and he cast his lot with Quantrell. Captain Gregg recounts sixty-five battles and skirmishes in which he took part, and he is able to give the names of the places and the dates. Captain Gregg was never known to decline an opportunity to engage in a battle. He was a dashing, fearless, enterprising soldier. He joined Quantrell as a private, and was successively promoted, by election, to first sergeant and third lieutenant, but often he commanded a company. He joined Shelby's brigade December 25,

1863, at noon, as first lieutenant, and at one o'clock the same day he was in command of Company I, Shank's regiment.

Lieutenant Hopkins Hardin.

Hopkins Hardin was a Confederate soldier and served in the 19th Virginia, Pickett's Division. He was lieutenant of Company C.

Lieutenant Hardin entered the Army in April, 1861, at the age of 23, enlisting at Scottville, Albemarle County, Virginia. He fought in all the principal battles and skirmishes of his division, taking part in such actions as those at Bull Run, first and second battles, Williamsburg, Fredericksburg, Boonsborough, and, last of all, he was in that great decisive battle which determined the fate of the Southern Confederacy, the battle of Gettysburg. In this battle he was wounded three times. He had been wounded previously at both Fredericksburg and Boonsborough. There was no question as to his bravery, his ardor, his enthusiasm in battle. Young Hardin was a typical Virginia soldier.

At Gettysburg he was unfortunately captured, after an active service of over three years. From that time until his release at Ft. Delaware in June, 1865, nearly two years, he suffered the hardships of a prisoner of war. Some of his privations and sufferings were unusual. He saw the inside of the Federal prisons at Ft. McHenry, Point Lookout, Ft. Delaware, Morris Island, and Ft.

Pulaski. At the latter place the prisoners were fed on bread and pickles for forty-nine days in retaliation for the treatment of Federal prisoners at Andersonville. Many died and few were able to walk at the end of the time. Lieutenant Hardin was one of the 600 Rebel prisoners who were placed outside the Federal breastworks at Morris Island, where for weeks they were exposed to the shot and shell of their friends who were bombarding the place.

Lieutenant Hardin's life was saved once by a note-book. It arrested the flight of a Minie ball speeding straight for his heart. A jagged hole was torn through a number of the leaves. The bullet stopped when it reached an old yellow paper, which it cracked in four parts without penetrating. The yellow paper was a document authorizing Hopkins Hardin to exhort in the Methodist Episcopal Church.

Lieutenant Hardin has long been a resident of Missouri, and he has been a successful farmer and business man. He resides with his family in Independence, Mo.

Colonel John B. Stone.

John Bestor Stone, who served the people of Jackson County, Missouri, as presiding judge of the county court from 1894 to 1898, was born in Perry County, Alabama, on December 5, 1842. He grew up and was educated in the South. He was but 19 years of age when the war broke out, but

with the fiery impetuosity of youth he enlisted as soldier in the Southern Army, joining Company A, 4th Alabama Infantry. At the second battle of Manassas he was severely wounded, having his thigh broken. Undaunted, he rejoined his command when able to march. At Chickamauga he was again wounded. But his ardor was unabated. In the battle of the Wilderness he was wounded the third time, and in the seven days' fight near Richmond he was wounded the fourth time. He was captured at Ft. Blakely and made a prisoner of war on Ship Island, where he was held until peace was made. He was second lieutenant of his company, and participated in some of the most hotly contested engagements of the war.

After the war, he returned to his old home at Selma, Ala., and became a merchant. Afterward he went to a different part of the State and engaged in farming. He went to Dallas, Texas, and erected many large buildings there, including the capitol building, which he gave to the State ten years free of charge. He closed out his real estate business at Dallas and went to Colorado, where he engaged in mining. He returned to Texas and remained there until 1885, when he moved to Kansas City and engaged in the real-estate business for several years.

Judge Stone has been a successful man. His affairs have always prospered on account of his strict business methods. He is a man of sterling honesty and strong convictions.

Joseph M. Lowe.

Our great Civil War was fought generally by young men. Witnesses of the war often remarked that a sturdy, enterprising, ambitious boy made the best possible soldier. If this was true, then Joseph M. Lowe, the Kentucky soldier boy, may be regarded as a hero. He enlisted at the age of sixteen in the Confederate Army under General Humphrey Marshall, in Colonel Giltner's regiment, Captain Thos. E. Moore's company. On account of his youthfulness, he was made a courier, and, being an active youth and of strong determination, he performed his duties in a highly satisfactory manner. He once carried an important dispatch from Richmond to Cumberland Gap. The dispatch was written on tissue paper and was concealed in the finger of his glove. In all his adventures, many of them thrilling, he was never captured. When in the enemy's lines, he conducted himself with such discretion as to attract no special notice.

In 1868 young Lowe left his native State and came to Missouri. Having by this time acquired, by his own efforts, a good education, and having prepared himself for the practice of law, he located at Plattsburg, Clinton County, Mo., for the practice of his profession. Two years after arriving at Plattsburg he was nominated for prosecuting attorney by the Democratic party. The People's party also nominated him; then the Repub-

lican party nominated him. He therefore received at the general election every vote in the county. He held the office of prosecuting attorney for four consecutive terms, the only office he ever held or ever aspired to hold until the citizens of Kansas City issued a call for him to become a candidate for the Democratic nomination for lieutenant-governor. Mr. Lowe's success as prosecuting attorney caused his party to offer him the Democratic nomination for Congress, which he declined.

In 1883 Mr. Lowe moved to Kansas City, where he practiced his profession for several years. In recent years he has spent most of his time in looking after his large property interests. Mr. Lowe belongs to a prominent American family. Seth Lowe, of New York, and ex-Governor Lowe, of Maryland, are kinsmen of his. Mr. Lowe was married at Plattsburg to Miss Mary E. McWilliams, daughter of Dr. John Q. A. McWilliams, formerly of Kentucky. Mr. and Mrs. Lowe have two children, now grown: John Rodger Lowe and Florence Marian Lowe.

Wm. Lowe is a man of marked ability, a profound thinker, and a distinguished orator. His public addresses are not delivered with the view of spectacular or picturesque effects, but rather with the view of adding something permanent to American literature and American statesmanship.

Colonel John T. Hughes.

There fell at the battle of Independence a man who, if he had lived, would have made his impress upon the times; a brave, masterful man, scholarly and ambitious—Colonel John T. Hughes. Colonel Hughes was near of kin to General Sterling Price, and enjoyed the full confidence and trust of that great captain. Hughes had been with General Price through the Mexican War, and the two men understood and loved each other as brothers. At the battle of Pea Ridge, when Slack fell, mortally wounded, Price, who seldom made mistakes in choosing men for arduous duties, assigned Hughes to the place of the fallen general. Price saw in Hughes the coming man, and in this Price and Doniphan saw alike.

But Hughes was more than a rising general. He was a graceful writer as well, and, had he lived, would have done for Price's army what Edwards did for Shelby's division—chronicled in classic English its achievements. Hughes was already an author of note when the war began. After the battle of Pea Ridge, Hughes followed his great kinsman to assist in the operations against Grant and Halleck at Corinth. In one month he was directed by the Confederate Government at Richmond to return to Missouri and raise a brigade, which meant a generalship to him. He was on this mission, making his way to northwestern Missouri, when he brought together, near Lee's

Summit, the forces of Thompson, Hays, and Quantrell, and planned so skillfully the battle of Independence.

Colonel Hughes was one of the leaders of political sentiment in northwestern Missouri, in the years preceding the war between the States. He had been a Whig all his life, until the Whig party became dominated by Know-nothingism, when he acted with the Democrats, because the violent and radical assaults of the leaders of the then forming Republican party on the Constitution, as being "a league with hell and a covenant with the devil," because it recognized the institution of slavery, made it impossible for him to act with them. He was a member of the State convention that sent delegates to the National Democratic Convention in 1860, the most stormy political assemblage, perhaps, that ever met in Missouri—one which none but the master hand of Sterling Price could control. He had strong, positive, and clearly defined views on all the questions then agitating the public mind, and expressed them with great force and energy, but was at all times perfectly courteous and considerate of the sensibilities of those who held different views, and so thoroughly was he master of his own spirit that, no matter where he maintained his cause, whether on the street, at the fireside, on the hustings, or in the forum, he was never known to overstep the bounds of courtesy, or to make use of any language that could justly wound the feelings or

startle the self-respect of those who did not agree with him. He was a strong and ardent advocate of the Union, and opposed every attempt made in the direction of taking Missouri out of the Union. He opposed calling a convention to consider the question, and when it was called, he advocated with all his strength and energy the election of the delegates, who opposed secession.

He held a commission as colonel in the Missouri State Guards, which was the State Militia at that time. When the convention which was called under the just and concurrent resolution introduced into and carried through the Missouri Legislature by Geo. G. Vest, to consider the question of secession, after deciding that Missouri would stay in the Union, usurped the whole power of the State Government and entered upon the revolutionary scheme of ousting from office not only the governor, but the members of the Legislature and Senate, the supreme judges and circuit judges, and all other State officers, and thus overturn the State Government which had been regularly elected by the people under the laws and Constitution, and being called on by the governor, he moved the troops under his command and took his place alongside of that brave and noble band of patriots who fought for the maintenance of good order, and resisted to the uttermost the revolution inaugurated by the Gamble convention, and supported by the Federal troops stationed in Missouri, and who were used by designing poli-

ticians to precipitate a conflict between the State and Federal troops. Up to the time of his death, he had achieved many brilliant successes and had earned for himself and his men an enviable reputation for daring courage and hard fighting; and he was universally loved by his men for his justice and humanity.

Captain W. F. Wilkins, A.M., M.D.

If success is measured by varied and useful experiences and if classical scholarship is the adornment of a career, we shall find a model by reviewing the life of William F. Wilkins. Dr. Wilkins is a scholar, a writer, an orator, and a shining light in the medical profession. He has stood at the head of schools and colleges; he has founded medical institutes; he has made eminent discoveries in medical science; he has received degrees from universities and colleges; he is a linguist, a scientist, a doctor of law, and a doctor of medicine; he wears the scars of a veteran of our Civil War, and he is the originator of the Blues and Grays.

It was in keeping with modern progress that a man of his broad attainments and liberal views should originate the Blues and Grays. When Dr. Wilkins was a young man, the great Civil War arose to harass our unhappy land; he saw the North and South clutch at each other's throats and struggle frantically for each other's undoing

through four bloody years. After peace came, the hot passions of strife still rankled and ruled in the hearts of men. The great captain of the conquering hosts in that terrible war said, as he threw down his sword: "Let us have peace." But full and perfect peace comes only in the hearts of men. As the years rolled away and the shadows lengthened, those who had worn the blue and those who had worn the gray softened toward each other. The old enemies were friends once more. Why not bring them together in a formal and fraternal association? Dr. Wilkins took this to heart and evolved a great plan. The central idea was an amalgamation of all the camps of the Confederate Association with all the posts of the G. A. R., as the States had been reunited. The Daughters of the Confederacy and the Sons of Veterans were to be absorbed also into the Blues and Grays. The new order was to accomplish more for the veterans of both sides than could be accomplished separately by the respective but independent organizations. Dr. Wilkins called around him a few veterans in Kansas City, liberal-minded men, who had fought—some for the North and some for the South. They issued a call for a meeting of the "Veterans of the War of the Rebellion." The meeting was held at Labor Hall, June 22, 1898. Major Blake L. Woodson presided at this meeting. Permanent organization was effected by electing Major W. F. Winfield, president of the association; Captain R. D. Bledsoe was

elected vice-president, Captain H. Clay Nichols secretary, Capain N. P. Laforge treasurer. A committee, consisting of W. F. Wilkins, N. P. Laforge, Thos. B. Turner, and I. T. Elmore, was appointed to draft a constitution and by-laws. At the next meeting a large number of veterans presented themselves for membership, and in a short time the number of names on the roster reached into the thousands.

This sketch is meant to be a short biography of Dr. Wm. F. Wilkins, and not a history of the Blues and Grays, founded by him. Dr. Wilkins was born in Branch County, Michigan, in 1848. He moved with his parents at the age of seven to Illinois, where he lived on a farm and attended district schools in the winter. He attended the High School at Danville, Ill., spent a year at Kalamazoo College, Kalamazoo, Mich., and completed his literary education in 1869 by graduating from Miami University, Oxford, O. He then took up the study of law in Chicago, and, advancing rapidly in this study as he did in all studies, he was soon admitted to the bar. Afterwards he turned his attention to teaching and traveling. He holds life certificates of the highest grade in ten States, in all of which he has lived and held positions in high schools, seminaries, and colleges.

During the great Civil War both Dr. Wilkins and his father were members of the 125th Illinois Infantry, and served for three years and four months. His father was surgeon of his regiment,

and the son became assistant to the brigade surgeon. Dr. William F. Wilkins entered the service as a private, and was several times wounded. At the battle of Chickamauga he received a wound in the thigh, and at Buzzard's Roost, Georgia, in the head. He was taken to the hospital, and, upon his recovery, was made assistant to the brigade surgeon, and continued to act in that capacity until the close of the war.

Dr. Wilkins won his shoulder-straps during the war, and a long and fulsome story might be written of him. I am content, however, to close this review by adopting the subjoined excerpt from the "History of Jackson County," prefacing the quotation with the remark that Dr. Wilkins is a man of vast learning:

"Since 1887 he has been numbered among the most progressive of the profession in Kansas City. He is now professor of the principles and practice of medicine in the College of Physicians and Surgeons of Kansas City, Kas., having, with nine others, founded that college in 1894-5; is professor of physiology and histology in the Kansas City College of Dental Surgery, and acting president of the same; and is a charter member of the Kansas City Society of Physicians and Surgeons. The degrees of B.A., B.S., A.M., M.S., and M.D. have been conferred upon him. In 1887 he received the degree of Master of Arts from the Miami University, of Oxford, Ohio, of which R. W. McFarland, A.M., LL.D., is president; and in June, 1894, he

received notice that the faculty of Miami University had conferred upon him the degree of Master of Science, in recognition of the merit of the thesis presented in an article on 'The Effects of Alcohol on Man,' which was published by the *New York Medical Journal* in September, 1894.

"On the 25th of September, 1878, Dr. Wilkins was united in marriage with Miss Josephine Wilhite, daughter of Captain J. H. Wilhite, of the bloody 7th Kansas Cavalry, and Elizabeth Wilhite, of Ottawa, Kas. They have two children, Mary E. and Edith. The doctor and his wife are members of the Baptist Church. He is a Master Mason, an Odd Fellow, Knight of Pythias, and medical examiner in the Knights and Ladies of Honor. He is also surgeon in the Grand Army of the Republic, an officer in the Sons of Veterans, court physician of the Ancient Order of Foresters, and medical examiner in the Ancient Order of United Workmen. In politics he is a free-trade Democrat, and in favor of attending to the affairs of the United States and letting the rest of the world take care of themselves."

Colonel W. F. Cloud.

The hero of two wars who bears this cognomen first saw the light in Ohio in 1825, being of combined Virginia and Maryland parentage. Running the gauntlet of backwoods and unendowed conditions, he had but a common-school education; and, at the age of fifteen, entered the

ranks of the bread-winners as apprentice to a tailor, which art had attained an excellence hardly expected when Eve in the garden first fashioned a garment. When the Mexican War was on, Colonel Cloud volunteered and became a soldier for Uncle Sam; being a sergeant in Company K, 2d Ohio Infantry.

He served with General Taylor on the Rio Grande line, and performed garrison and escort duty up to Buena Vista, which ended fighting on that line.

That service in Mexico qualified Colonel Cloud for duty as a soldier when the great struggle for the right of secession began in 1861. Colonel Cloud at that time was a citizen of Kansas, residing in Emporia. When President Lincoln called for 75,000 volunteers, Colonel Cloud organized a company and entered the 2d Kansas Infantry. His tender for service was made to Governor Robinson in advance of any other company; but the First Kansas completed its regimental organization before Colonel Cloud could report for duty. Before the Second had its ranks full and before equipments were furnished, it was called into the field by General Lyon, and as part of that general's force entered the campaign in Missouri. Col. Cloud, then major, took part in the battle of Wilson Creek and received special mention in the reports. Of the results of that battle there are various views, reports, and claims. The Confederates finally held the field, but how and when?

Colonel Cloud's command held the extreme right of the line, fought in the very last of the scattered attacks of that very peculiar battle, and repulsed the last attack. Then, when everything was quiet and the Second, with detachments from other commands, were victors for the time, an order came from Major Sturgis, who had succeeded to the command at the death of Lyon, which was: "You will retire from the field when you can do so with safety." Under this order the command fell back, without molestation, and joined Sturgis in his retreat to Springfield.

Colonel Cloud was promoted to the command of the 10th Kansas Infantry, and transferred to the 2d Kansas Cavalry, and in the summer of 1865 he commanded the 15th Kansas Cavalry against the Indians, having headquarters at Fort Larned, and was finally discharged in October, 1865, after four and a half years of service. During these years he had the duties of commanding troops in the field, of commanding a brigade of the district of southwestern Missouri, of the district of northwestern Arkansas, with headquarters at Fort Smith, and of the district of the upper Arkansas in Kansas. Commencing his battle experience at Wilson Creek, he engaged in the fights at Cane Hill, Prairie Grove, Devil's Backbone, Dardanelle, Camden, and Jenkins' Ferry in Arkansas, and in many skirmishes and raids in Missouri, and finishing with the battle of Mine Creek in Kansas. His services were entirely in the Trans-Missis-

ssippi Department. He came into conflict with many of Missouri's distinguished officers and soldiers, giving and receiving hard blows, each respectively for his confirmed convictions. He makes no complaint of discourtesy shown his men when prisoners of war with Missourians, and has no fear of censure for the spirit and practice of his administration in any of the rather extensive jurisdictions which he held.

Though at the front and exposed, he never was wounded, and while mainly acting on the aggressive, he yet found himself so far to the front in some of his raids that a judicious retreat became a military necessity.

Of this man it has been justly remarked that he carried his religion into practical life, and that an oath or any irreverent or blasphemous or vulgar word or expression never marred his influence, and that no spirits or intoxicants were indulged in.

At the age of seventy-five he has remarkable vitality of body and mind, and, with a satisfaction which is almost an exuberant joy, looks upon the completely reunited people of the United States as reward for any inability to name himself a coupon-clipper.

Colonel Cloud has published a book, "Mexico under X-Rays; or, Mexican Politics from Cortez to Diaz," which displays an excessive research and a wonderful ability of condensation of all the

important facts in the historic tragedies of the Mexican national existence.

General Gideon W. Thompson.

General Thompson entered the service as a private. His neighbors, near Barry, on the county line between Platte and Clay, organized into a company and he enlisted. Only one name was proposed for captain, and Gideon W. Thompson was surprised to find himself unanimously elected to the head of the company. He accepted the responsibility without hesitation. He marched straight to Lexington, and in the three-days siege he and his followers became veterans and fully prepared for the stern work ahead of them.

Captain Thompson had been a successful farmer and trader; he knew nothing of the practical science of war. But the battle of Lexington revealed his aptitude for military service, and after the surrender of Mulligan he took the rank of major.

During the winter of 1861-2 Price's army was reorganized, and Major Thompson became colonel in the State Guards. He participated in all the battles and skirmishes on the retreat from Springfield to Cross Hollows and in the great battle of Pea Ridge. Then he went to the Cis-Mississippi Department, but saw no service there. Recrossing the river, accompanied by Major Hart, he arrived at Van Buren, Ark., on his way back to

Missouri. General Hindman sent for him and gave him a commission in the Confederate service. Then he proceeded to Missouri. At Eureka Springs he was joined by Colonel Hughes with 17 men. This addition swelled his small force to 100 men. These arrived at the Cowherd farm, near Lee's Summit, Mo., where the capture of Buell at Independence was decided upon. In this engagement Colonel Thompson received a wound which shattered one of the bones of his leg. He was dragging himself painfully off the field when one of his neighbors came to his assistance. A Federal horse was secured and the colonel was lifted to the saddle. He rode slowly back to the public square. Here a bullet whizzed near him, shot from the roof of the bank building occupied by Buell. Col. Thompson directed Private Green, of Clay County, to station himself advantageously for picking off the marksman on the roof when he should again appear. The duty was well performed; after the battle, a dead Federal was brought down from the roof.

The battle had now raged for many hours. Colonel Hughes had fallen, and nearly a dozen other Confederate officers were dead or dying. Still the Federals behind the rock fence held out and Buell could not be dislodged. At this dark moment Colonel Thompson saw one of his privates, who had been captured, emerge from Buell's headquarters with a sheet of white paper stuck on a ramrod. It was a flag of truce and a

message from Buell. Terms were quickly agreed upon, and Buell came out and surrendered to Colonel Thompson, actually weeping as he offered his sword. The prisoner was then required to sign an order, which was dispatched to the Federals still fighting behind the stone fence. In a few minutes Buell's entire force was in line before Colonel Thompson. At his command every Federal threw his gun to the ground.

Colonel Thompson says he paroled 240 Federals, about 15 of whom came out of Buell's headquarters.

Colonel Thompson was unable to take part in the battle of Lone Jack, on account of his wound. He was the ranking Confederate officer in the State at this time. He enlisted men and officers as rapidly as possible, traveling about in the ambulance captured from Buell. In about two weeks after the battle of Lone Jack, Colonels Thompson and Hays proceeded southward to Newtonia.

From now on Colonel Thompson's command took a conspicuous part in nearly all the battles, campaigns, and raids of Shelby's division of Price's army, fighting at Cane Hill, Prairie Grove, Springfield, Hartsville, Cape Girardeau, Helena, Little Rock, Pine Bluffs, and in the remarkable and bloody battles with Steele as the latter went to and returned from Camden in the summer of 1864. In the fall of 1864, Colonel Thompson with his regiment of veterans marched and fought

from beginning to end in Price's great raid. He surrendered at Shreveport, La.

Colonel Thompson was born in Todd County, Kentucky, February 28, 1823. At the age of two and a half years he came with his parents to Howard County, Missouri. In early manhood he settled in Platte County, near Clay County, where he still lives. He has been prosperous and has accumulated considerable wealth.

General Thompson, for he is entitled to this rank, is at this time the brigadier general commanding the Western Department of the Missouri Ex-Confederate Association.

W. A. Knight.

W. A. Knight, always known as Gus Knight, was born in Henry County, Kentucky, February 19, 1843. He came with his parents to Kansas City in 1849. He was in Rosser's regiment, Missouri State Guards, at the battle of Lexington. After the regiment was divided into infantry and cavalry, he was with Colonel Bill Martin's regiment of Rains' "Blackberry Cavalry." Afterwards he entered the Confederate service, at the organization of Shelby's brigade, as a private of Company B, 2d Missouri Cavalry, better known as Shanks' regiment; was in all the fighting around Newtonia, Neosho, and Prairie Grove; was in Marmaduke's raid to Springfield, Mo., where the battle of the 8th of January, 1863, was fought;

also at Marshfield, Mo., and Hartsville, Mo.; was with Marmaduke's raid to Cape Girardeau, when they fought at Patterson and over the entire retreat, ending at St. Francis River; was next at the battle of Helena, Ark., on July 4, 1863; was at Bayou Meto and Little Rock; was with General Jo. Shelby on the raid from Arkadelphia, Ark., to the Missouri River, and was continually fighting from the Boston Mountains in Arkansas through to the Missouri River, at points like Warsaw, Tipton, Boonville, Arrow Rock, and Marshall, where he was captured with Lieutenant Boarman of Company A and George Nelson of Kansas City; was in Gratiot Street Prison, St. Louis, for seven months, at Alton, Ill., four months, and at Camp Douglas, Chicago, seven months; was exchanged at City Point in February, 1865.

He then went to Mobile, Ala. On evacuation of that place, went to Bob McCulloch's regiment under Forrest, at Baldwin, Miss. After the surrender of Lee and Johnson, with fourteen of Shelby's men, crossed the Mississippi sixteen miles below Memphis, Tenn.; from there went to Texas to go with Shelby to Mexico, but was too late to catch up with him; meeting the old brigade on their way to Shreveport to surrender, fell into ranks with their old companies and returned to Kansas City, being gone just four years to a day; was never wounded, but thinks he has seen bullets fall around him thicker than hail.

Samuel H. Chiles.

Samuel H. Chiles was only sixteen years of age when the war broke out. He enlisted as one of the Fort Osage Rangers and fought for three months under Rains in the State Guards service. His father then took him home and put him in school. But the military ardor of young Chiles had been aroused, and he ran away from home and enlisted in Shelby's brigade. He was soon transferred to Ruffner's battery, John B. Clark's brigade, Parsons' division. He was pleased with the artillery service and continued in it to the end.

Mr. Chiles fought in the battles of Wilson Creek, Drywood, Lexington, Pea Ridge, Cane Hill, and Prairie Grove. He was in the battles of Pleasant Hill and Mansfield, in Louisiana, when Banks was driven back. His command then moved up against Steele, who was retreating from Camden to Little Rock.

At the battle of Jenkins' Ferry, Mr. Chiles was wounded. Out of 26 men who served the battery, 20 were killed and 6 wounded. Mr. Chiles fell into the hands of the Federals, and for eleven months was a prisoner of war, most of the time at Rock Island, Ill. He was paroled after Lee surrendered; when released, he joined Shelby's expedition to Mexico.

Mr. Chiles was about the youngest soldier in the Western armies. He was always ready for

duty and never failed to be on hand when there was fighting to be done.

Mr. Chiles remained but a short time in Mexico, and returned to his native place in Jackson County, Missouri, where he became a successful farmer and stock-raiser.

In 1896 Mr. Chiles was chosen marshal of Jackson County. His administration of the office was satisfactory to the people, and he was reelected in 1898 for another term of two years.

Wm. E. Cassell.

Wm. Cassell saw some of the heaviest battles of the war. He was at the Rock Creek affair, near Independence, Mo., and fought through the campaign of Missouri State Guards, closing this service at the great battle of Pea Ridge or Elk Horn Tavern. Then he went across the Mississippi River and was one of the 800 out of 8,000 who were alive at the end of the war. He fought at all the great battles of his command, 6th Missouri Infantry, Company B, Corinth, Iuka, the great battles around Vicksburg and through the siege of Vicksburg. During the siege Company B lost 27 men in a mine explosion. Mr. Cassell had charge of throwing 6-pound shells with a 5-second fuse over the works into the Federal lines. He used to light the fuse with a cigar, while Wm. Muir tossed the shells over. General Grant offered a reward for the man who lit the fuse and

for the man who threw the shells. At the siege Mr. Cassell was severely wounded. After the war, Mr. Cassell returned to Jackson County. He is a prosperous farmer near Leeds.

Captain Schuyler Lowe.

Captain Lowe was born in Kentucky in 1834. He came to Independence, Mo., in 1855, which has been his home ever since. When the war broke out, he was captain of the Jackson Guards. With his company he entered the State service and fought at Wilson Creek, Lexington, and Pea Ridge. Then he went across the Mississippi River and fought at Corinth and Holly Springs. He commanded a battery at the siege of Vicksburg, where his guns were in action forty-seven days without intermission. One of his guns was the famous "Crazy Jane," mentioned in Grant's Memoirs for its deadly work. Captain Lowe was wounded at the siege of Vicksburg, which disabled him for a long time. He was captured after being exchanged, and was one of the unfortunate 600 prisoners placed in front of the works at Morris Island, where they were exposed, from day to day, to Confederate bullets.

Captain Turner A. Gill.

Captain Gill was born in Kentucky, but has made Jackson County his home since his thirteenth year. At the age of twenty, at the very beginning of the war, he was in the Missouri State

Guards. He was in the unfortunate affair at Rock Creek, near Independence, where Colonel Holloway was killed by his own men. Captain Gill was a private in the battles of Carthage, Wilson Creek, and Lexington. He went with Price across the Mississippi, was wounded at the battle of Corinth, fought at Port Gibson and Champion Hill, and throughout the long siege of Vicksburg. After the fall of Vicksburg, he was paroled and went to Texas, whither his father had gone to escape the conditions prevailing in Jackson County, Missouri. In three months Captain Gill was exchanged; he reported to General Shelby and was assigned to duty as adjutant of the 2d Missouri Cavalry. Soon after he was made captain of Company K, in which capacity he served to the end of the war. He was through all the campaigns and raids of Shelby's division, including Price's great raid in 1864. Captain Gill was wounded many times: at Corinth, at Vicksburg, Wilson Creek, and once at a skirmish in Arkansas.

After the war, he returned to Kansas City and resumed his studies. He began the practice of law in 1888 and rose rapidly in his profession; he served as mayor of Kansas City, as city counselor, and as circuit judge. In 1888 he was elected judge of the Court of Appeals for a term of twelve years. He has declined to be a candidate for reëlection.

Colonel John C. Moore.

Colonel John Courtney Moore, of General Marmaduke's staff, resident now in Kansas City, Mo., was born in Tennessee, August 18, 1834. At the age of six years he came with his parents to St. Louis and was reared there. He attended the State University at Columbia, Mo., and was admitted to practice law in St. Louis. In 1859 he went to Pike's Peak. He was elected to the Colorado Legislature, and was the first mayor of Denver.

When the war broke out, he hastened back to Missouri and enlisted in the State Guards under Price. He was in Captain Emmet McDonald's St. Louis battery, in which he served until after the battle of Pea Ridge. He went with Price's army across the Mississippi River. After some service there he returned to the Trans-Mississippi Department in time to take part as voluntary aid on the staff of Colonel Shaver, in the battle of Prairie Grove. In the spring of 1863 he was invited to a position on the staff of his old friend and school-fellow, General Marmaduke. This position he held until the battle of Mine Creek, when his chief was captured. After the termination of Price's raid, General Magruder appointed Colonel Moore to the position of judge advocate general of the district of Arkansas, a position he held for six months. Early in the spring of 1865 he was sent, with the rank of colonel, into northern Arkansas

to raise a force for another invasion of Missouri. He had raised one regiment and parts of others, when news came that Lee had surrendered. General Jeff Thompson announced that he would surrender northern Arkansas and everything in that region the next day. Colonel Moore did not want to be included, and therefore hastened beyond the Arkansas River. After leaving the Arkansas River he was informed that the "Mountain Boomers," or Union bushwhackers, were in ambush at a place called The Narrows. He divided his force and surprised the "Boomers," whom he punished in a severe battle. This was late in June, 1865, and the battle was probably the last one fought by regular Confederate soldiers. Colonel Moore tried ineffectually to join Price and Shelby in Mexico. He returned to Missouri, and in 1868 he and Charles Dougherty founded the *Kansas City Times*.

Colonel John Nelson Southern.

Colonel John N. Southern, the well-known attorney of Independence, Mo., was born in Tennessee in 1855. His first service in the war was in 1861, when he furnished supplies to the Confederate soldiers in his native State. In April, 1862, he enlisted as a private in Company I, 59th Tennessee Infantry. He saw service under Generals Kirby Smith, Bragg, Pemberton, and Longstreet, and he took part in the principal campaigns conducted by these leaders. He was assigned special

command in front of the trenches at Vicksburg, but was a non-commissioned officer. He was generally detached on special duty.

In 1864, by order of General Longstreet, he was scouting in the rear of Schofield's corps when he was captured. He attempted to escape and was shot in the hip. The wound disabled him for life. He was in the hospital at Bristol, Tennessee, when the war closed.

Colonel Southern came to Independence in 1868, and for more than ten years was editor and manager of the *Independence Sentinel*. He afterwards spent some time as special editorial writer for the *Kansas City Times*, and then took up his profession, the law, in which he had been educated before the war. Since then he has enjoyed an extensive and lucrative practice.

He lives in a fine residence east of Independence, and has an interesting family of grown-up boys and girls. One of his sons, John Southern, Jr., M.D., is a practicing physician; another son, the youngest, Allen Southern, has just been admitted to the bar; while still another son, Wm. N. Southern, Jr., is editor and manager of the *Jackson Examiner*, published at Independence, Mo.

Captain A. A. Lesueur.

Captain Lesueur was born in St. Louis in 1842. At the age of eighteen he entered the State Guard service at Camp Jackson, in Captain Kelly's company. Two days before the camp was captured

by Lyon, this company had been ordered to Jefferson City to guard the undistributed portion of the 120 tons of powder which had been stored there. His company, therefore, was not captured, and was probably the very first company in the State on duty after hostilities actually began. The company became a part of General Parsons' division of Price's army soon after the Boonville affair. Young Lesueur rose to the rank of sergeant-major of his battalion. At Cassville he was the prime mover in organizing an artillery company; he was soon at the head of this organization, which became famous as Lesueur's battery. Captain Lesueur fought at Boonville, Carthage, Wilson Creek, Lexington, Pea Ridge, Cane Hill, Prairie Grove, and Helena. At the latter battle he was wounded. He was with his command at the battles of Mansfield, Pleasant Hill, and at all the other battles and skirmishes against Banks' expedition up Red River. After Banks retreated, Captain Lesueur's command arrived in front of Camden, opened the battle against Steele, and otherwise assisted in driving that commander back to Little Rock.

After the war, Captain Lesueur settled at Lexington, Mo., and engaged in the newspaper business. He served one term in the Legislature, and in 1888 was elected Secretary of State; was reelected in 1892, and again in 1896.

Captain Lesueur is an able writer. He is edi-

tor of the *Kansas City Times*, being one of the proprietors of that journal.

Captain Stephen Carter Ragan.

Captain Ragan was born in Kentucky, but was reared at Kansas City, Mo. Just before the war broke out he moved to Texas. He enlisted in the Texas State Militia and was elected captain of Company A, in Colonel Griffin's regiment. After serving about one year, he resigned and raised a company for the Confederate service, and proceeded to the Cis-Mississippi Department. He declined a promotion in order to remain with the "boys." He led his company through some of the greatest battles of the war, and fought at Farmington, Corinth, Chickamauga, and in the operations against Sherman. Captain Ragan's war record is one worthy of any man's pride. In 1864 he returned to Texas and was made adjutant of the post at Dallas, a position he was holding at the close of the war.

In 1866 he returned to Jackson County, and for a time engaged in farming. He was elected to the Legislature in 1878, and again in 1882. He was appointed deputy county marshal in 1896 by County Marshal Samuel H. Chiles, a position he still holds.

Major H. J. Virian.

Among the few who went to the front from Kansas City and stood with the South were Major

Jack Vivian, Gus Knight, Wash Thompson, Spencer McCoy, Jim Fisher, Geo. Nelson, and Wm. Todd. These made up a part of the Kansas City mess.

Major Vivian took part in such stirring engagements as the battles of Pea Ridge, Independence, Lone Jack, Cane Hill, Helena, Mark's Mills, etc. He was on all of Shelby's raids to the Missouri River, and in all the battles and skirmishes against Steele in his Camden expedition; and, finally, was on Price's great raid in 1864.

After the battle of Pea Ridge, which ended the services of the Missouri State Guards, Major Vivian went with Price's command to Memphis. He and Wash Thompson, brother of Colonel Gideon Thompson, and who fell at Lone Jack, obtained permission of General Price to return to the Trans-Mississippi Department, where they joined Colonel G. W. Thompson, who was about to start with a small force on a recruiting expedition to Missouri, marked by the battles of Independence and Lone Jack.

At the battle of Independence the major had his horse shot from under him just as the command was ordered to dismount at the public square. After the battle had raged for five hours at the rock fence west of town, the troops were ordered to remount, the horses having been brought down for that purpose. Vivian, being afoot, looked about for a Federal horse, and found one tied by a rope to a tree, without bridle or saddle,

which he mounted. As the troops rode toward town a Federal volley frightened his horse, which ran away and back in among the Federals. He asked a Federal to place the rope in the horse's mouth for him, and then he rode coolly away. Before reaching the square, he came across a Federal cavalryman and took a bridle and saddle from him.

In the battle of Lone Jack he was captured, together with two or three comrades who were instantly shot, a fate which Major Vivian escaped by failure of a Federal pistol to fire and by the timely arrival of a Federal officer. He informed his captors that such treatment of Confederate prisoners would soon be avenged, as Col. Coffee was momentarily expected to arrive with reinforcements. This was possibly the first intimation the Federals had as to whom they were fighting. The prisoner was ordered to headquarters at double-quick, a pace he refused to go. At this moment a Rebel fusillade afforded him an opportunity to escape. He ran into the cornfield east of where he had been fighting all the morning, receiving a bullet in the arm as he ran. He found a Federal horse running loose, which he mounted. This brought him into prominent view of the Federals. Amid a shower of bullets he escaped to his friends. After the battle, Colonel G. W. Thompson ordered him to take command of Captain Grooms' company, as Grooms had been disabled by a wound. He succeeded regularly in a short

time to the captaincy of Grooms' company, a position he held until he became major in Shanks' regiment. At the battle of Lone Jack, Captain Grooms' company lost 42 out of 65, killed or severely wounded.

At the battle of Cane Hill the major was severely wounded in the running fight of that day. He refused to dismount for fear of falling into the hands of the Federals. He continued in the saddle for two hours and then traveled all night in an ambulance to Van Buren. His wound was not dressed until next morning. The surgeon said he could not live. When the wounded who were able to travel were ordered removed upon the approach of the Federals, Major Vivian was considered unable to go. But he was determined not to fall into the enemy's hands. Against the advice of his surgeon, he was removed with the others to the hospital at Dardanelle. He was wounded again at the battle of Helena.

Major Vivian was born in Howard County, Missouri, but was reared partly in Saline County and partly in Platte County. He came to Kansas City in 1857, whither he returned after the war. He resided there until about 1872, when he was married to Miss Lewtie Summers, after which he lived in Clay County on his farm until a few years ago, when he again removed to Kansas City, where he still lives.

He lost a brother in the Confederate Army—Paul Vivian—who was wounded in a skirmish at Granby and died two weeks later at Springfield.

THE UNSUNG HERO.

Oh, they sing of the brave
On the foam-capped wave
 And the deeds he did at sea,
When he fought with his might
In a bold sea-fight
 And vanquished the enemy.

And they sing the song
Of the soldier strong
 And his prowess upon the land,
How his sword he would wield
On the battle-field,
 In quelling a rebel band.

But the victory
Of the brave at sea,
 With his dauntless heart and bold,
And the war he waged
While the tempest raged
 Was no greater than that untold,

Of the hero who fell
'Mid the rattling hell
 Of shot and burning flame—
Whose life went out
With the battle-shout,
 But who left no sounding name.

But the glories of war
For the living are,—
 And not for the dead who fail!
What matter, though
Brave hearts lie low?
All glory and praise and honor go
 To the living who tell the tale.

Mrs. W. L. Webb.



CAPT. A. A. LESUEUR
(See page 366.)



COL. W. F. CLOUD, 2^D KANSAS CAVALRY.

(See page 349.)





JOSEPH M. LOWE.

(See page 340.)

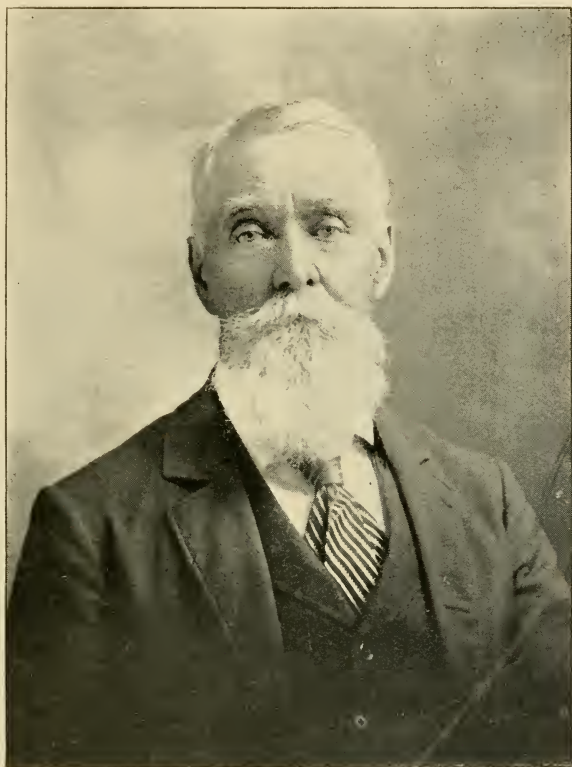




MAJOR CALEB WINFREY, M.D.

(See Page 328.)



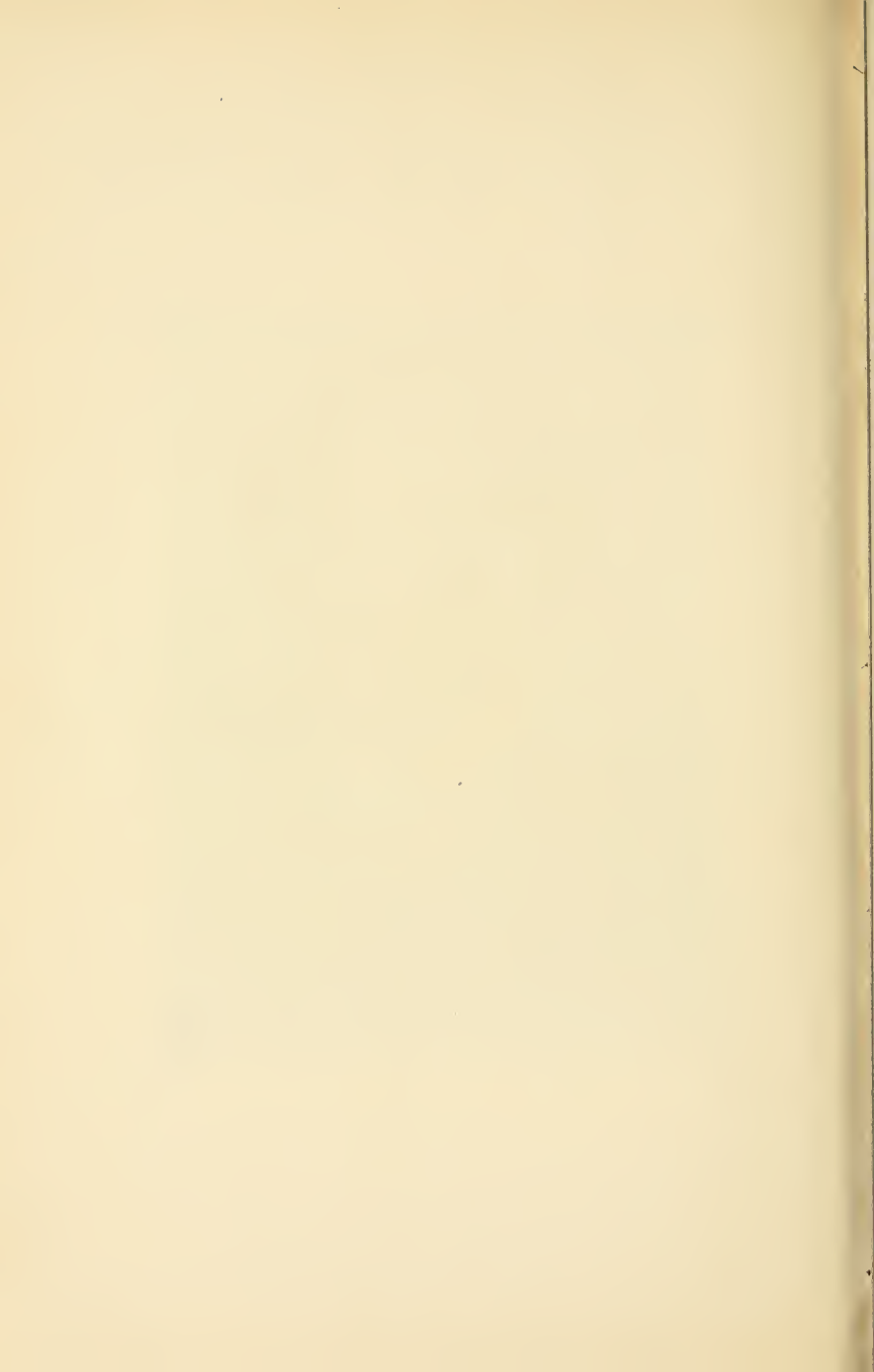


GEN. G. W. THOMPSON.
(See page 353.)





CAPT. W. F. WILKINS, A.M., M.D.
(See page 345)

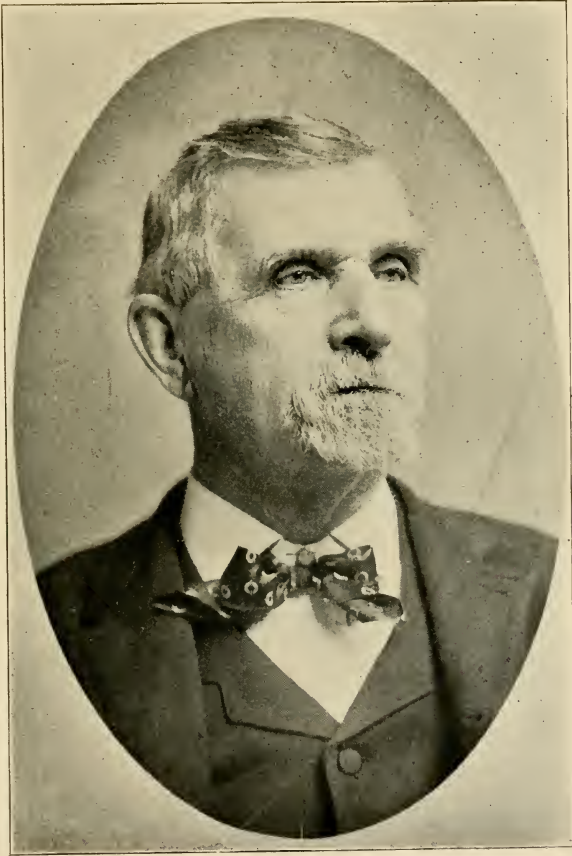




MAJOR H. J. VIVIAN.

(See page 367.)



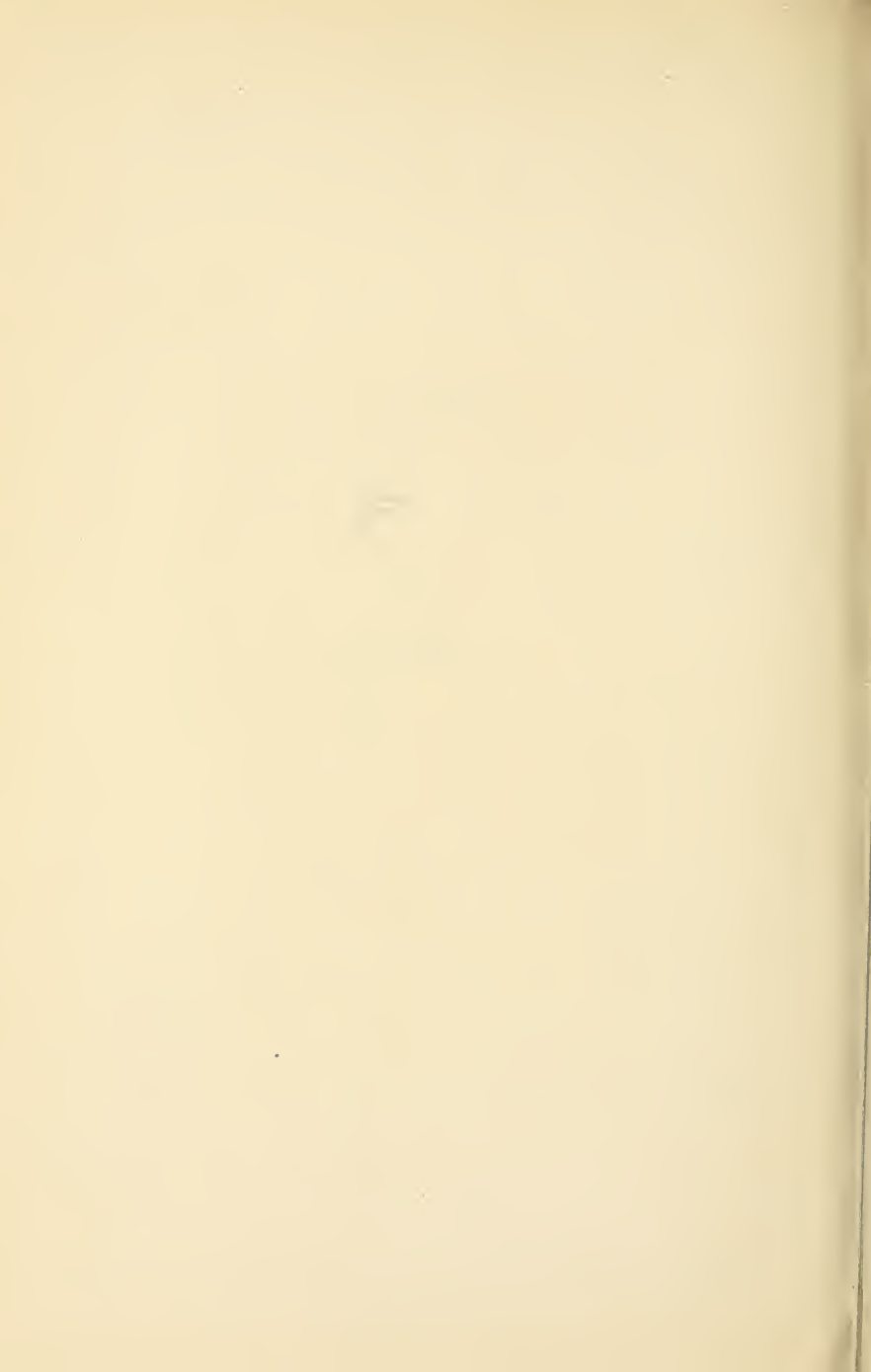


CAPT. S. C. RAGAN.
(See page 367.)





COL. UPTON HAYS.
(See page 322.)





CAPT. HENRY V. P. KABRICK.

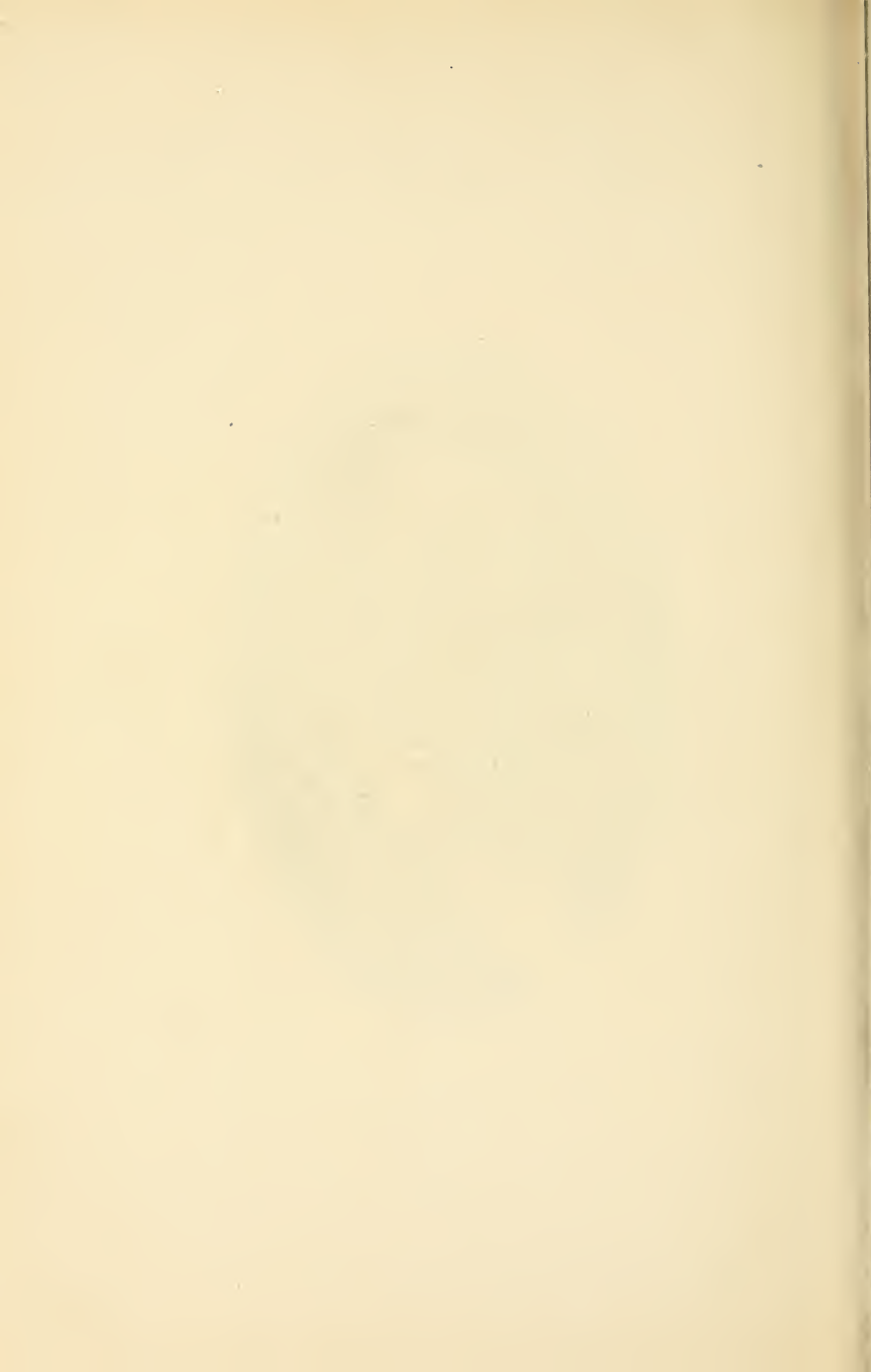
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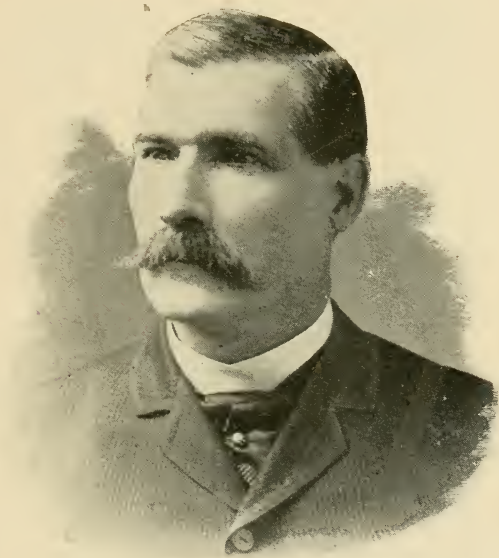




CAPT. R. L. YEAGER.

(See page 331.)





MAJOR B. L. WOODSON.
(See page 333.)



LIEUT. HOPKINS HARDIN.

(See page 337.)

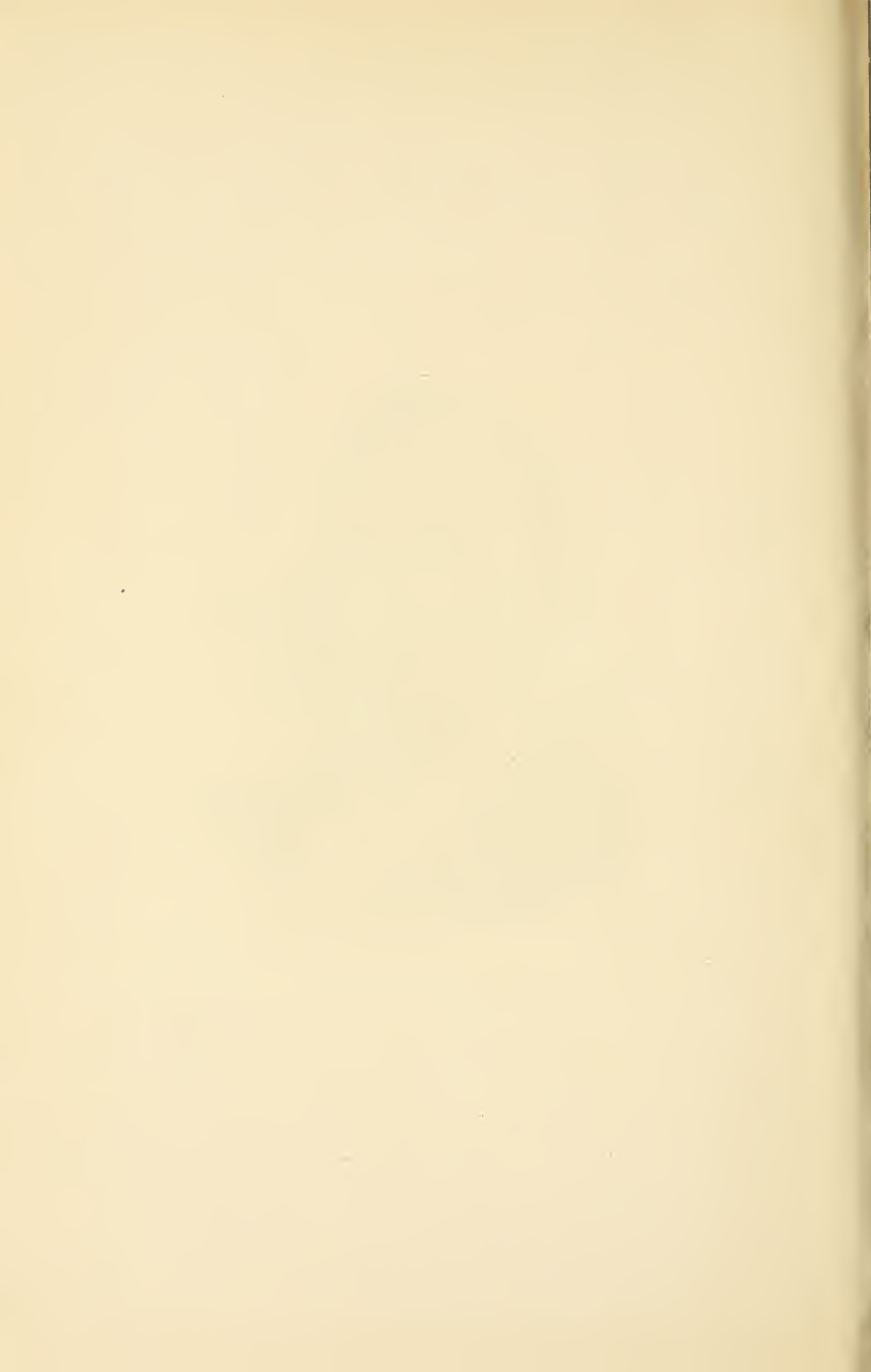


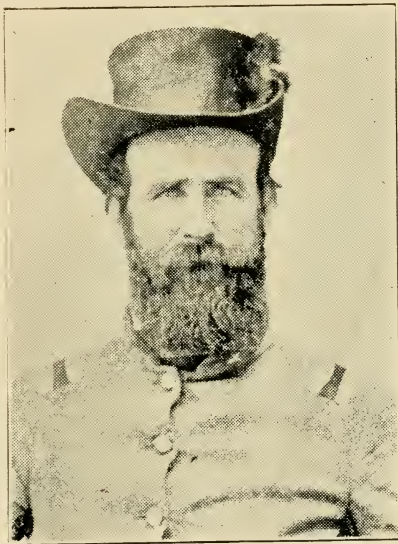


SAM'L H. CHILES.
(See page 358.)



COL. JOHN N. SOUTHERN.
(See page 364.)



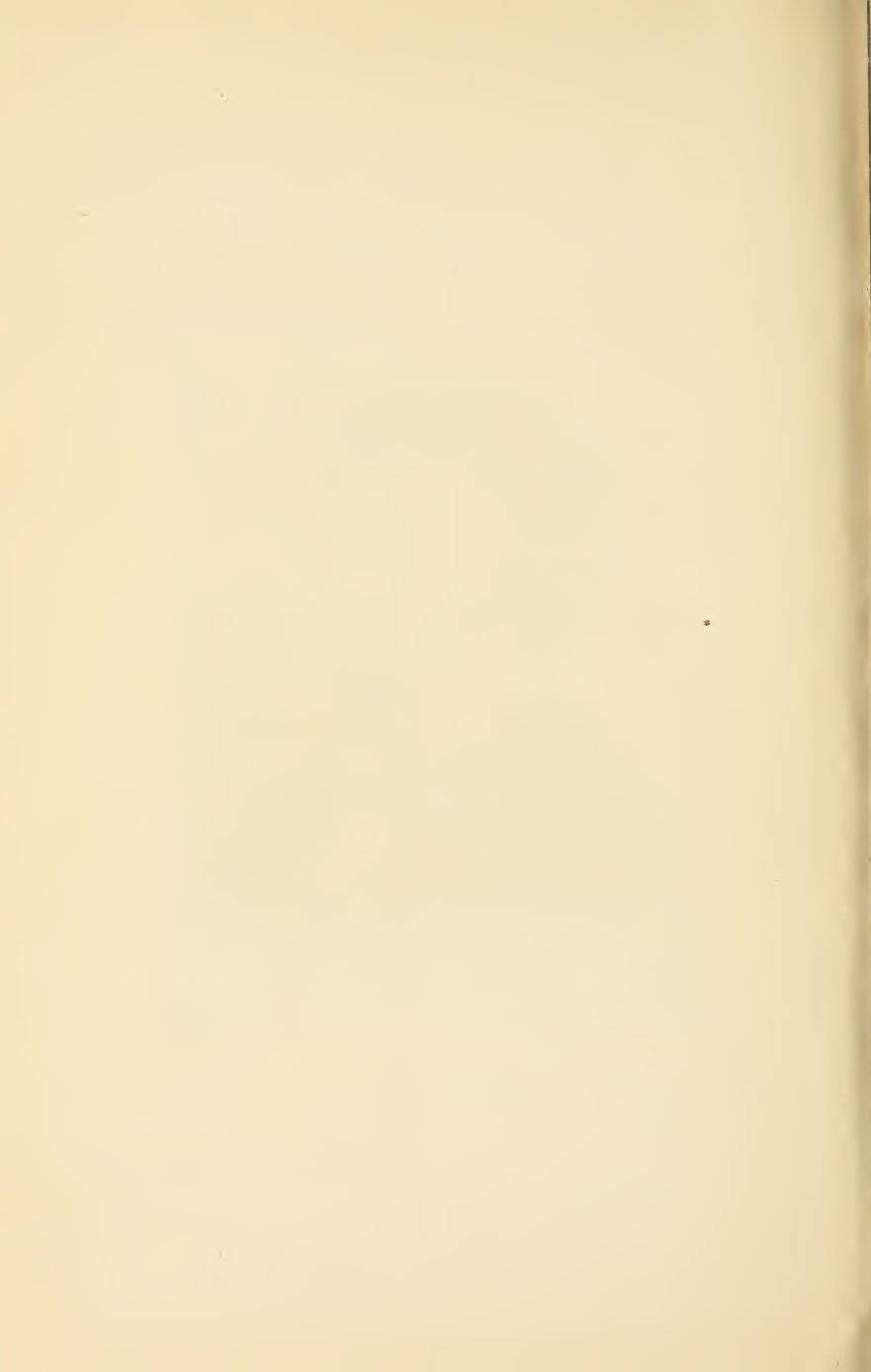


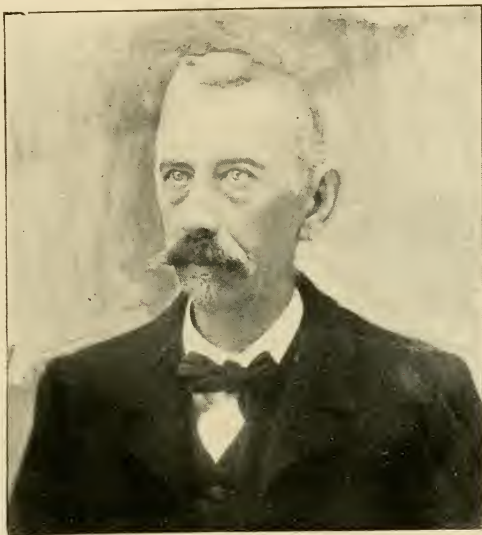
GEN. JOHN T. HUGHES.

(See page 343)



COL. JOHN B. STONE.
(See page 338.)





COL. H. BLEDSOE.

(See page 316)

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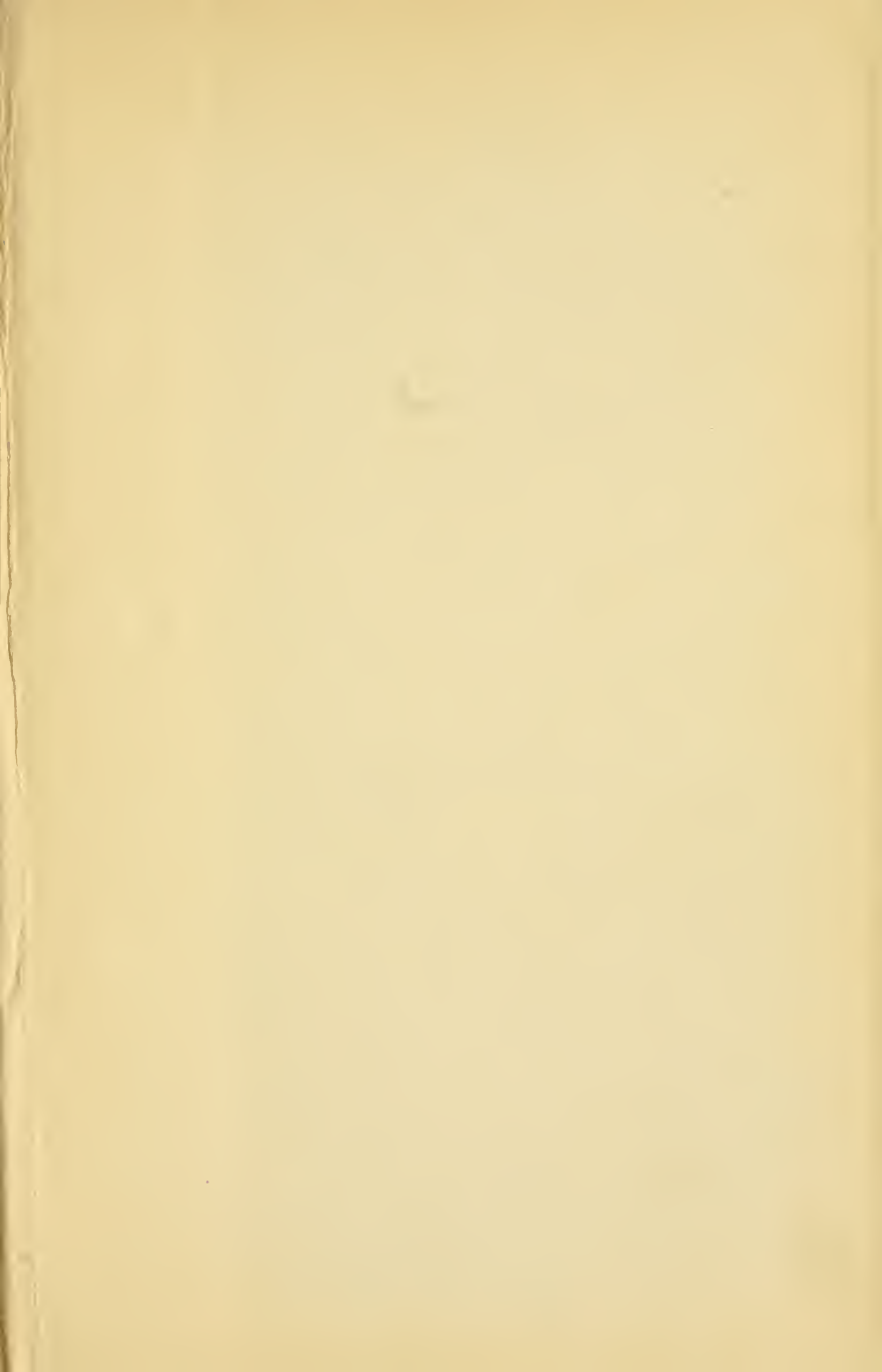
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